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ED BY JOHN MIDDLETON MURR

KEATS AND SHAKESPEARE

A Study of Keats' Poetic Life from 1816 to 1820

BY

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

The following is an extract from the Prefatory Note:

"This book is not a biography of Keats. If Miss Amy Lowell's second volume is as good as her first, the biography of Keats has been written once for all; and I sincerely hope that Miss Lowell's critical idiosyncrasies will not blind English opinion to the enduring merits of her work. Neither is this book a criticism of Keats, in the ordinary sense of the word. I should call it simply an attempt to show what Keats was, by telling the story of his inward life, as revealed in his poems and letters during the four years of his poetic career.

Above all, this book is not the exposition of a theory. In criticism I have but one theory, namely to be loyal to the reality of the man whose works move me profoundly. If in any vital point I have misread the reality of Keats, then, so far as I am concerned, this book is nugatory."

The Adelphi

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SCIENCE AND "THE CONTROL OF LIFE"

By John Middleton Murry

I HAVE lately received two letters, criticising the attitude which I express in these pages. These letters seem to me valuable. I therefore print them first practically complete, with a few running comments on points of detail, and reply to the general objection common to them both.

The first letter comes from an Englishman living in Greece :

Might I beg a moment's consideration of what may be the merest ass's bray? Might not THE ADELPHI have got too deeply coloured in passing through the literary vat?

Each month I have torn out and kept the articles that interested me. It may be because I am busier than I was, but I have not seemed to find much to keep lately.

" William Archer," " The Two Joans," " Quo Warranto? " " Imagination in Art and Science " and, from an early number " Mr. Joiner and the Bible " : these are a few that catch my eye as I browse randomly in my sheaf.

Sir (the ass scrapes up dust that it may fall upon his head), J. G. Simpson in his " Man and the Attainment of Immortality " tells of " some very complex labile inorganic colloid, taking up water and carbonic acid, absorbing radiant energy, building up still more complex structures through interaction with introgenous inorganic matter, and finally in the course of the ages acquiring the power to convert radiant into chemical energy, and lo! the birthday of life. . . ."

In the same book is Sir Arthur Keith's genealogical tree: Wells's "Short History" is published at 2s. 4d. by the Labour Publishing Co.: Troward tells us that "The effort of Nature has always been upwards from the time when only the lowest forms of life peopled the globe. . . ." "His evolution in the future must be by conscious participation in the great work. . . ."

Sir Oliver Lodge's little book, "The Making of Man," was first printed in April, 1924, and four more times by the end of the following June, presumably because Mr. Joiner wanted to read it. There is James Harvey Robinson's "Mind in the Making"—all are cheap, "popular" books, popular and cheap because I suppose cheap people want to read them, because they want to know what the books tell them.

Weekly, the ass gnaws something out of the *Manchester Guardian,* monthly a little from THE ADELPHI. He can know nothing, labouring, war and statesman-sickened, in his remote hut, but he wants to know and to know too if others want to know—about what may *possibly* be a dawn that seems about to break on him and his fellow beasts, that may be brighter and far *surer* than any previous one, because we have 2,000 years of history and experience behind us that we can draw on. "His evolution in the future must be by conscious participation in the great work. . . ."

Is there anyone really out to tell about it and to say this idea exists if we can but see it? I see more hints about it than I did five years ago, let alone fifteen, but is there any definite conscious effort to tell of it?

Perhaps no one feels sure enough—naturally nobody can be sure, but thought and talk—the printed page talking to millions—greatly turn men's thoughts—men now, able to think and talk like men—blind, brave, patient, goaded, groping, clambering beasts no longer.

Of course the whole question is vast and complicated. But suppose the conviction that man controls his destiny becomes as general as the belief in pilgrimage did in the Middle Ages, surely we should be nearer something worth living for and handing on life for.

Simply—Jesus can't have known what he was talking about when he hoped to set up a mode of life. Without immense material resources wireless telegraphy would never have been discovered. Must we therefore think that it was "created" merely that it might exist and not be used? If the teaching of Jesus had been strictly followed, should we not all have remained Bedouin goat-herds—utterly ignorant? What could

he say to Evolution and eternal change? Of course he knew nothing of such things.

Can you not tell us something real about all this, by degrees?

The second letter comes from a reader in London :—

In the first number of THE ADELPHI you invited readers who did not like anything in the magazine to write to you about it. I do not know whether this invitation is still open, but I have had month by month a growing objection to what you write, and am now venturing to put my view before you.

The Freudian doctrine of the subconscious received a striking proof in your article "On Wireless and the Nightingales," when your long-suppressed and ignored scientific complex took a terrible revenge, making you publicly confess yourself a savage writing nonsense. It is only fair to add that it was aided in this by the irresistible impetus of your forceful, logical and sincere style. Consciously, of course, you did not believe you were writing nonsense. Self-respecting people do not write nonsense, and self-respecting people will not waste their time reading it. You probably thought that in some way it was one of the permissible kinds of nonsense such as humorous or inspired nonsense. But this is not so. What you wrote was simply nonsense.

To me it seems your great error is this ignoring of, and contempt for, science. It is as extreme and as unreasonable as the opposite materialistic attitude towards poetry. You are a specialist in the mystical aspect of life. You are expert in handling this material, and that is why you are read with pleasure. A man who can do anything with superlative skill is attractive, but what is so very wrong is that you want to give a supreme and sole importance to your speciality. This is understandable in a magazine devoted to, say, stamp-collecting, but for a magazine run on a belief in life it is absurd. [No, inevitable. See below.—J. M. M.]

Why do you complain of being called a mystic? You are a mystic. [This is true. I am: but not at all in the sense in which it is generally applied to me.—J. M. M.] Possibly the great element in poetry is mysticism, but poetry has not that exclusive importance you think it has. Science is of at least equal value to human life. This is, of course, rank heresy to you, but as everyone knows, and men like James and Jung have stated scientifically, a human mind tends to run to a type controlled by its strongest idea. You have so concentrated your attention on this mysticism in poetry that it seems in danger of becoming a fixed idea.

The Life Force, Holy Ghost, or whatever else you like to call it, which first entered dead matter on the earth millions of years ago has built up successively finer and finer structures until the present day when man stands as its latest and greatest work. I was thunderstruck to read in THE ADELPHI a few months ago that evolution had ceased. [I have no recollection of any such statement in these pages. I certainly did not make it.—J. M. M.] One felt inclined to ask the exact date for this change in the method of the universe. By all analogy and knowledge the process will go on until creatures are evolved who are as far above us as we are above the animals. Biologists can see that man as a creature is only at the beginning of his career. So far from the process of evolution stopping in man (the absurdity of it!) it is under our eyes being accelerated enormously by the fact that the creature is itself now getting into its own hands power over life and mind and is becoming conscious of its power to control its future course.

This view of life seems to me to be consistent with the fullest meaning of such religious ideas as the Word made Flesh, and Immortality. That sense of contact with one's larger self is to me obviously the reaching out of the soul to that larger life which science shows is within our power.

But evolution is, it seems to me, inconsistent with the narrow doctrines of the Christian Church and of your own particular one-sided creed.

The cause of the present decay of the Christian Church was its too early assumption of final and absolute value for its doctrines, with a consequent inability to adapt itself now to the expanding mind of man. But whilst the Church could not possibly know that it was acting erroneously, you have not this excuse in your assumption of finality because you live in a scientific age.

Even if Shakespeare was filled with the spirit of life in greater measure than other men, he was still unable to achieve a final truth such as you claim for him. [Why?—J. M. M.] When Shakespeare, as you say, ceased to strive, it was not for the reason you think. It was not because he had discovered that it was wrong to strive, but because he could not see how to strive effectively any more. He knew (the Holy Ghost informed him) that life must be better, but he knew that with all his power he lacked something essential and so he had to give up in that strange state of mingled confidence and despair which I believe is what you mean by the mystical acceptance of life and equal acceptance of death. [This is only half-true, because it is an attempt to translate a spiritual fact into intellectual terms.—J. M. M.]

What Shakespeare lacked was science. Bernard Shaw is a more useful man to the human race (from the point of view of this important matter of salvation) because he does not despise science. But the Holy Ghost is becoming more powerful and articulate and Bernard Shaw will not last as many tens of years as Shakespeare has lasted hundreds, because he will be quickly superseded by a man with greater science, and so the pace accelerates.

We are constantly impressed in THE ADELPHI with the inferiority of science—mere science is said to be a very imperfect instrument for apprehending life. But is mysticism any more perfect? That ultimate truth of Keats about Beauty and Truth is no ultimate truth at all. It is the most elementary thing in mysticism, and, like the elementary things in science, is the most certain. As one goes further into mysticism the more misty and uncertain it becomes.

If you deny science and so thwart the working of the Word made Flesh as it seeks to control matter it is obvious that you have no remedy for the ills of life and must accept death. The thought of death is very sweet when one experiences disappointment or sickness (a pathetic case in point is in the poem " Broadcasting " in the June ADELPHI). But a healthy, educated man should suspect something wrong with his outlook if he finds himself driven to such an idea.

Consider the real belief in life which runs through *Back to Methuselah*. No feeble acceptance of death here. But Shakespeare could no more have written this than he could have ridden in an aeroplane. [This seems to me absolutely wrong. There is no *real* belief in life in *Back to Methusaleh:* the very reverse—a complete denial of life.—J. M. M.]

Man feels the control of life coming into his own hands. The religion of the future is creative evolution. Can THE ADELPHI ignore this and live? The spirit of adventure, invention, and science, has lifted us literally from the mud. It can obviously lift us to heights which we cannot at present conceive. You know all this but you ignore it.

If I am wrong in what I have written above, the sooner I discover it the better for me. If I am right I shall have the pleasure of having been of service to you. When I think of how firmly you hold your present beliefs my hopes die, but when I think of your sincerity and courage they live again.

These letters, as I say, are important. They are sincere and serious, and their implications, if not their actual substance, are profound.

Their surface meaning is not so important. Both charge me with deliberately neglecting science; one with a contempt for science. The latter charge is, I think, unwarranted. Science is not motor-cars and wireless, and, even if it were, it would still be untrue to say that I have a contempt for them. But the fact that I am not at home with complicated mechanisms, and cannot understand them, is no evidence for my attitude to science. That science, as such, receives but little attention in these pages is true; but that is simply because I am incompetent to write about it myself, and because my various attempts to persuade men of science to write here have failed. I am not in the position of being able to go into the open market and buy (even if they were plentiful) scientific articles of the kind that I desire. I can only wait for them to come. They do not come.

To accuse me of "denying science" seems to me wide of the mark. I regard science as having the same importance for human life as literature. But I am, to all intents and purposes, utterly ignorant of science; I have some knowledge of literature. Since it would be directly opposed to my convictions to write of that which I do not know, it may appear that there is a certain anti-scientific bias in these pages; but in reality it does not exist, any more than the anti-literary bias with which I am also charged. For neither literature nor science as I understand them are one single thing. As among writers, there are great ones and little ones, so among scientists there are great ones and little ones. It is the great ones that interest me. I am concerned with what man may be, and with what man has been as an indication of what man may become; therefore I am interested not in writing but in writers, not in science, but in scientists.

But—and here we begin to go deeper—my correspondents say with one accord: "What man may

become depends immediately upon that 'control of life' which modern science appears to offer."

Let us not be hypnotized by a phrase. "Control of life" is a phrase. Science has not yet achieved any "control of life." Experimental biology may be excited and even confident that it will shortly achieve *something*. What that something may be the biologist himself does not know, and it may be that he is merely peering over the edge of a chasm that separates one kind of existence from another. But the point is not really whether science may, or may not, attain to something which it calls control of life; but that, even if it does, life will be thereby no more really "controlled" than it is to-day. Suppose—the supposition is more fantastic to me than it is to some biologists—that biological science was in a position to determine beforehand not only the sex, but other and more detailed physical and intellectual aptitudes of the unborn human being. (How far this is even *thinkable* in respect to more than the primary attributes of human beings, to more than the mere raw stuff of the created individual, I leave to my correspondents to perpend.) But suppose that the life, the character, and the destiny of the unborn child could be determined beforehand. What then?

Who will determine it? Is it even thinkable that the scientist would be permitted to wield this colossal power? Is it not certain that men will immediately demand that the life-controllers themselves be rigoroursly controlled? Will not everything once more depend upon the character, the vision, and the faith of humanity at large? Will not everything, and above all the freedom of any single scientist to put any single one of his "life-controlling" discoveries into practice, depend upon what men believe is desirable in life, upon their conception of the purpose and the end of life. And so we are flung back straightway upon the main and fundamental question "Worauf es ankommt?"—the

meaning of things. That question you must anwer: the scientist's hypothetical "control of life" yields to it absolutely. With that question THE ADELPHI has never ceased to be concerned. It undercuts all that "science" with the neglect of which my correspondents reproach me.

But suppose, to take a particular instance, human life could be considerably prolonged: suppose that, quite soon, men could be made to live for 300 instead of 70 years. That would be an improvement which most men would probably rush to secure for themselves: there would be queues at the surgeons' doors: there would be riots in Harley Street. The immediate change in human circumstances would be prodigious; but its quality and its effects would be calculable. Those 300-year lives would be just as arduous, just as disappointing, just as chequered with vision and despair, and *just as short* as the 70-year lives of old. For the living length of a life is determined not by its years, but by its rhythm; not by its duration, but by its content. The longing to know "Worauf es ankommt" would be just the same. And suppose yet further that death could be indefinitely postponed. What then? Life would be changed into an unendurable monotony of torment. That is all. There would be queues at the surgeons' doors: there would be riots in Harley Street: not to have life given, but to have it taken away.

For—and here we begin to touch still deeper things—if death is to be abolished the whole quality of life must be changed, or life would be unendurable, a nightmare horror. A human life is born, it grows, it ripens, and it dies—that is the beauty and the rhythm of the life we know, expressed once for all by Shakespeare (who knew things of which Mr. Shaw has never yet even remotely touched the fringe):—

> We must endure
> Our going hence even as our coming hither:
> Ripeness is all.

Once break that rhythm by the abolition of death, and it follows inexorably that, as there is no death, so there is no growth, and *so there is no birth.* Life itself is shattered. There is no more process in time.

It may be well (and I for one believe it is necessary and inevitable) that man should conquer " the last enemy, death." But let him realise what it means. To annihilate death is to annihilate life; it is to surrender time for the timeless. Between the prolongation of life and the annihilation of death a great gulf is fixed. To prolong life would change nothing, nothing whatever, of the deep things of life; to annihilate death would change everything, catastrophically: in a timeless moment all humanity would pass into another, utterly different condition. When " control of life " gets thus far then the end of this dispensation is upon us; while " control of life " stops short of this, nothing essential will be changed.

We begin to see where this conception of " control of life " is leading us—into a strange country, where the mystic and the prophet are more at home than the man of science as such: for this condition, wherein " the last enemy, death " is abolished is one which the great mystics have experienced and the great prophets foretold. It is an utterly new dispensation, and one that cannot be conceived as in any way partaking of, or united with, the process in time which is the life we know. It is because the former of my correspondents does not realise this that he says at random that " Jesus cannot have known what he was talking about when he hoped to set up a mode of life. . . . If his teaching had been strictly followed, should we not all have remained Bedouin goatherds—utterly ignorant?" If the teaching of Jesus had been strictly followed, if it were followed strictly by all Christians for one single minute of this very day, this world would be at an end, as Jesus longed for it to be. He came to destroy; to

annihilate life in time, and replace it by the timeless mode of being which he called the Kingdom of God.

It may be that in time this process will be slowly accomplished, and that science will accelerate it. If science were to achieve the abolition of death, the change would be here : but the change itself would not be gradual, it would be just as sudden and catastrophic as Jesus believed it would be. Men will not in the future glide gracefully and easily into immortality any more than they do to-day, for a change in kind can never be a change in degree. There will be the moment of death and disruption ; the annihilation of death will be a more tremendous moment of universal catastrophe—the ending once and for all of life—than was ever imagined by the most sombre of the Hebrew apocalyptists.

Since this then is the appointed end of all " control of life," if ever it should become real, what need have we to take this unaccomplished thing into our reckoning? It was allowed for, long ago. Science, in so far as it may touch the deep springs of life, can bring no surprises to those who have set themselves to learn from the seers and the poets. They, and perhaps they alone, are prepared for the change of kind which would be upon us if the imagined " control of life " by the scientist were ever to become actual. The scientists (and by the scientists I mean the persons who talk glibly of the coming " control of life," not the great man of science, who is as much a man of vision as the poet or the prophet) are not prepared for it. They have never stopped to think out what they mean by " control of life " ; very few of them, so far as I know, have reached the simple conclusion that control of life must mean control of death, and control of death must involve the annihilation of death, and annihilation of death is annihilation of life. At anything short of this point of *absolute change* control of life means nothing

more radical than an alteration in the mechanisms of existence: the moral and spiritual quality of life will remain just as it is. And that is why Mr. Shaw's " Back to Methusaleh " is, for all its wit and cleverness, an astonishingly superficial work. Its problems are not real problems, nor its solutions real solutions. Mr. Shaw has gone as far as his thought will reach; he has shown that his thought will not reach as far as a single verse of Corinthians or a single line of *The Tempest.*

Thus I find myself back with Shakespeare and the New Testament. I cannot help it: one is bound to return, ever and again, to the minds that have been able to conceive an *absolute change* in human life. This, in the simplest terms, is the crux of the whole problem. Those who can conceive, and habituate themselves to the thought of, an absolute change in human life, have already anticipated all that science can ever achieve in the way of " control of life." They have touched a timeless apprehension in time, and so they have conquered death. Of this mysterious truth my second correspondent has a dim apprehension, when, after saying that what Shakespeare lacked was science, which Mr. Shaw possesses, he is for some reason constrained to admit that Mr. Shaw will not last as many tens of years as Shakespeare has lasted hundreds. Why not? Because someone will arise, says my correspondent, with more science. That is only half-true. The whole truth is that men have already arrived with the knowledge that lies at the end of all science, and Shakespeare was one of them.

But for this, I am afraid, I shall be accused once more of despising science. I do nothing of the kind. Science, like literature, like any other spiritual activity of man, is composed of two things—of timeless apprehension, and of process in time—of the thoughts of big scientists and the thoughts of little ones. I accept them

both. *I believe in both the timeless world and in* *world in time ; just as I believe that I myself partak* both. Both are real ; both claim my loyalty and recei I aim to serve both God and Mammon. If the C were to appear to-day and once more [illegible]

scie[illegible] change would [illegible] be gradual, it would be just [illegible] as Jesus believed it would be. Men w[illegible] future glide gracefully and easily into immortality any more than they do to-day, for a change in kind can ne be a change in degree. There will be the m[illegible] death and disruption ; the annihilation of death [illegible] a more tremendous moment of universal catastr[illegible] the ending once and for all of life—than was imagined by the most sombre of the [illegible] apocalyptists.

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AS IT WAS

By H. T.

I.

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Thus I ... The front room was the
New Testament ... ...ere; the back room
return, ever and ... the tiny garden,
able to conceive ... father's study.
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both. I believe in both the timeless world and in the world in time; just as I believe that I myself partake of both. Both are real; both claim my loyalty and receive it. I aim to serve both God and Mammon. If the Galilean were to appear to-day and once more demand that I should follow him in his tremendous attempt to shatter the world in time, I would not follow him; I *could* not follow him, simply because I believe in life. To believe in life means, for me, to believe both in the timeless One, and the Many in time; to believe in the spirit and to believe in the flesh. And the only way I have found to reconcile those beliefs, to make them truly one, is to accept death. To accept death means to accept it for oneself. That done, and it is not easy to do, life is accepted; and when life has been accepted, its rhythm, its beauty, and its meaning are manifest.

LOVE AND SECRETS.—For, whatever some lovers may sometimes say, love does not always abhor a secret, as Nature is said to abhor a vacuum. Love is built upon secrets, as lovely Venice upon invisible and incorruptible piles in the sea. Love's secrets, being mysteries, ever pertain to the transcendent and the infinite; and so they are as airy bridges, by which our further shadows pass over into the regions of the golden mists and exhalations; whence all poetical, lovely thoughts are engendered, and drop into us, as though pearls should drop from rainbows. — HERMAN MELVILLE.

ORIGINALITY.—"To be original means to have a thorough knowledge and a just estimate of the value of other men's work, and to avail ourselves of it in order to advance beyond it, and do something better that is our own. It would be strange indeed, if, in order to be original, we had to keep ourselves in a state of virginal ignorance." (*Benedetto Croce.*)

AS IT WAS

By H. T.

I.

I remember so well that very first meeting. We lived then in a little new villa in a row, in a new road quite near Wandsworth Common. The front room was the dining-room, and the piano was there; the back room at the end of the passage, looking on to the tiny garden, which was kept full of flowers, was my father's study. It was lined with books, and in the middle of the room was his knee-hole writing table. On the table were scattered papers, his tin of Three Castles cigarettes, and his small tumbler of weak whisky and water. As a child I used to marvel at the way he puffed the smoke out of his mouth after sipping his whisky and water. He smoked and sipped all day long, while he wrote with his thin, delicate hand his small, thick writing, or lay on the sofa by the window reading the three-volume novels which he reviewed for part of his living. My father had a name as an essayist and critic among a small public, but he had to eke out his means with reviewing and journalism, and we had just moved from Liverpool to London, so that he could be more in touch with literary affairs.

Our house was comfortable and pleasant and very cosy, with people always coming and going. My mother and father were both very sociable and hospitable, and, though there cannot have been much money, owing to my mother's wonderful management there was always everything we wanted, and the unexpected guests who often turned up were warmly welcomed. My father's study was the general sitting-room,

and here all visitors were invited. Nothing disturbed my father at his work so much as to be left alone. Often, when my mother thought we were getting too noisy for him, we would creep out unnoticed by him into the dining-room, but in a few minutes we would hear his strange, halting step in the passage, and his voice asking why we had left him, and back we would all have to troop, to read aloud, play games, talk and laugh, while he wrote an essay or reviewed a book.

Our life was very happy, very social, very united. We were unconventional, though in no startling way—just informal and unself-conscious. A good deal of freedom of movement was allowed to us children, and freedom of speech and thought, and so far we had all pulled together, interested in new movements, and "well up in things," I think we should have said—mainly artistic; and especially, of course, literary, and with wide views on religious and social questions. I think we were rather typical Unitarians (to which denomination my father belonged), except that we were poorer than most Unitarians, and that as our income was very irregular our ways were not so bound by the conventions that seem to be set up by a regular flow of money. By the well-to-do of our type we should have been called Bohemians.

I think at this time we were all at home: that is, my eldest sister, Ruth; myself, seventeen and just left school; and my youngest sister, Carrie, still a[t] school. Both my sisters were clever girls, and ha[d] carried all before them at school. I hated schoo[l] where my sisters' brilliance threw into sharp relief m[y] own incapacity, and I had begged to leave and be home with my father, whom I adored.

I remember that afternoon. We knew the stran[ge] boy was coming. Our Unitarian minister had ask[ed] my father to look at some of his work and see if it w[as] any good, and father had thought so highly of it th[at]

we had already nicknamed the boy "The Genius". Perhaps we had been told he was shy; anyway, we left the study and went into the dining-room, and when he came he was shown straight in to father, who was waiting for him. We girls were playing the *Mikado* on the piano, and singing, and between whiles laughing and talking of the boy and wondering what he'd be like, and I think feeling a slight, amused prejudice against him for being shy and serious and clever. Soon, when we thought father had had enough of him to himself, we thought we should like to see him, but my two sisters drew back at the door, and I went in alone. I opened the door feeling silly, and giggling, because of the rather extravagant things we had been saying about him; and just inside the door, standing by the bookshelves with an open book in his hand, he stood, so that I came upon him sooner than I had expected. This made me laugh the more, or feel inclined to laugh, had not his face, into which I looked, immediately changed my mood. My father introduced us and our eyes met—the boy's solemn grey eyes rather overshadowed by drooping lids with long lashes. He did not smile, but just looked steadily at me and I at him, as he took my hand with a very hard and strong grip. I remember feeling pleasure in that first touch and thinking: "I like him, I like the way he shakes hands and the straight intense look in his eyes." After I came in, the talk lagged, my father doing his best to keep things going, but David too shy and constrained by my presence to be able to talk. And soon he went, refusing to stay to tea to meet my sisters. I can't remember if he dwelt much in my thoughts after the first meeting, but I remember that though I thought him shy and awkward and silent, I liked him and wanted to see him again.

David was tall—just six feet—and slight, with broad chest and shoulders, which he carried well; loose-

and here all visitors were invited. Nothing disturbed my father at his work so much as to be left alone. Often, when my mother thought we were getting too noisy for him, we would creep out unnoticed by him into the dining-room, but in a few minutes we would hear his strange, halting step in the passage, and his voice asking why we had left him, and back we would all have to troop, to read aloud, play games, talk and laugh, while he wrote an essay or reviewed a book.

Our life was very happy, very social, very united. We were unconventional, though in no startling way—just informal and unself-conscious. A good deal of freedom of movement was allowed to us children, and freedom of speech and thought, and so far we had all pulled together, interested in new movements, and "well up in things," I think we should have said—mainly artistic; and especially, of course, literary, and with wide views on religious and social questions. I think we were rather typical Unitarians (to which denomination my father belonged), except that we were poorer than most Unitarians, and that as our income was very irregular our ways were not so bound by the conventions that seem to be set up by a regular flow of money. By the well-to-do of our type we should have been called Bohemians.

I think at this time we were all at home: that is, my eldest sister, Ruth; myself, seventeen and just left school; and my youngest sister, Carrie, still at school. Both my sisters were clever girls, and had carried all before them at school. I hated school, where my sisters' brilliance threw into sharp relief my own incapacity, and I had begged to leave and be at home with my father, whom I adored.

I remember that afternoon. We knew the strange boy was coming. Our Unitarian minister had asked my father to look at some of his work and see if it was any good, and father had thought so highly of it that

we had already nicknamed the boy "The Genius". Perhaps we had been told he was shy; anyway, we left the study and went into the dining-room, and when he came he was shown straight in to father, who was waiting for him. We girls were playing the *Mikado* on the piano, and singing, and between whiles laughing and talking of the boy and wondering what he'd be like, and I think feeling a slight, amused prejudice against him for being shy and serious and clever. Soon, when we thought father had had enough of him to himself, we thought we should like to see him, but my two sisters drew back at the door, and I went in alone. I opened the door feeling silly, and giggling, because of the rather extravagant things we had been saying about him; and just inside the door, standing by the bookshelves with an open book in his hand, he stood, so that I came upon him sooner than I had expected. This made me laugh the more, or feel inclined to laugh, had not his face, into which I looked, immediately changed my mood. My father introduced us and our eyes met—the boy's solemn grey eyes rather overshadowed by drooping lids with long lashes. He did not smile, but just looked steadily at me and I at him, as he took my hand with a very hard and strong grip. I remember feeling pleasure in that first touch and thinking: "I like him, I like the way he shakes hands and the straight intense look in his eyes." After I came in, the talk lagged, my father doing his best to keep things going, but David too shy and constrained by my presence to be able to talk. And soon he went, refusing to stay to tea to meet my sisters. I can't remember if he dwelt much in my thoughts after the first meeting, but I remember that though I thought him shy and awkward and silent, I liked him and wanted to see him again.

David was tall—just six feet—and slight, with broad chest and shoulders, which he carried well; loose-

limbed and athletic. He had a beautifully shaped head, with a fine brow, and his thick fair hair, worn rather long, curled a little over his forehead and ears. His nose was long and straight; his mouth very sensitive, with the upper lip overhanging the lower. The chin was strong. The eyes were grey and dreamy and meditative, but fearless and steady, and as if trying to pierce to truth itself. A most striking face, at once recalling a portrait of Shelley in its sensitive, melancholy beauty. His hands were large and powerful, and he could do anything with them from the roughest work to the most delicate; they symbolize for me his strength and his tenderness. It is his hands even more than his beautiful face that come to my vision when I think of him; I shall never forget them.

He came often, and always Father liked to have him alone, but just before he went I used to slip in and try to talk to him. I have no recollection of how we got on, but I think not very well, because his shyness made me shy.

My father helped him a great deal with advice about writing and reading, and with Father he got on well and talked well, my father's genial kindness and interest slowly breaking down David's reserve. My father became very fond of him and used to call him Phil, because his first name was Philip, and my parents had had a little boy called Philip who had died as a baby; by a strange coincidence David's features and general colouring were very like this baby boy's, and I believe my father felt that this was his boy—the boy of his heart, loving the things he loved, and seeking self-expression in the same way that my father had sought it. My mother, on the other hand, grew to dislike him. She was jealous. She could find in this quiet, reserved, clever boy no point of contact, though as a rule she got on splendidly with boys, and preferred them to girls, and many came to the house, but none like this one. The boys she

liked were jolly, frank, well-mannered, easy creatures, intelligent enough most of them, though hardly ever speaking seriously of things, but genial and cheery, who found her a very congenial hostess.

At this time David talked almost exclusively of the books he was reading, buying when he could, or borrowing from my father; and my appearance in the study stopped all talk except what could be dragged out of him by questions. I do not want to give the impression that his manners were those of a hobbledehoy, for though he was very shy and reserved he had a natural courtesy and distinction of manner, which, though perhaps stiff for a boy of his age, was always dignified.

His writing was almost entirely devoted to descriptions of nature, of clouds, sky, trees, and landscapes, and I had read and liked very much some of his essays. My father got several accepted by a weekly paper of which he was co-editor, and the *Globe* printed some, and Father was giving him all the encouragement he could with appreciation and advice and help. This time is all a little vague to me, for I was outside it and was conscious of no attraction towards him beyond the impression still very distinct made by that first surprisingly firm grip, and that straight look, which made me patient with his silence, his shyness, and his awkwardness.

I had always had a strong yearning for the country. Our life had been spent in towns in the north of England, and owing to my father's invalidism we were not, as so many children are, taken out long walks by our father, and our times in the country had been confined to our summer holidays in North Wales. But I loved the country, and David's knowledge of country things gave us a common interest and subject of conversation, so that slowly we got to easier, but even now, not very easy terms—until one day my father said to David: "Here's Jenny dying for the country, and

a good walker; why don't you take her, and show her some of the places you know?"

Before this happened we had moved to a much bigger and nicer house in a better neighbourhood. It had a very pretty garden which had been part of an orchard, and had several fruit trees in it—one, a very beautiful old cherry tree, always lovely to look at, and full of fruit in the season. A forked branch made a comfortable seat, and I often sat up there reading, and I remember how David once found me with bare feet and legs eating cherries and reading, and his surprise and pleasure at finding me unembarrassed by his seeing me like that. The study in this house had French windows opening on to the garden, and so in summer time the garden became our general gathering place, and the cherry tree branches provided seats for several of the company. It was from this house that we set off for our first walk to Merton.

Merton was then a pretty rural place with fields and lanes and footpaths and woods. We walked to it through a wilderness of mean streets, and I cannot remember that we talked much. Now, it was I who was shy, and conscious of my intellectual inferiority, and I tried to talk "up" to him, and became more self-conscious and said stupid things. But it was on this first walk that I spoke of the picture of a titmouse in a natural history book David had showed me some time before. It was a coloured illustration, and I could not believe that the colours were natural, and that such a lovely bright bird was really a common English, even London bird. My short sight and lack of observation made me ignorant of even the most commonly known facts of natural history, and this picture impressed me very much, and I told David as we went along how I had dreamed of a titmouse, only it was gigantic in size, and the colours of its plumage very, very vivid. He was delighted and amused at this, and this simple

incident put us quite at ease with each other. We spoke of poetry, too—of Wordsworth particularly. I told him I did not care for him because he was "sentimental," which shocked David, and made me feel ashamed. Afterwards when I got home I read some of the poems he had spoken about, and from that talk my appreciation of poetry began.

I remember in that first walk how we scrambled about in a little roadside copse. It must have been winter or early spring, for the trees were bare, and David showed me many old nests, telling me the names of the birds which had made them, and pointing out to me their special characteristics. Later on he brought me as a present a most beautifully compact, moss-covered nest of a chaffinch, which I could hardly believe was the work of a bird, and all my wonder pleased and amused him in his grave way. In that copse were many burdocks, and I remember asking him to throw some of the burrs on to my skirt, so that I could prove to my people I had really been into the country.

I enjoyed that walk. It was an utterly new experience for me. Everything was new—the very exercise which I found so delightful was new; the country so near home; my companion, the first boy I had ever been on such terms with. And all his knowledge of everything we saw, and all his intimacy—everything lifted me at once into a new world.

I was at this time about eighteen, and he nine months younger.

I remember we came back to tea in the dusk of the evening, very happy together, and with very much of our former constraint worn away. But even now I felt he was "The Genius" and I a very ordinary girl, as indeed I was.

After that he came and went, talking with my father, and more now with me, and accepted by my mother in a grudging way. In a little while we had arranged to

ro another walk, and my father was delighted with the uccess of his idea.

This time we were to take the train to Barnes, and valk up Priory Lane and over Richmond Park to the eronry where once, at night, David had climbed to get heron's egg. I remember the place, which was near a ig lake, and the tall trees (were they Scotch pines or lms?) in which the huge, untidy, insecure nests were uilt, looking more like rafts of twigs than nests. I, with ıy dizzy head, could not endure it when he—to show ıe his prowess, I expect—began to climb the straight ıll trunk of one of them.

He told me of his fishing exploits, and of the big ike he had caught in the pond near by, for he was ways a keen fisherman, and we spoke of Isaac Walton hom I had read. I learnt here the names of several ild flowers, especially the little low growing kinds— rmentil was one: I have never forgotten it, and its ıy bright flower always brings back to me Richmond ark, and that day. He found me a good walker; I d not get tired, nor lag behind, but stepped out eagerly ıd joyfully always.

Of these walks we took many, but only one other is early recalled to my memory. We went again to erton, and talked of Shelley whom we were both ading and both very full of. His life I knew very ell, and he had for long been a hero of mine. It was s love of freedom, his hatred of injustice and tyranny at I chiefly responded to, I think, but also his spiritual auty caught up my dawning perception of poetry. hat day we talked of Shelley, and David had a pretty tle volume in his pocket of selected lyrics—the flapng of a book in his jacket pocket as he strode along th his long sweeping stride is one of my earliest and est memories of David—and we read "Adonais" and e "West Wind," and "Love's Philosophy" and Epipsychidion" together.

AS IT WAS

Coming home from Merton, not yet having left the country roads, and in the sunset-flushed mist of an autumn afternoon, as we walked side by side, silent for the most part, but deeply conscious of happiness and friendship, he took my hand, and I, full of a new wonder and a new fear, and new something I could not tell what, let him walk thus. When we got home, he would not come in to tea, but as we said good-bye at the gate, he asked me to keep the Shelley for my own, and I took it, but did not want to, and yet could not tell why.

I was a plain girl, morbidly conscious of intellectual and physical deficiencies. I had often cried bitterly in the thought that no man could ever love me, and that my longing for children would never be satisfied. I had so persuaded myself of this that it never entered my mind as a possibility until that moment when David took my hand; and even then I did not consciously think of love; all I felt was an unrest, a fear, a thrill, perhaps also a hope.

I was very affectionate, and almost painfully grateful to people who showed me affection, but conscious of my own unworthiness and with a constant distrust of myself. I think this was partly due to the contrast to myself in my two sisters, one older and one younger. Both were clever and self-confident and admired. They both succeeded where I failed, and my mother constantly said to me when she was irritated by her ugly duckling—" Why can't you be like your sister Carrie? " And that remark made it more and more difficult for me to attain that ideal, and I shrank further into my shell of self-distrust.

I loved all children passionately, especially young babies. I loved to see a pregnant woman—I almost adored while I envied her. I desired love, but only, at any rate consciously, in a spiritual or emotional form, for I did not comprehend physical love, and the whole

thing was very mysterious to me, and my mother had always refused to discuss the subject. I yearned vaguely for freedom, for something more than this quiet home life, where my mother's word was law. I had begun to have different tastes from the others. In dress, for instance, I took to what were then called Liberty dresses, very simple and plain in line, but of beautiful colours and ornamented with embroidery. The fashions then made this style of dress conspicuous, and my sisters laughed at it, but I was getting to the priggish stage and I am sure I thought myself superior. I wanted less furniture in my bedroom, and more air, and I read Ruskin and Morris and became their disciple. David and I read Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and *Wilhelm Meister* which particularly we loved, and which influenced us very much, me specially perhaps in my natural instinct for unreserve and freedom and frankness of speech.

I was plain at that age, with a round, healthy face and small nose; rather serious in expression, but not entirely unattractive. I had a lot of dark brown hair, which I wore parted in the middle with long plaits wound round my head—a simple style which suited my dress and my general seriousness. I was straight and tallish, and my own well-shaped and strong, and—as I think now—really lovely body, gave me intense delight. I loved being without clothes, and moving about naked, and took a pride in my health and strength. We read Richard Jeffries, and I remember with what delight I found the joy in one's body spoken of there as if it was right and good. For with my old distrust of myself I had wondered if the joy I felt in my body indicated some moral deficiency in me, as my mother's teaching had been in direct opposition to what I felt so instinctively.

David and I were getting much more unreserved together, and talked of anything and everything—of poetry a great deal—Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Words-

worth and Tennyson chiefly I think—oh, and Byron, too: indeed we read much from Chaucer onwards; all was grist to the mills of our devouring minds. Also we began to speak of ourselves, our hopes, our feeling about life, our intimate thoughts and experiences.

It must have been about this time that I introduced myself to David's parents and brothers. He was the eldest of six boys. He had no sisters, and except for brief, awkward attractions for one or two girls who lived near, I was the first girl he had ever become friendly with. He knew nothing of girls; less than I of boys, for though I had never been attractive to boys—my sister Carrie taking all these honours—I had met many at home, though I had never had a friend among them.

David's father was a serious-minded, liberal, self-satisfied, hard-working and conscientious civil servant who rose in his department quite remarkably. He was the thick set, short, dark type of Welshman, handsome perhaps, but to me very unattractive. He was a Non-conformist, and a student, with a very narrow view of life which made him an extremely unsympathetic father. All the boys except David were like their father in appearance, but not one of them like him in character. His mother was a very pretty fair-haired woman, with a sweet melancholy face, very retiring and shy and sad. David got his looks from his mother and much of his temperament, and he adored her—if such a word can be used of so reserved, so undemonstrative an affection which never wavered. A wonderful sympathy existed between these two, both too self-conscious to give it voice, but both sure of it always. The other boys were beyond her understanding, and there was a strange feeling of disharmony in that house, which, after my own united family life, depressed me whenever I went there.

I went to see David's mother, for I thought it

only fair that, as my mother knew David she should know me. I introduced myself boldly and impulsively as I did things then. She was very kind, though shy and reserved with me, and I think liked me—anyhow did not dislike me. When I returned home I told my mother about my visit, and she to my great surprise and distress was very angry. She said I had behaved in a very improper way, and that I had practically announced myself as engaged to David. I thought her attitude and her anger ridiculous, and there began in me that antagonism to my mother which, on my father's death, made home life unendurable to me.

After this visit I used often to go to David's home, and became well-known to his father and brothers.

The brothers were a strange lot of rather uncouth boys : their huge appetites and rough ways amazed me. Their parents provided no social life at home for them, and at a very early age they sought their amusements elsewhere, David being the only one who had a love of nature and literature. The house itself seemed to me ugly and uninteresting, and there was only one room which had for me any character or charm, and this was David's own room—study and bedroom. Here he kept his collection of bird's eggs and fishing tackle, and other possessions, and lived most of his indoor life reading or writing. A few photographs of pictures of Titian and Botticelli and Greek sculpture were pinned on to the walls, and there was a shelf of books—not many yet, for he had very little pocket money to spend. Here we were allowed to sit and talk and read, though his mother often asked me if I thought my mother would like it ; and sometimes because she was so uncertain that she was doing right for her boys, she would forbid us this room, and we had to be content to sit in the cold and formal little drawing-room at the back of the house.

At this time my father, who had always been very

delicate, began to show signs of tuberculosis in the throat, of which he died. He was not able to see much of David, and when David came to the house my mother's dislike of him, now that my father was absent, became more and more obvious. About the same time David went away for one of his long visits to Wiltshire, where his grandmother lived, and where he could wander all day on the downs and tramp about the outlying country with an old vagabond from whom he had learnt much country lore, and who had first taught him how to bait a hook, and skin a mole, and shout the "View Hulloo" when the hunt was out.

My mother, taking advantage of all the circumstances, forbade me to have anything more to do with David—to write to him or receive letters from him while he was away, or to see him when he returned. My father was too ill to be appealed to, and for the first time in my life I took the law into my own hands. I wrote to him secretly, and received letters from him through a school friend of his who was a great favourite with my mother, and who came to inquire after my father and bring my letters with him.

(*To be continued.*)

God's Word

Low ripple through the waters of the world,—
Sound under other sounds, the hush beneath the hush,
Heard hardly,—or heard not at all until
Some one slow evening blesses with pure flush,
Orchard and cottage, meadow, wood, and mill.

MARGARET RADFORD.

WHERE MUSIC GOES

By Henry Chester Tracy

THAT "the soul goes where music goes" is to me a comforting thought. I do not think that the man who made the assertion intended it to be a comforting thought. I do not find those thoughts which are intended to convey that annihilation of the personality is an entirely just and reasonable arrangement of things especially comforting; for I believe that there are other characters in reality besides the merely just and reasonable: qualities of Being which transcend these two. And one of these quallities may be comfort, a quality frequently carried in music.

Someone is playing Kamennoi-Ostrow. If played with execrable haste and neutral colour this can become a mere *salon-stück,* not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with transcendent things; but it happens just now that the player is obedient to whatever inner motion it is that controls such music, and the best, or what might be called the soul of it, comes, filtered of the trivial, through the air of two rooms. Hearing it so tendered, Kamennoi-Ostrow becomes to me a living thing, of the same nature as the best there is in me or in any other one.

I do not think that the real intention here is a picture in music. It is true that I hear the waves wash in dripping coolness over the island rocks; and the conjurer is there; but beyond him is Rubinstein, a spirit moving upon the air; a spirit penetrant beyond the picture, subtile, conversant with pain.

Island rock and surge of sea, these are accidents that liberate mood. Or, rather let us have it, Anglo-Saxon *mod,* which is mind, feeling, heart. Then in place of

a *salon-stück* with surface figures,—ephemera,—we have the mind, feeling, heart of the pencil-maker's son releasing *aught which is real.* Aught or nought: a something or a nothing, that's as you please. To me at this listening moment it is as valid as anything I am, and more valid than the things I am not but often have desired to be. Even then, it brings me nearer to some of these wanted things than I can get in any other way, and that is the element of comfort implicit: a comfort that does not preclude pain.

Rubinstein, playing in some untimed past that for me has no place-mark or date is, in the instant of this music, trenchant *being* poignant and real: *my* being, if that matters, as much as any one's; but not important because mine. It is perhaps not more ephemeral than what I call myself; perhaps less so. Experience—and more. Something of spirit, that treads sound waves. Thing or person, or pure being, it moves with thin foot-falls on the air, and goes—where?

Wherever it is that music goes I think that I shall be willing to go. As music is being remembered I think I should be glad to be remembered, and to be. There is the apparent memory of printed scrolls and functioning brain-cells, or even the record disc. I do not mean that. It may be pure mysticism to say that *any* memory is real, or that the universe has an organ for remembering other than the mechanisms we know. But I know very well that Kamennoi-Ostrow is only one of many meanings that cannot be confined to words. These avoid crowds and evade concert-halls, they foregather in forests or by the sea. Their keel is just beyond the horizon, as they voyage through lacunæ of our air.

I know that some are sensitive to these meanings and for others they do not exist. These can have no quarrel with those. I know that Yesha'-yah was sensitive to them when he wrote the words, "Comfort ye, comfort

ye my people, saith your God" ; and that Handel was sensitive to them when he made them into divine recitative expressive of Compassion which so far transcends realization that Zionistic illusions lapse into utter pathos when compared to it. And to the mind of pundits this Compassion is naught : a cipher with no integers to match it.

Within that cipher lurk many mysteries, much beauty and those meanings that are in the old music and not in the new. Such old music is in that thematic fragment, *Chant Nègre,* which Kramer adapted to the violin. Safely sleeping upon those strings is beauty that Zimbalist may wake : age-old beauty out of darkness, the warm darkness of a child-like race. If we did not know that some One has compassion on that people and remembers their souls, we should know it when this beauty wakes ; for in *Chant Nègre* a kindness is remembered and the peace of tranquil rivers, still forests, sunlight and gloom. There is the memory of an ineffable happiness, ripened in the soul of the race. The light of suns is there, vivifying, and the dark of shadows ; slow waters, rippling on a quiet shore. Such themes are of the nature of us all. They live, although the neurons that throbbed at their birth cannot be assembled again. The One remembers.

In almost violent contrast we could surely say that the little-known One remembers just as well, when the wind is stinging cold with snow-whirls in the air, and "Autumn and Winter" is the theme. Glazounov weaves a richer figure for a garment of the Russian soul. Beauty links arms ; it races with the northern blood and takes up the rhythms of the dance. Tone-textures gather the heightened colour of the cheek, there is a gladness, God knows ; light, movement, all the zest of the North.

Again, when a symphony orchestra plays the third movement of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Schererazade,* there

arises upon the ground an enchantment that is not of the earth. Elfin peoples are there, with frail pipings, but all about and above them is an air of those meanings which music brings. This is a pleasant country. One is being carried ; not excitation, or any spell of the earth : sheer well-being, and the joy of things. This is the air of some country sought by travellers, dreamed of, but never found : and this finds it. Elsewhere is verisimilitude, but here is reality . . . in the first theme, with a fragrant background of sound ; an infinitely soothing foil of melody ; the harmonic shadow of graciousness. It is not abject subject but benign ruler of the Kingdom of Change. Its very life is in transmutations and it transcends them, to become something supreme : a form of Being. For this is the way with music, or that which is remembered by One.

Outside there are disintegrations, and rhythms : febrile creations. Better than those are the grotesqueries which lead the way to this place : slight and gaily pathetic they dance in the sun-space, and so vanish into the shadows of sound. It is so that we intuit our home : the place where music comes from, and to which it goes. It is a place beyond thorns and shadows. Here are tapestries of figured air, that crotchets and quavers may blow aside. It is a most lovable place.

MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH.—Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch announces a Festival of Chamber Music of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries to be held at Haslemere Hall, Haslemere, from August 24th to September 25th, 1925. This Festival offers a unique opportunity to attain that familiarity with forgotten styles and instruments which is necessary before the music of the early composers and Mr. Dolmetsch's re-creation of their art can be truly appreciated. Tickets may be had of Messrs. Charman, Haslemere.

PASCAL

By Leo Tolstoy

No passion holds man so long in its grip or hides so completely, sometimes to the very end, the vanity of temporal, worldly life, and none so removes man from an understanding of human life and its true well-being, as the passion for human fame in whatever form it may manifest itself : petty vanity, ambition, or love of fame.

Every vice bears within it its own punishment and the sufferings that accompany its satisfaction expose its worthlessness. Moreover, all other vices weaken with the years, but love of fame increases as the years go by. Above all, desire for worldly fame is always connected with the thought of the service of man, and a man when he is seeking the approval of others may easily deceive himself into thinking that he is living not for himself but for the good of those whose approval he seeks. And therefore this most crafty and dangerous passion is more difficult than any other to uproot. Only men of great spiritual strength free themselves from it. Great spiritual strength makes it possible for such men rapidly

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Translator's Note.—During the last years of his life Tolstoy compiled a selection of passages mostly from non-Russian writers which he called *A Circle of Reading*. As it consisted chiefly of translations into Russian it escaped translation from the Russian. But it so happens that it contains this article by Tolstoy himself on Pascal—an essay by the greatest Russian religious thinker of the nineteenth century on the greatest French religious thinker of the seventeenth. It is probably the only completed article of Tolstoy's, written for publication, that has not yet been translated. The article was written in 1906.—A. M.

to attain great fame, and that same spiritual strength enables them to perceive its worthlessness.

Such a man was Pascal. And such also was Gogol, a Russian who was akin to him. (I think it was through Gogol that I understood Pascal.) Both of them, though they possessed quite different qualities and quite different passions and range of mind, went through the same experience. They both very quickly attained the fame they passionately desired. Having attained it they both immediately understood the vanity of what had seemed to them the highest and most precious blessing in the world. They were both horrified at the temptation in the power of which they found themselves. They employed the whole strength of their souls to show people all the horror of the error from which they had just escaped, and the greater their disillusionment the more urgent seemed to them the necessity of finding a purpose in life which nothing could destroy.

This was the cause of the passionate attitude towards faith both of the Russian Gogol and of Pascal ; and in this lay the cause of their disregard for the work they had previously accomplished. All *that* had been done for fame. And fame passed, and there had been nothing in it but deception ; therefore all that had been done for its attainment had been unnecessary and insignificant. Only one thing was important : that which they had lacked, that which had been veiled by the worldly desire for fame. Only one thing was important and necessary : a faith which gives meaning to our transitory life and firm direction to all its activities. And this consciousness of the necessity of faith, and of the impossibility of living without it, so strikes such men that they cannot but be amazed how they themselves, and people in general, can live without a faith explaining to them the meaning of their life and of the death which awaits them. And becoming conscious of this, such men direct the whole strength of their mind and soul to saving people

from the terrible error from which they have themselves just escaped, and to showing them that without faith it is impossible to live: that only faith saves. And they try to snatch out of people's hands the screen which, as Pascal says, they hold before themselves while running towards the precipice.

Such a man was Pascal, and in this lies his great, inestimable, and much undervalued, service.

Pascal was born at Clermont in 1623. His father was a well-known mathematician. The boy, as all children do, imitated his father in early childhood, and occupied himself with mathematics, showing extraordinary capacity. His father, not wishing to develop the boy too prematurely, did not give him mathematical books; but young Pascal listened to his father's conversation with his mathematical acquaintances and began himself to invent a geometry. The father, seeing these works, which were quite extraordinary for a boy, was so struck that he went into ecstasies and wept from emotion, and from that time began to teach his son mathematics. The boy soon not only assimilated what his father showed him, but began to make independent discoveries in mathematics. His success drew to him the attention not only of his neighbours, but of the learned; and Pascal while very young became known as a remarkable mathematician. His fame, as one who despite his youth was an eminent scientist, encouraged him in his studies, his remarkable powers made it possible for him to increase his great fame, and he devoted his whole time and strength to scientific occupations and investigations. But his health had been weak from childhood. Intense study weakened it still more, and while still a youth he had a serious illness. After his illness, at his father's request, he reduced his studies to two hours a day and employed his free time in reading philosophical works. He read Epictetus, Descartes, and Mon-

taigne's Essays. Montaigne's book struck him particularly. It revolted him by its scepticism and indifference to religion. Pascal had always been religious, and in a childish way believed the Catholic teaching in which he had been brought up. Montaigne's book suggested doubts to his mind, obliging him to think about questions of faith, and in particular to consider in how far faith is necessary for man's rational life; and he began to be still stricter with himself in the fulfilment of religious duties, and read, besides philosophical works, books of a religious character. Among them he came upon the work of a Dutch theologian Jansen, *The Reconstruction of the Inner Man.*

In this book there was a discussion as to whether, besides the lusts of the flesh, there is not also a lust of the spirit, consisting in the satisfaction of man's inquisitive passions, at the basis of which there lies the same thing as in all other lusts—egotism and self-love; and whether such refined lust does not remove a man, more than all else, from God. This book struck Pascal greatly. With the sincerity natural to great souls, he felt the truth of this discussion in relation to himself. And although to renounce scientific occupations and the fame attached to them was for him a great privation, or just because it was a great privation, he decided to abandon the scientific interests which tempted him, and to direct his whole energy to clearing up for himself and for others those questions of faith which now occupied him more and more.

Nothing is known of Pascal's relations to women, or what influence the love of woman had on his life. His biographers, on the strength of his short composition, *Discours sur le passion de l'amour*—in which he says that the greatest happiness attainable by man, love, is a pure spiritual feeling, and should serve as the source of all that is elevated and noble—come to the conclusion that Pascal, in his youth, was in love with a woman who

stood above him socially and did not respond to his love. At any rate, if there was such a love, it had no result on Pascal's life. The chief interests in his young life consisted in the struggle between his striving towards scientific occupations and the fame they gave him, and his consciousness of the emptiness and insignificance of such occupations and the harmfulness of the temptation of love of fame, and his wish to devote his whole strength entirely to the service of God.

For instance, at the period of his life when he had already determined to renounce scientific occupations, he happened to read Torricelli's *Investigation of Vacuum.* Feeling that this question was incorrectly decided and that a more exact definition was possible, Pascal could not refrain from a desire to verify those experiments. While verifying them he made his famous discovery of the weight of the atmosphere. This discovery attracted the attention of the whole scientific world. The learned wrote to him, visited him, and praised him. And the struggle against the temptation of worldly fame became still more difficult.

As part of that struggle Pascal wore a belt with nails turned inward, and every time it seemed to him that on reading or hearing praise of himself the feelings of vanity and pride rose within him, he pressed the belt into his side with his elbow, the nails pierced his flesh, and he remembered that whole process of thought and feeling which diverted him from the temptation of fame.

In 1651 an event occurred to Pascal which might seem unimportant but produced a great effect upon him and had a great influence on his spiritual condition. On the Bridge of Neuilly he fell from a carriage and was within a hair's breadth of death. At the same time his father died. This double reminder of death caused Pascal, more even than before, to concentrate on the problems of life and death. A religious direction dominated his life more and more, so that in 1655 he

quite retired from the world. He joined the Jansenist Society of Port Royal, and began to live an almost monastic life there, meditating on and preparing a great work in which he intended to show, first, the indispensability of religion for a rational human life, and secondly, the validity of the religion which he himself professed. But here again the temptation of human fame met him. The Jansenist Society of Port Royal, in which he lived, had provoked the enmity of the powerful Jesuit Order, and as a result of Jesuit intrigues the men's and women's schools established at Port Royal were closed and the convent of Port Royal itself was in danger of being closed. Living among the Jansenists and sharing their opinions, Pascal could not remain indifferent to the position of his co-believers, and he was so carried away by the dispute with the Jesuits that he wrote a book in defence of the Jansenists which he called *Les Lettres Provinciales.* In this work Pascal did not so much justify and defend the teachings of the Jansenists as indict their enemies, the Jesuits, by exposing the immorality of their teaching. The book had great success, but this fame could no longer tempt Pascal. His whole life was already a constant service of God. He drew up for himself rules of life which he followed strictly, deviating from them neither from idleness nor from illness. Poverty he considered a fundamental virtue. " In poverty and destitution," he said, " there is not only no evil, but there is even great good. Christ was poor and destitute, and had not where to lay his head." Giving away all he had to the poor, Pascal lived in such a manner that he only possessed the necessaries of life. He managed as far as possible without a servant, only having one when he was himself too ill to move. His dwelling was of the very simplest, as also was his food and clothing. He arranged his room himself and fetched his own dinner. His illness increased, and he suffered unceasingly, but

he endured his sufferings not only with a patience that astonished those around him, but even with gladness and thankfulness. "Do not pity me," he said to those who condoled with him on his condition, "sickness is the natural condition of a Christian, for in that state he is such as he should always be. It accustoms him to the deprivation of all sensuous blessings and pleasures, teaches them to refrain from the passions that oppress man all his life, and to be free from avarice, and always in expectation of death."

The luxury with which relatives who loved him tried to surround him oppressed him. He asked his sister to move him into a hospital for incurables that he might pass his last days with them, but his sister did not carry out his wish and he died at her house. In his last hours he was unconscious. Only just before the very end he raised himself from his bed and with a clear and joyful expression said: "Leave me not, O Lord!" Those were his last words. He died on August 19th, 1662.

Man needs two beliefs for his well-being; the one is faith that an explanation of the meaning of life exists, and the other is supplied by the discovery of the best explanation of life. Pascal accomplished the first of these better than anyone else. Fate, God, did not permit him to accomplish the other. As a man dying of thirst jumps at the water which is before him without examining its quality, so Pascal, without examining the quality of the Catholic faith he had been brought up in, saw in it the truth and the salvation of man. It is enough that it is water; it was enough that it was faith.

It goes without saying that no one has a right to say what might have been, but it is impossible to imagine Pascal, with his genius and his sincerity towards himself, believing in Catholicism had he examined it. He had no time to submit it to that stress of thought which he directed to the proof of the indispensability of faith,

and therefore in his soul dogmatic Catholicism remained whole. Without touching it he rested upon it. He rested on what was, and is, true in it. He accepted from it an intense labour of self-perfectionment, a struggle against temptation, an aversion for wealth, and a firm belief in the mercy of God, to Whom he submitted his soul when dying.

He died after accomplishing only a part of his work—without accomplishing, or even beginning, the other part. But because the second was not done, the first is not less precious: *Les Pensées,* collected from detached scraps of paper on which the sick and dying Pascal had jotted down his thoughts. The fate of that book was wonderful.

A prophetic book appears,—the crowd stands in amaze, struck by the power of the prophetic word, agitated, wishing to understand, to clear up, and to know what to do.

And one of those people comes who, as Pascal says, think they know, and therefore confuse the world. Such people come and say: "There is nothing here to understand, to elucidate; it is all very simple. This Pascal (it was the same with Gogol), as you see, believed in the Trinity, in the sacraments. It is evident that he was a sick man, abnormal, and therefore, owing to his weakness and illness, he understood everything upside down. The best proof of this is that he rejected and renounced even the good he himself had done and that we approve of (because we understood it), and that he attributed great importance to quite useless 'mystic' discussions about the destiny of man and about a future life. Therefore we must accept from him not what he himself considered important, but what we can understand and what pleases us."

And the crowd is glad; first it did not understand, and was called on for an effort to reach the height to which Pascal wished to raise it; but now everything is

simple. Pascal discovered the law by which pumps are made. Pumps are very useful, and this was very good; but all he said about God and immortality was rubbish, because he believed in the Trinity and in the Bible. We need make no effort to rise to his level; on the contrary, *from the height of our normality* we can *patronizingly* and condescendingly acknowledge his merits, despite his abnormality.

Pascal shows us that men without religion are either animals or madmen; he rubs their noses in their abominations and insanities and shows them that no science can replace religion. But Pascal believed in God, in the Trinity, in the Bible, and therefore for them it is a settled matter that what he told them about the insanity of their life and the vanity of science is untrue. That same science, that same vanity of life, that same insanity, which was so unanswerably explained to them, they consider to be real life, truth; but Pascal's reasoning they consider to be the fruit of his sick abnormality. They cannot deny the power of this man's thoughts and words and they place him among the classics, but the content of his books is not wanted by them. It seems to them that they themselves stand immeasurably above the highest condition of religious consciousness to which man can attain, and to which Pascal did attain, and so the importance of his wonderful book is hopelessly hidden from them.

Yes, nothing is so harmful, so ruinous to humanity's true progress as the arguments, adroitly arranged with all sorts of up-to-date adornment, of those *qui croyent savoir* [" who think they know "], and who in Pascal's opinion, *bouleversent le monde* [" confuse the world "].

But the light shines even in the darkness, and there are people who, without sharing Pascal's faith in Catholicism, still understand that despite his great intellect he could believe in Catholicism, preferring to believe in it rather than not to believe in anything, and who

also understand the meaning of his wonderful book which irrefutably proves the necessity of faith and the impossibility of a human life without a faith, that is, without a definite, firm relation of man to the world and to its origin.

And having understood this, men cannot fail to find the replies, of a faith corresponding to the degree of their moral and intellectual development, to the questions put by Pascal.

In that lies his great merit.

(*Translated by Aylmer Maude.*)

THREE THOUGHTS OF PASCAL

Who would not believe, when he saw us constructing everything of mind and body, that we understood that combination very well? Nevertheless it is the thing we understand least of all. Man is to himself the most mysterious object of nature; for he cannot conceive what is body, still less what is mind, and least of all how a body can be united to a mind. That is the pinnacle of all his problems, and that is himself.

I spent many years in the study of abstract sciences, and the small opportunity for communicating knowledge disgusted me. When I began the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences are not proper to man, and that I had strayed farther from my true condition in entering them than others in ignoring them. So I forgave others for knowing little about them. But I thought I should at least find companions in the study of man, and that this is man's proper study. I was mistaken; still fewer study man than study mathematics. It is only through not knowing how to study man that men study other things.

Two extravagances: to exclude reason, to admit reason only.

THE COMFORT OF LITTLE THINGS

By Ralph Bates

How might I live within the empty stead
That memorably your laughter once had filled?
How might I endure, hearing still your tread?
So I have hastened to the lands untilled,
Among harsh sorrels I have laid my head.

How might I go upon accustomed hills?
Have I not said that from love's gleaming peaks
There flowed sweet nurture of the clear cold rills?
How might I go where still the old song seeks
My lips, how see the low slope's daffodils?

How may mine eyes look westward when the sun
Burns redly on the sea grown grey and dim?
Even so ends love, I said, that is begun
In that red glory of the eastern rim
Oh bitterness the world's large splendours, every one.

So I have found my peace in little things
That have not yet grown treasonable to me :
In a little gleaming shell with purple rings
Is comfort, and by the pale stones of the sea
I find my comfort when a small wave flings
The red dulse' sodden branch, green laver's veil.
Sea hollies and the spear-grass silver flecked
Are mine, for love large-striding hath not recked
These random things, and these things may not fail :
So have I found my peace in little things.

A. E. HOUSMAN: A RETROSPECTIVE NOTE

H. P. Collins

THE author of *A Shropshire Lad* ... his own generation; but it descended to ours ... what of a legend. He had published so little; ... left so little to debate.

Professor Housman is a poet of large utterance: and he has an emotional intensity, finely controlled, which only three or four of his contemporaries equal. He has only created, he avows, at moments of keen personal experience. He expects no longer "to be revisited by the continuous excitement" under which he wrote his earlier poems. Mr. Housman was excited in the 'nineties! That first fine careless rapture, he does not hope to renew. But the quality of his later pieces is unchanged. He is the poet of a genre: he has a vicarious method of self-realization which gives him a more *objective* power.

Many of the greatest works of English fiction have made their material of human passions set in the atmosphere of primitive, elemental life, which has its control from within and not from social environment and customs. Such are *Wuthering Heights, Adam Bede,* and Hardy's great Wessex novels. The most sophisticated and deeply cultured minds agree that an unrestrained setting gives the freest scope for an epic presentation of life. *It is part of a limitation in* Thackeray and Henry James that such a transmission of the creatures of their imagination was impossible to

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THE author of *A Shropshire Lad* left a deep impress on his own generation; but it descended to ours as somewhat of a legend. He had published so little; and it left so little to debate.

Professor Housman is a poet of large utterance: and he has an emotional intensity, finely controlled, which only three or four of his contemporaries equal. He has only created, he avows, at moments of keen personal experience. He expects no longer "to be revisited by the continuous excitement" under which he wrote his earlier poems. Mr. Housman was excited in the 'nineties! That first fine careless rapture, he does not hope to renew. But the quality of his later pieces is unchanged. He is the poet of a genre: he has a vicarious method of self-realization which gives him a more *objective* power.

Many of the greatest works of English fiction have made their material of human passions set in the atmosphere of primitive, elemental life, which has its control from within and not from social environment and customs. Such are *Wuthering Heights, Adam Bede,* and Hardy's great Wessex novels. The most sophisticated and deeply cultured minds agree that an unrestrained setting gives the freest scope for an epic presentation of life. It is part of a limitation in Thackeray and Henry James that such a transmission of the creatures of their imagination was impossible to

them. They had always to work in those aspects of life which were familiar to their contemplation.

But poetry does not show the same lesson. It must work at higher pressure, be more economical, seek a more rarefied theme. It has not so much leisure and license in manipulation. A subtle, complicated and leisurely poetry is fraught with danger. It is difficult, in the lyric at any rate, to transpose, to dramatize the compulsive emotion. Lyrics of a translunary order, such as Shelley's, have to be considered as subjective, judged in the light of that limitation. If one takes the primitive, rustic setting, as does Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie in *The End of the World,* one gives a particular purpose freedom; but one sacrifices most of the purely individual, lyrical ecstasy. This must not be taken to suggest that Mr. Abercrombie's way is the less valuable; he is a dramatic poet: but, if having Mr. Housman in mind, the question is how he can succeed, and has indeed succeeded, in giving his lyrical genius full play in work that is not in the least like, in substance, the ruminations of an austerely-minded scholar.

The most remarkable thing to be noticed in Mr. Housman is that when he wrote *A Shropshire Lad* he was rather ahead of his age; to-day, in producing poetry of a similar nature, he is a little in the wake of things: but he is also nearer to the general thinking mind than he was in the 'nineties. In other words: his natural vision has a prophetic quality. Bearing this in mind, let us examine more particular points: the literary method and the peculiar transmission of attitude that distinguish him.

Take first *A Shropshire Lad,* since it is pure genre poetry: consider how far it is personative and how far subjective, personal. All the themes are elemental; all the language is that in everyday use. The emotional attitude is so untouched with the subtleties of culture that we must suppose it is deliberately simplified. This

means that the poet first imposes on himself a restraint akin to that involved in the use of dramatic structure, though not actually dramatic.

Once more, let us remember: the greatest poetry does not need complex emotions. The thoughts of the Shropshire Lad are not the thoughts, even by poetic license, of an ordinary peasant: they are the thoughts of a poet whom one pretends to have the upbringing and outlook of a country boy. So the rustic, elemental world that is the subject of contemplation is viewed, in consistency, as a world complete in itself. There is no adjustment to the exterior, wider realities of the world of educated apprehension. The Shropshire which Mr. Housman's poems apprehend is as the Warwickshire seen by Adam Bede—indeed, a less educated Adam Bede—not Warwickshire seen by George Eliot. The Shropshire Lad speaks of things as he feels them: Mr. Housman does not stand behind him to tell us how else they might have been felt.

This is an uncommon thing in modern literature. The lowly protagonist recounting a tale in the first person is not a familiar figure in recent fiction, and under older traditions he was never free from the interpositions of his creator. If Emily Brontë had let Hareton Earnshaw narrate *Wuthering Heights*—as she might very well have done—the narrative would have been full of Emily Brontë; the personative sense as then conceived would soon have proved inadequate. Mr. Housman, as a poet, is quite unique in this respect; he can make his countryman give us back any experience without a trace of inconsistency. In qualification it may be said that the Shropshire Lad is not a detached creation but the embodiment of Mr. Housman's own temperament at a lower range of culture and experience. But that does not affect the achievement, is probably rather a condition of it, making the purely lyrical attitude possible.

How far—since this question must touch the quality and scope of his vision—is Mr. Housman faithful to his whole experience : and how far does he limit himself to the spiritual (as apart from the social and cultural) experience possible in a rustic? Does he, under the necessity of excluding subtle experience, "unsight the seen"? Is it possible to do so and still be a sincere poet—that is, a poet?

It is certain that very much is "seen" by Mr. Housman that could not reasonably be brought within the expression of a rustic spokesman. But is the spiritual essence of these perceptions, apart from the intellectual setting that relates them and might be needed to symbolize them in a more sophisticated way, attributable to a simple mind?

No true poet, none who has the authenticity that is written large upon Mr. Housman's work, denies his own, full emotional perception: "It is not possible." But he can restrict himself in the language, the range of equivalence through which he liberates these perceptions—and thus does he bring them into dramatic character. Sophisticated poetry—and the highest poetry must be that—is the subtle relation of simple intuitions: in simplifying poetry one correlates and symbolizes the same intuitions more slowly as it were; shutting off from one's stock of experience derivative and allusive imagery and the more sophisticated properties of language. The poetry may be strengthened in consequence: or it may be weakened. Usually, in the case of the poets who can face at all such deliberate restriction as is needed in genre poetry, the quality of the poetry is deepened, because concentrated, and its range is narrowed. In view of one or two pieces in the *Last Poems*, it seems that Mr. Housman's Shropshire Lad has enabled him to accentuate the unity and sincerity of his thought, and has cut him off from very little that is valuable to his particular receptiveness.

The pervading note of Mr. Housman's assertion is a peculiarly barren scepticism. To this state of joyless indifference—it is neither fear nor tedium of life, but something that seems far less pregnant—every fragment of experience that he sets down, in the end returns. Towards the close of the Victorian epoch, when literature was still steeped in the habit of religious assurance, such a negation of any purpose beneath the scheme of things was wholly unfamiliar. Mr. Housman, though we may not easily realize it to-day, did enter the literary arena in his homely Shropshire guise as the originator of a new poetical philosophy. He was apart equally from the daring, exuberant, shallow Paganism of Swinburne and from the grave, profound, subtly moral atheism of Thomas Hardy. For the joy of mortal life as life he gave us only the exaltation of despair. For the earnest questioning revolt against the witless arbitration of our destiny he substituted a brutal defiance.

Oh never fear man, nought's to dread,
  Look not to left nor right:
In all the endless road you tread
  There's nothing but the night.

. . . malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink
For fellows whom it hurts to think.
Look into the pewter-pot
To see the world as the world's not. . .
Heigho, the tale was all a lie;
The world, it was the old world yet. . .
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good.

This particular aspect of Mr. Housman's thought does not, in the nature of things, inspire his highest poetry. More impressive, in its restraint, is his half-stoical attitude towards beauty. Mr. Housman is timorous, not of life in any aspect, but of that joy in beauty which may exalt and vivify the feelings till they

become a menace. Hence the fierce refutation of that solace which the sweetness of Nature and of primal things offers to the sensitive mind: his perception of sheer beauty is insistently blotted—in these earlier poems especially—by the contrasting hideous presence of sordidness, shame, and death. Peace is only admitted as a retrospect or a hopeless dream. Of that unrest which men miscall delight Mr. Housman is entirely sceptical: joy—the adventitious bloom of life as Aristotle saw it—is to him at best a narcotic; it is not a moral condition. The sense of moral effort may add intensity to our defiance of the injurious gods; but the fruits of goodness are dust and ashes in our mouths.

This seems like a philosophy of moral desperation, yet it is the essence of Mr. Housman that something valid does remain. It lies partly in his realization that an elusive, purposeless beauty touches such a philosophy as his more closely than rational, inherent elevating beauty ever could. The reader is always aware of this and it tinges every shade of emotion that is evoked with a deeper pessimism than is induced by the gravity of Mr. Hardy or the relentless, clear-eyed fatalism of Mr. Eden Phillpotts.

The beauty that touches Mr. Housman's verse—to define it further through a series of negations—is not sensuous and physical; nor is it personal and difficult by its nature to communicate, in the mystic's way; nor is it transcendental, abstract. Rather it is simple, flames from the clash of tragic contrast between happiness and its eternal foiling. Let us observe this in *Bredon Hill*, the emotional poignancy of which Mr. Housman has never quite maintained elsewhere.

> In summer-time on Bredon
> The bells they sound so clear;
> Round both the shires they ring them
> In steeples far and near,
> A happy noise to hear.

A. E. HOUSMAN

Unpretentious, almost naïve, notable for its felicitous hythm and its brevity; yet hinting to the expert in Housman a vague disquiet.

Here of a Sunday morning,
  My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
  And hear the larks so high
  About us in the sky.

One notices chiefly the indefinable aptness of "coloured" counties and the pregnant simpleness of "so high."

The bells would ring to call her
  In valleys miles away;
Come all to church, good people;
  Good people, come and pray.
  But here my love would stay.

That last line is a complete and perfect symbol: instan-aneously and without seeming effort of the poet we are apt in the sense of a peace untouched by mundane stress or religious despondency: the sufficiency of love s epitomized, with no forethought or afterthought.

These bells will peal upon our wedding, he would say, and we will come to church in time. Quietly, yet vith ghastly inevitability, there follows the note of ragedy; untrammelled with wider implications, but evealing in the way of true poetry a universal quality n life.

But when the snows at Christmas
  On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
  And stole out unbeknown
  And went to church alone. . .

  And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon
  And still the steeples hum,
"Come all to church, good people"—
  Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
  I hear you, I will come.

Per ardua ad astra. The ardours are those supreme ones of restraint in feeling and language: the stars illumine no uncharted heavens of abstract beauty but the grim realities of terrestrial experience. It is only one way of revelation; yet perhaps it is the surest, certainly it is one of which this age stands greatly in need. Mr. Housman has not the sustained breadth of comprehension that makes the great poet: to set against this he makes no attempt, seemingly does not desire, to write "out of Time"—or to escape from his own place in time. There is in his work no negative tendency, no vain revulsion of the spirit; in his language no superfluity, no lack of discipline and self-sufficiency. His æsthetic response to life is always direct; though a certain indiscriminateness as to what is valuable in poetry has accentuated in him a limitation best described as an occasional, local poverty of sensibility, by contrast, for instance, with Mr. Hardy's all-embracing sympathy. To those who feel, with much justice, that Mr. Housman's poetry is of the earth earthy, it must be opposed that what he can presumably do best he does indeed: in that he is unlike nearly all the others who, whatever they may attempt, do nothing.

As for the *Last Poems,* though the voice of criticism has been, for all its shrillness, rather half-hearted; there can be no question of retrogression: they are deeper, more various and not less spontaneous than those of *A Shropshire Lad.* In *The West,* Mr. Housman's deepest idiosyncrasy is finely and memorably revealed; and *Hell-Gate* is an experiment of novel and broadened significance. The *Last Poems,* as has already been said, are simply less of a sensation than the earlier collection, relative to a more sophisticated and sceptical atmosphere in religion and moral acquiescence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ANTHOLOGIES.—There are so many of these suave symposia that one wonders they are not observed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the usual consequences. They bloom in the spring and at the approach of winter they flock like larks over stubble and starlings over reed-thickets. Abundance is a joyful thing, but not altogether as these abound. Perhaps it is my lazy eccentricity of prying into the lumber-rooms of the past that makes me think the selectors confoundedly normal and even lazier than myself. And yet, what can the object of anthologies be if not to render readily accessible and enjoyable what was not so?

It would be good, if some gay yet industrious hand gathered in a good deal of Irish verse which does not compete with *My Dark Rosaleen, When I play on my fiddle in Dooney*, and the others. Am I wandering wildly when I like such perfections of native jubilation as this?

> The buck and doe, the fox and eagle,
> They skip and play by the river side,
> The trout and salmon are playing backgammon,
> In the clear streams of Castle-Hyde.

(No, sir, *The Groves of Blarney* was an imitation of *this*.)

> The grand improvements there would amaze you,
> The trees are drooping with fruit of all kind,
> The bees perfuming the fields with music,
> All to adorn sweet Castle-Hyde.

O sweet content! Then, what iciest of beauty's daughters could wholly resist such a honeyed address as

> Are you Aurora, or the Goddess Flora,
> Euternatia, or Venus bright?
> Or Helen fair beyond compare
> That Paris stole from the Grecian's sight?

Thou fairest creature, you have enslaved me,
I'm intoxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whose golden notes and infatuations
Deranged my ideas for you, Colleen Rue.

And Ovid himself, with a little of his Roman logic and ruthlessness removed, might have recorded the passage of an angel somehow thus,

With ivory she was well denticulated,
Her lips decorated with mellifluence,
Her person the wise Nestor might have captivated,
She transcended fair Venus in her adolescence,
Her breasts in suspense were like silver globes,
Her vesture consisted of rich satin robes,
Her limbs were consistent to the cedar that grows
In the spontaneous groves of Cathleen Thriall.

These are only fragments of inimitable poems produced, as I understand, in vast variety and published in Cork a hundred years since. I find them (by chance) described in a magazine of the period, but where I would wish to find them and the whole polyhymnious constellation (to use their manner) is in an anthology.

The gaiety of nations is not so obvious at the moment as it used to be, and solemnity and gravity have too much share in our literary attitude. Where are our drolleries? I hope someone is about to publish a selection of non-soul-searching verse since the days of Austin Dobson. But, for that matter, who will supply us with a real choice of that age of courteous wit and self-criticism, the Victorian? (Up start a dozen people to impale me upon the word; but I am not thinking of Tennyson and his baronial system). Mention of W. J. Prowse's brilliance, or Frank Scudamore's, of H. S. Leigh's even has usually no effect, because we have no masterly selection in a good, recent form. Haynes Bayly, him even, languisheth. On this side of English poetry, indeed, there is not much sunlight. The merry men seem to be buried the north side of the church. Nor can we any longer plead refinement and change of

manners as the reason why d'Urfey, though a dog at a catch, is not met with among congenial vagabonds in a pretty book. Must I hunt for Soame Jenyns's Works in order to possess such a masterpiece as the *Epistle from the Country*, in order to pay a call with a wit of 1735?—

> The servants run, the pewter clatters,
> My lady dresses, calls, and chatters;
> The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
> Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.—
> Now after three hours' tedious waiting,
> On all our neighbours' faults debating,
> And having nine times view'd the garden,
> In which there's nothing worth a farthing,
> In comes my lady, and the pudden:
> "You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden"—
> Then, that we may have four and four,
> The bacon, fowls and cauliflow'r
> Their ancient unity divide,
> The top one graces, one each side;
> And by and by, the second course
> Comes lagging, like a distanc'd horse. . . .

It is one of a shoal of nimble witticisms: who will call them to one pleasant pool?

What I have said may seem to imply that I find a lack only of lighter anthologies: it is not so. Can a reader who knows no Greek or Latin find arranged in any volumes the choicest translations of the best of the classical poetry? Can one buy a book that would introduce such various achievements as Ovid's *Baucis and Philemon* by Dryden, the *Georgics* by R. D. Blackmore, fragments of the *Odyssey* by Leigh Hunt, Calverley's *Theocritus*, items from the Greek Anthology by Shelley, Cowper,—but the list is too long. Have we a careful and unbiassed Sonnet Anthology? Have we any successor to Lamb's *Specimens of the Dramatists*; there have been dramatists since Nahum Tate, with whom, I suppose, he concluded his fascinating feat of research and criticism?

Someone will urge that a person who wants such anthologies as those should make them for himself. I have barely time to do more than keep a little anthology of suggestions for absent anthologies, and a curious hoard of books and a knack of reading fast supply my own wants in some degree; my argument is that the energies which are at present anthologizing are not always great, or else not well applied. Go farther afield, ye elegant extractors!—EDMUND BLUNDEN.

WHY WORDS?—Not less profound than the credulity of some of the supporters of "spiritualism" is the unreason of many of its critics. Unreason that culminates in the rejection of verbal evidence on the score of its poverty. It is certain that those who demand either wisdom or converse as immediately intelligible as that which a man on earth may hold with his neighbour, have never made the experiment of placing themselves, imaginatively, in the situation of a being finally released from life as we know it. Such a being may be imagined either as coming into possession of an immense number of lives— modern science makes it increasingly difficult to deny individual pre-existence—or, by those who consider the case for pre-existence still insufficiently established, as coming into conditions which stand in relationship to his experience on earth much as do the wide activities of a man happily launched in the world to the years of an over-clouded childhood. In the first case it is possible that the acquisition of pasts—not as memory but as full consciousness—is quite unlike the earthly sense in which a single past shows itself extending backwards in a line of years. It is possible that his lives, which may be compared to the years in the single life of a man, would stand as it were compressed, grouping and regrouping according as he moves within his consciousness of them now this way and now that. In the second case, the case that supposes only a single

existence on earth, the released being may not unreasonably be imagined as both unwilling and only with very great difficulty able, to pin his attention upon the relative darkness from which he has emerged. The difficulty grows obvious when we consider the mighty effort of concentration that is needed for maturity to recall even in the locality, even in the very house where it was spent, more than a few incidents of any single year of childhood. Without such effort only a few things stand out, single incidents, presenting themselves, in an order that pays no respect to chronology and with an importance that is independent of any recognizable scheme of values.

And in either case, whether we suppose the liberated spirit as coming into possession of a single, or of an indefinite number of pasts, why should we suppose that a full consciousness of the past necessarily includes effortless possession of the language or series of languages by means of which he achieved partial communion with his fellows? It is easy to flout verbal communications solely on account of their incoherence, their apparent uselessness. And the unreason of demanding answers to our questions, cosmic chit-chat, useful information and so forth appears at once when we consider the nature of earthly help at its best. The work of love at its best. Is it words, preaching, direct communication? Is it not anything but these? Does not the best-loved teacher hint, parry, remain incomprehensible until the seeker has discovered the truth for himself?

To one escaped our world may show as a nursery, the business of life and death important only as to children are their small affairs. No good elder tells a child that these are childish. He knows the purpose they serve. Knows also how soon they will cease to matter. To one escaped our world of words may be more difficult of access than to a grown man are the babblings of his infancy.—R. THEOBALD.

BEACH-COMBINGS.—The old man turns over a sea-weed-crusted bit of wood with his boot as he says: "Yes, young feller, there's some rum stuff gets itsel' left up here when t' tide goes out." That is as far as he will go to explain anything: if you can't understand without a long sermon——. And in sheer self-defence, under the glare of his single watering eye, I have to rouse my memory to agree. "Rum stuff" doesn't mean anything of the cast-up-starfish-minus-a-leg sort, but something like a petrol-tin with pretty letters painted in Chinese with a tar-brush, or a soaked fragment of a yacht's stores book, with entries still discernible: "Waste . . . 3s. 8d." "Brasso . . . 6d.," and so on.

Candles often come up, some of nearly brown wax, all worn by their pounding in the sea, all broken, and some reduced to short links of wax heads.

I often wonder what stories lie in the hearts of the taciturn baulks of charred wood—sometimes you find chunks of pure charcoal as big as your leg—and the lumps of cork knocked off collision-mats and rafts and buoys all over the world. Paint-cans, with grease or the remains of red-lead roll up, battered and despairing; queer-shaped nails and bits of rivets make their way to land; sometimes old clothes, torn (one wonders?) from the backs of drowned sailors; lengths of bamboo and foreign-looking cane; once a strange relic of the war in the shape of a clip of rifle-ammunition, Mark V.; soldiers' blue-enamel water-bottles in plenty, always with the khaki felt casing washed away; and, now I remember, nameless pieces of tough wood that might have been aeroplane-spars.

All these things, cast up on the beach, have a provoking way of standing self-sufficiently aloof and refusing an answer to any of the inquiries they start. Whatever horrors they have passed through, fires, collisions, gales, and evil calms, whatever currents they

have ridden, changing at the junction-stations of the sea from one main-line to another, they will not say. Tired out, they roll up blindly to the beach, and even when they are there, who knows what odd chance will send them off on another meaningless quest? A bather may fling them out after a swimming dog, or the tide and the changing wind conspire.

Once I remember making out in the nearly erased paint of what was possibly a timber from a ship's-boat, the faint symbol: "E." You'd be surprised to see how long a person can afford to spend in gazing at an old bit of wood like that, and wondering . . . "E."
—J. H. CLYNES.

GREEN WOUNDS.—The house stood in the residential part of the city. The neighbourhood, with its pleasant, leafy roads, suggested an air of prosperity. The owners of these houses set out leisurely when the morning had well advanced, having need no longer to fight but only to exercise supervision over their subordinates.

The door closed behind him, and the man stood admiring the well-cared-for garden. He gave a sigh, and walked slowly to the gate. There he set down his bag and paused. He seemed loath to go. As he looked back at the house something in the design of the window curtains woke his memory. Where had he seen it before——?

Brussels!

How good life was in Brussels in the months following the Armistice. Jock was his pal in those days; at the races, the Opera, and all the attractions of the Belgian capital. There were no parades, and the rate of exchange increased their pay.

Dear old Jock; what had become of him? They parted when the "cadre" was ordered home. He

recalled that last journey; the old fighting positions; the gun-pits at Baisieux where the Battery had fired its last shell; the arrival at Dover; the demobilization centre.

His heart warmed as he remembered his home-coming in the grey morning hours, his wife's tears, his little son rather frightened of the big man who had arrived from nowhere to live, "for always, darling," with Mumsie.

How confident he had been. With his gratuity and little capital (how absurdly small it seemed now!) he began to trade. Things prospered; money was plentiful. Soon there was a reckoning of spare cash and consulting of continental time-tables, and presently Earl Curzon, in the name of His Majesty, requested all whom it might concern to allow them to pass without let or hindrance in foreign lands.

Later came a time of quiet trade and labour disputes. There was a morning when he stayed away from the office because a traveller was expected with "a small account you have probably overlooked." Another firm expressed profound astonishment at the "unusual delay."

Within a few months his creditors accepted his offer grudgingly.

He looked across the garden, noting the garage, the oaken gates, the electric lamp. These things gave a sense of satisfaction. They stood for Success.

Success! Ah well——

He remembered the time when he began to buy the morning papers with ill-spared tuppences, and the phrase "In reply to your advertisement" became a damnable iteration. A firm sent him out to sell haberdashery, and glob-faced buyers treated him with contempt. Later, he prowled office passages cajoling

clerks to buy a literary production designed to instruct them, amongst other things, how to sole their boots. His wife's eyes rivalled her wrists in redness these days.

One Sunday there had been a joint, a two-shilling claret, and a bar of chocolate for the little man. The second-hand dealer explained he was really guilty of philanthropy.

How long ago it seemed. He idly kicked a fallen leaf, then faced again towards the road and stood hesitating outside. Suddenly he turned and looked intently at the house next door. He opened the gate, walked quickly up the path, and rang the front door bell.

The door was opened by a maid in cap and apron.

"Yes?" she asked, inquiringly.

He set his bag down on the step, and opened it.

"Can I sell you any laces, tooth-paste, combs, this morning——?" he began.

"Nothing this morning," she said, and shut the door.—A. S. RYAN.

THIS IS AFRICA.—Cape Town is not Africa. It is not even, as dwellers in Johannesburg and the Free State will tell you, South Africa. Behind its great stone gateway, Table Mountain, it works and dances, snubs and is snubbed, like any provincial English city.

The black and brown population of the little town harmonizes better with the great brown peaks which hem it in. When the Malays, in their red fezzes, walk through the streets carrying their dead, bearing the corpse on his litter draped with gold and crimson scarves, or when, silk-robed, they crowd down to the docks to welcome the pilgrims back from Mecca, then in its colour and its dignity the East speaks to us occidentals, but only as it might speak in many a city continents away from Africa. When, again, on Old Year's

Night or Christmas Eve, the whole half-caste youth of Cape Town streams up and down Adderley Street, pushing, shoving, squabbling, making love, the spectacle is but a travesty of any English town on holiday. The lasses of the village, servants or factory girls by day, queen it here in bright and exiguous garments of the fashion of two years ago. Some of them wear large and lacy hats, as tawdry and ugly as any cockney girl's, save that some instinct makes them select those scarlets and golds and purples for the trimming of their ridiculous headgear, or for the material of their bright dresses, to look most beautiful against the warm browns of their skins. Some wear the folded and wrapped kerchief of the Malays instead of hats. But almost all powder their cheeks heavily with powder chosen, it would seem, mainly for the strength of its scent. And the effect of lip-salve and powder on brown lips and cheeks is extraordinary. They show dark purple in the glare of the yellow electric lights ; unless, as is frequent, they wear the fevered flush of an added coating of rouge, when the effect is even worse. But the clothes, the make-up, the silk stockings, even the high-heeled strut, are all as foreign to Africa as the tall office buildings, the plate-glass shop-fronts, or the languorous, hipless, bustless, waxen beauties behind them. Even the summer smell of the streets, ripe figs, peaches and strawberries, dust and melting asphalt and newly watered roads, is scarcely more Africa than it is any other spot upon which the unrelenting sun has blazed from five o'clock in the morning.

But this week, for a day or so, Cape Town became Africa. A thoroughfare was to be repaved, and a gang of natives was brought down from somewhere in the North to tear up the road. Walking near the thoroughfare on a baking day of white light and hard grey-blue sky, we became aware of a strange reverberant rhythmic sound that was not a song, though it had

rhythms and cadences. Turning a corner, we found a couple of dozen natives, some bare-headed, nearly all bare-chested to the pitiless sun, with their picks raised high above their heads like banner-poles. Some of the men were quite young, one or two had grizzled hair, but the arms of all were shapely and beautiful and bronze. As we looked, the picks crashed down in unison, to swing up again in a single gleam, and so down and up in time and measure. And they rose and fell to a song from which words emerged, and a chant of two or three tones, a song which was as close akin to the stark lift of Table Mountain as it was alien to the little crowd of tourists, shop-boys and passers-by who stood, fascinated, to listen to it. The white teeth gleamed in the bronze faces, and the picks glinted as they rose and poised and swooped downwards to crash again. Our ears told us that one voice, or perhaps two, sang the air, and the rest hummed some sort of wordless burden to it. But to detect which was which was impossible. They did not sing with their mouths as Europeans do : the beautiful, strange, wild volume of sound, queerly resonant, filling the whole long street with its pulsing waves, seemed to emanate from every inch of their shining dark bodies and hover in the air about them. The white men and women and children stared at them, stirred in spite of themselves by that timeless, tuneless, incomprehensible chanting : the singers stared back at them, some with the smiles of performers facing a sympathetic audience, some with a cheerful indifference and absorption in what they were doing. Between the two, akin to both, at one with neither, stood coloured tailors, errand-boys, servant-girls, and above their careful European clothes their liquid eyes looked curiously and not quite confidently from one to another. And this, too, is Africa.—R. S. ALEXANDER.

THE THEATRE

"The Cherry Orchard."*—We will not insult our eaders by supposing, as the critics in other journals are orced to suppose, that they do not know *The Cherry rchard.* We assume that it is as familiar to them as *amlet,* and that they know that to see it acted, how- ver inadequately, is to feel that it is one of the most vonderful plays ever written. The lights are put out, he curtain rises, and we are there, invisible, trans- ported without any explanation or preparation, to that lace and time. That is the peculiar strangeness of it. In other plays we have the feeling that the author and the actors are allowing for the fact that there is no fourth wall; in *The Cherry Orchard* we feel that more than the fourth wall is removed; the barriers are down between the characters and ourselves—more, the barriers are down between them and their surroundings. All that comes under the author's spell is bathed, is steeped and saturated in an emotional atmosphere which is compact of silvery whiteness, the pale light of very early morning, the chill of frost, and the mingled fatigue and expectancy that breathes in that hollow room where Dunyasha and Lopahin wait for the sound of wheels.

What an amazing idea it is to let the curtain rise upon that homecoming, and to delay the arrival so that we have time to realize the imaginative significance of the ancient house, so soon to be filled again—of the shabby furniture that looks as though it were profoundly asleep; to taste the chill air and to know that, out there, as far as one can see there are white, glittering trees. So that when Dunyasha cries, "There they are!" we run with her to welcome them; we share the emotion; it

* This article was written by Katherine Mansfield in 1920, on the production of the play by the Art Theatre.

is only chance that we don't unbutton somebody's coat or carry a roll of rugs into the room beyond. And because we have been there before, have, in a moment of time, waited all night long, there is a special, thrilling meaning in all that is said, all that is done—the silence of dawn is broken, is set vibrating and quivering by the returned travellers. It is very late. They ought to be in bed.

Yes, all through *The Cherry Orchard* people are up when they ought to be in bed, talking when they ought to be silent, laughing when they ought to be crying, making jokes when they ought to be making contracts. And the critics who have never in their lives left undone any of the things they ought to have done glare and say: "This is a tragedy," or glare and say: "This is a comedy," or glare and say: "This is a bore." And some of the actors are as bad as the critics. They cannot conceal their horrible feeling of guilt at the unheard-of conduct that a man of genius has imposed upon them.

It is all very sad, and not at all the kind of spectacle which the respectable dramatic justiciars of *The Times* or the *Daily News* should be invited to witness. No wonder our colleague of *The Times* cannot understand why the Art Theatre should have chosen this play to present to a British audience. God forbid that a British family should recognize itself in this mirror, or feel that these creatures from whom the tyranny of the ought has been lifted are of like passions with themselves. And how we sympathize with him when he finds that Leonid, the brother, and Peter, the tutor, "are frankly bores"! How we envy him! How deeply we realize that if only we could find them boring we should at last belong to that famous bulldog breed that keeps the Empire going and the circulation of *The Times* at boiling-point.

Alas! We are poor little humans, who hate the

ought and feel that it numbs some rich, rare fineness in us, who feel that were it lifted we too might suffer a sea-change and of our bones coral be made; and we rejoice that there has been one man in our age who has had the wisdom and the vision to see these things in us. If we could only be true to ourselves as the people in *The Cherry Orchard* are to themselves, come as near to others as Tchehov came near to them, "love our stones" with the same passionate sincerity of the moment as Liubov Andreevna loves hers, admit with the same honesty as they do that they feel freer now the incubus of the home they love has gone, speak to the cupboard with the same flow of sentiment as Leonid does to his—why, then we might not please *The Times,* but something might be done with us.

And as with our souls, so with that crystallization of them which is art. Until a play like *The Cherry Orchard,* so intimate, so real, so beautiful, is felt to be as near and dear to a cultivated British audience as it is to a Russian, there is not much to be done with the English drama. Until our critics feel by instinct that it is to make themselves a laughing-stock to the world to speak of *The Cherry Orchard* and *The Skin Game* in one breath—and we speak as respecters of Mr. Galsworthy—whatever may be done with the British drama will wither before the stare of polite incomprehension. Until our English actors feel themselves as at home in, as thrilled by and as proud to act in *The Cherry Orchard* as the artists of the Moscow Theatre did in 1904, whatever may be done with the British drama will be stifled at birth.—KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

"THE WILD DUCK."—There is an old story of man's golden days, when he lived in a garden of beauty and happiness. Then something happened. Through some strange error of his own, he was shut out of the garden, and he never got back again. To many of us

that has become simply "a tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner." And even in our pulpits, preachers who wish to seem advanced tell us that the Garden of Eden can no longer be considered as a scientific fact. Nevertheless, it is a scientific fact that man is for ever judging his own conduct and its fruits by an impossibly high standard—and that we all acknowledge, as the greatest masterpieces, such works as "Hamlet," in which the world is judged from the standpoint of a soul far superior to our own. Whence comes this higher standard, if not from the memory of some higher phase of life? I do not see how we can account for it unless we accept the story of the Garden and the Fall as the most indisputable of all facts.

It seems to me that Henrik Ibsen was, more than any other poet, supremely conscious of man's fall, and that his life-work was an attempt to bring man back to the heights from which he has fallen—a task so colossal that it was doomed to apparent failure. I say "apparent" failure, because Ibsen can never be said to have failed till his writings cease to have a meaning for us. The secret of Ibsen's peculiar power seems to me this: that his works reflect not only his own deliberate mission, but the hidden mission of all mankind. For if Ibsen's life was a conscious battle to mine through the mountain to the sunshine, the history of all man's endeavour reveals a less conscious but none the less determined struggle with the same object. This is true of all save the indifferent creatures of the earth, the Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns of life, the poor blind souls who have lost the memory of the garden. Such people found, and still find, nothing but gloom in Ibsen's plays. But for those who have eyes to see, through the background of even his darkest tragedies the vision of the garden shines, a beckoning and encouraging light in a twilit world.

The old parable of the garden and the fall shines especially through that strange and beautiful tragi-comedy of "The Wild Duck." It is this symbolic meaning which makes the play something more than a masterpiece of characterization, and which lends supreme importance to its present revival by Miss Sybil Arundale and a band of fine players in London.

Once the wild duck ranged over the sea and the mountains, soaring and diving in the free air, with none to stay her flight. Then something happened. She got a couple of shot in her body. She was hit under the wing, so that she couldn't fly, and so she dived to the bottom. . . .

> Wild ducks always do that. They shoot to the bottom, as deep as they can get, sir, and bite themselves in the tangle and seaweed and all the devil's own mess that grows down there. And they never come up again.
>
> But your wild duck came up again.
>
> We had such an extraordinarily clever dog. And that dog—he dived in after the duck and fished her up again.
>
> And she thrives quite well in the garret there?
>
> Yes, wonderfully well. She's got fat. You see, she's been in there so long that she's forgotten her natural wild life. And it all depends on that.
>
> You're right there. Only never let her get a glimpse of the sky and the sea. . . . I should like to be a clever dog—an extraordinarily clever dog; one that goes to the bottom after wild ducks when they bite themselves fast in the tangle and seaweed.

In the eyes of Gregers Werle the home of the Ekdal family was like "the depths of the sea," and the soul of Hjalmar Ekdal was like that poor stupid duck, nestling, fat and contented, in a garret. Yet there was still some beauty and promise in the Ekdal household—in the soul of the little girl, Hedvig. But Hedvig is going blind—and that is what turns the whole thing from ironic comedy to heartrending tragedy. Werle tries to rescue the Ekdals from these depths, but his attempts to "hold up the claim of the ideal" ends in a com-

plete fiasco of misunderstanding. "I confidently expected," he says, "to see the light of transfiguration beaming upon me from both man and wife; and now I see nothing but dullness, oppression, gloom."

So, in the eyes of Henrik Ibsen, man was not only shipwrecked but plunged in "the depths of the sea," and his soul was like the wild duck, tamed and imprisoned in the garret of civilization. Yet there was still the beauty and promise of youth in the world. But if youth should go blind—if youth, too, should lose the vision of the sea and the sky! That, for Ibsen, was the tragic danger, which inspired him to write *Ghosts*. But *Ghosts* was too much for the nineteenth century. Its reception was a fiasco of misunderstanding. Ibsen, like Werle, had expected to see "the light of transfiguration," but instead he saw nothing but "dullness, oppression, gloom." In the atmosphere of that gloom he wrote *The Wild Duck*. For this play, for all its brilliant humour, ends on a note of pain—with the death of Hedvig, and Werle's declaration that if the claim of the ideal can only bring sorrow, then life is not worth living. Is Werle, then, a piece of self-caricature, and the whole play a confession of failure?

The answer is to be found in Ibsen's most revealing poem:

Have I failed, then? Will my way
Never lead to clearer day?
Yet the light of upper skies
Blinds and dazzles still mine eyes.

Nay, still down! I must not cease:
There is still the eternal peace.
Break the way, my hammer! Enter
To the hidden mystery's centre.

Stroke on stroke I smite my way
Onwards until life's last day.
Not a glimpse of morn surprises:
Not a ray of hope uprises.

Far from finding life not worth living, Ibsen was to

rise to greater heights, and to build the mighty tower of *The Master Builder*. It cannot be said that he rose from the depths, for he had never really fallen. His soul was like the real wild duck, which, though it dips into the gorge, is still higher than the domesticated fowl waddling on the plain.—ERIC MIDDLETON.

"THE NEW MORALITY" (*Kingsway Theatre*).—That a comedy should be inconsequential is its nature; the extent to which the characters pass their time in pleasant, human foolery is both its value and its qualification for success. Yet it is the nature of a satire to set up these human follies, and to rear a comedy upon them. Laughter is the accompaniment to each; soul-satisfying music in the ears of the comedist maybe, although to the satirist but an accompaniment. His object, which he partially attains in a subtle, unfair manner of whispering, "See! These follies, these vices . . . you and I know all about them. We've learnt; but see what the shrimps in my play will do! I swear they will amuse you," is fundamentally an intellectual one. And it is upon the greatness of the follies selected from human relationships that the value of his object rests. For his life's sake he must hear in the laughter that distinct chuckle which shows so clearly that he is touching the reason of his audience.

The late Harold Chapin, in his work, "The New Morality," makes a most homogeneous fusion. It is described as a comedy, but it would be difficult to explain away its satire. It is certainly inconsequential, but it mocks, in itself, those weaknesses which make our social world; and it is by the intellect that it can be judged. An advantage which is no mean or common one. It is the story of an idle woman, living in a houseboat, who has quarrelled with her neighbour, using "dog-show" names to her, because she believed her to have stolen her husband's affection, having made him

into an errand-boy for hairpins, etc., etc. The innocent husband, sensing a strangeness in the air, has undertaken long journeys up and down the river for a week past, filling his pockets with lock-tickets as an alibi of detachment and solitude; heightening his own ridiculous position and further wounding his wife's vanity. And the timid, introspective, voluble husband of the insulted lady comes, on his own initiative, for an apology.

He is a delightful character; pure satire but clothed in the richest comedy; a thin, nervous man in a gay river blazer, "Jones, Jones, I hate to do it, I hate to . . . but . . . I shall consult my solicitor." Life is only really possible to him in abstract terms, and that he should fall in the river during the subsequent reconciliations seems only logical. The first husband, though but slightly droll, being curiously enough, a negative character, is a strange combination of humanity and social breeding. Perhaps it is the quality of such a nature to efface itself, and buy lock-tickets.

It would be unfair to the Birmingham Repertory Company to disclose more of their material. They are again to be congratulated on their work, and their training. Each member of the cast plays well, and what is perhaps immature or youthful in some is redeemed by the greatly practised ability of others.—Arnold Gibbons.

"IT IS TERRIBLE TO BE YOUNG"

By The Journeyman

I have lately received a communication signed with the initials C. R. B. but with no indication that I could discover of who C. R. B. is, or where she lives. She is surely a woman—a girl almost, for she says she is in the early twenties, and calls herself " an adolescent." The beginning of the trouble is that C. R. B. has discovered that she can write. The discovery is not a mare's nest, either ; the letter, if it can be called a letter, proves that she can.

> In the first tremulous moments when the power to write seemed to overshadow me there was exultation, for life seemed suddenly simple. There followed shrinkings, fearfulness at so much chaffer about things of the individual soul. There remained for a long time, after incredulity was swallowed up in a dawning vision of achievement, a racing current of excitement that so often accompanies brain-work and destroys its balance. There is still with me vanity and a lack of destructive criticism.
>
> Heavens ! What mummeries, what contortions, we first use to help us express ourselves—how like vandals when first we deal with the great monuments of our craft, how like blasphemers, how like hypocrites, how like hysterical schoolgirls !
>
> And yet what would you expect? What at least could I have done otherwise in this triangle of living—confronted on the first side with the immensities, on the second with the bawling, scrambling market-place, on the third by the possibilities in myself. Yes, and with the blood running hot and strong and a sense of the tremendous importance of everything insistent in the consciousness.
>
> Life, being so diffuse, is one's worst enemy, for it reveals the futility of our efforts, be they parochial or Napoleonic, to deflect the course of humanity—poor, groaning, sweating, cursing humanity ! The broken bread of this earth and all that matters.

"IT IS TERRIBLE TO BE YOUNG"

Halt there! That is one of those mumming phrases youth picks up—"all that matters." Is not existence itself, for us, the business of discovering in time what really matters? Ah, but the answer is swift: "Truth alone matters." It comes ringing and clear from the multitude of martyrs and from our eager visionary generation. But terribly sure is the counter-cry: "Each man's truth is his own." "Truth" is a word indicating the inexpressible abstract, and our lives are spent among the warring concrete. There is truth here and truth there, in one form or another, and our truth changes for us as we grow in years and grace. So failing truth we fall back on honesty.

I am writing this not as an essay on writing or on youth or any kind of an essay, but as a cry. Not for help perhaps, because help is not from the hills, but in hopes of any answering cry.

Mercifully, such agonies as the young endure cannot come again—we know they cannot because they are youth's burden, and the very facing them and living with them and mastering them and probing them to their very roots has given us any value we possess and a salve for sorrows. So that when the passage of the years first fatefully begins to be felt, youth has strengthened us not through its exaltations only, but through its desperations and its fears.

Perhaps I am not as young as I thought I was, for that beating of the waves against the rocks of circumstance is stilled in me now, and the workings of Fate do not by a hair's-breadth alter the quiet pointing of the needle to the Pole. The precious essence of life is no longer poured out now on this, now on that, but is kept for the great moment when, with a supreme gesture, it can be spilled in wasteful magnificence on the vision of imperishable Beauty seen face to face.

But to have won from the distant places something of the peace of God has not cured me of mental loneliness. I do not mean spiritual isolation, for on the one hand, as others have found, one is never the only true prophet, and on the other more intimate side for the soul herself there is no other state than being with God or without God.

But mentally lonely, mentally ravenous, and mentally bewildered I remain. Bewildered by echoes of many voices and by figures passing and repassing too far away for me to signal and bewildered by the confusion of directions given by apparently well-qualified guides, and cut off altogether from those of my own generation.

And now, having begun to write this personal cry, I must

whip myself on. As you may see, I began by shirking the personal pronoun.

Well, then, scoff and smirk as you will—you at the goal. The trouble is this: I have written a novel.

Many a mother and writer absorbed in the effort of birth think the mere fact of living offspring justifies their motherhood. The mere producing something seems sufficient marvel. But they find it the least task and only the first. My book began as an imaginative exercise and grew. It was pleasant to write and people find it pleasant to read, but the question of speedy publication no longer seems of any but financial importance. It will sell. And if so it means writing more like it. It is an honest piece of work on conventional lines—essentially second-rate. People say my standard is absurdly high . . . ! To have seen a Lending Library on stock-taking day is to prepare a gallows for every budding writer. It is pigwash, chicken-food, ambrosia, raw spirit, nectar, and milk and soda flung into a dirty bucket and sucked through a straw.

Were there not enough clever and kind and good and wicked and subtle and lovely and ugly people in the actual? Is this how divine beings—the Journey-work of the stars perhaps—fill their short time on earth? With paper dolls?

Why read? Why write? "Mostly to escape." But that disgraces champions of truth!. . . . "*We* voice our dim longings . . . would share our vision."

Ah—if one has a message . . .

And where does Art come in?

It seems to me the novel is a debased form—that we have perhaps outgrown it. As in music, when a literary form crystallizes it must be broken or left. Beethoven can not be imitated—Holst—Stravinsky break new ground. For that reason alone Dorothy Richardson seems to me more valuable to literature than Margaret Kennedy.

And what am I to do with my pen?

Make puppet figures for the lending library? Play with words? Experiment on the emotions and the needs of poor humanity? For it *is* humanity that matters, I repeat. It is they who demand our utmost capacity for Truth, our strongest effort of self-realization.

We must live *by* the light within—but *for* the outside world. For as artists we cannot remain in undisturbed communion with our God, and so only do we realize that "God" and "Man" are indivisible and have no conflicting claims.

. . . .

Here am I then under compulsion to write, and if with no

desire to teach yet with a vision and an inward peace won with some scars and a few tears—in so far I am independent, but beyond that the concrete waits to trip the spiritual. At this stile I wait and call—throwing myself on the mercy of those very elders who have no use for me.

What form is there? What is there in prose-art to carry all my love of God and love of Man?

Well, well—I have a respect for that letter and its writer. It reminds me of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's word: "It is terrible to be young." Moreover, I think the main and final question is a real one.

Real, that is, to the person who asks it. But, ultimately, not real at all. For the novel, of which C. R. B. despairs, will contain all the love of God and the love of Man that she has to put into it. Art does not have to be transcendental in order to be true. On the contrary, the absolute function of literature, as I understand it, is to reveal the One in the Many, which I think is what C. R. B. is driving at when she says that she realizes that "'God' and 'Man' are indivisible and have no conflicting claims."

To make my point clear—for it seems always to be mistaken—let me return to the crucial sentence of Goethe's letter to Schiller which Mr. Gerhardi quoted in THE ADELPHI of June last:

> The art of Poetry [that is creative literature in general: *poiêsis*] demands in the man who is to practise it a certain generous reality-loving limitation, behind which the Absolute lies concealed.

The real problem which often confronts the modern writer, and with which C. R. B. seems to be touched, is how to preserve or regain this "generous reality-loving limitation," after the burden of the mystery has come upon him. The naive, unconscious artist can retain it easily; there is, indeed, no reason why he should ever lose it. But for the conscious artist comes the moment when to be "in love with reality" is not possible any more. At this point the modern writer

generally chooses the easy path of cynicism. But that refuge is impossible for a serious writer; the writer who accepts it is a dilettante, a play-boy, however successful and professional he may be. The real writer faces up to the main question: How to regain the old condition while honestly bearing the burden of his new knowledge? Keats put it exactly when he cried in agony for the past time when

> Howe'er poor and particoloured things
> My muse had wings,
> And ever ready was to take her course
> Whither I bent her face,
> Unintellectual, yet divine to me—
> Divine, I say,—what sea-bird o'er the sea
> Is a philosopher the while he goes
> Winging along where the great water throes?
>   How shall I do
>   To get anew
> Those moulted feathers . . . ?

The only way to solve that problem is, I believe, mysterious and almost mystical: nor does it concern the writer alone, but all men. It is to become a new man, to develop a new faculty—the soul—which reconciles and is the harmony of mind and instinct, and is *by nature* "in love with reality," as Keats himself described it when he surmised, but had not yet reached, the condition:

>   O never will the prize,
> High reason, and *the love of good and ill*
> Be my award!

This "love of good and ill," this power to see the beauty and the necessity of all that is, combined with the power to reveal it, which is the specific gift of the writer, is the condition of all the highest literature. To anyone who has it, or an inkling of it, the objective forms of the novel or the play will carry all the love of God and man (which are indeed the same) of which he is capable.

BOOKS TO READ

SAINTE-BEUVE. By Lewis Freeman Mott. (Appleton.) 21s. net.

This lengthy American biography of Sainte-Beuve—the third published during the last few years—is at least the most comprehensive and accurate. It is all done with an almost Teutonic thoroughness. It will appeal eminently to a type of American student: but we found it difficult to read through. There is in its tone a certain provincialism; and it does not give the thrill of contact with a stimulating epoch of literary thought. We have a feeling—illogical though it may be—that he who writes on important critics should himself be critical. Professor Mott may be sound; but his literary perception is commonplace. He would have done well to absorb something of the spirit of his countryman Irving Babbitt's masterly essay on Sainte-Beuve.

RICHARD WAGNER. By George Ainslie Hight. Two vols. (Arrowsmith.) £2 12s. 6d. net.

The life of Wagner is a depressing theme; and Mr. Hight really does not improve matters by reviving and thoroughly examining some of the unsavoury incidents or legends. We fully appreciate the motive—but does anybody really care? Apart from traces of that "whitewashing" which he himself deprecates, Mr. Hight's estimate of Wagner's character is fair and judicious enough. His interpretation of some of the music is rather more questionable. So far as our own taste goes, no amount of piety or research could quite reconcile us to so drawn-out, prolix, and uninspired a narrative as this. There may be readers to whom the material is invaluable.

ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF: A BOSWELLIAN RECORD. By Jean Jacques Brousson. Tr. by John Pollock. (Thornton Butterworth.) 10s. 6d. net.

M. Brousson, France's secretary, seems to be following everybody's wishes in printing these extremely intimate records of the Master's life at the Villa Said and at his famous home-from-home. M. Brousson's pen is vivid, entertaining, volatile, even subtle; moreover, he is well translated. We ought to be grateful: but we are not. Something has come for ever between a great writer's work and his admirers. Historic truth is sacrosanct, we believe; but can any one man's impressions plead that absolute and only justification? "A Boswellian Record"! Boswell made his hero greater and dearer to us by his revelations, while M. Brousson . . . *plaudit populus*: it is we, no doubt, who are odd.

THE DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. By J. Leslie Hotson. (The Nonesuch Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

The happy discoveries, among legal documents, which have enabled an American scholar to throw new light on Marlowe's assassination have already been so widely discussed that it were useless for us to recapitulate them. Dr. Hotson seems perhaps to attach rather too much importance to the account given to the eye-witnesses at the inquest; which is a little unconvincing and quite probably fabricated to save their own skins and even to conceal a political conspiracy. This book is pleasantly got-up; and the facsimiles and illustrations are interesting.

PROTEUS: OR THE FUTURE OF INTELLIGENCE. By Vernon Lee. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

In this closely packed and brilliantly incisive essay, Vernon Lee deals with the nature of Intelligence, its comparative recency (as she sees it) of origin, its workings to-day, and its probable effect on the future of Ethics, Æsthetics, and Intellectual Manners. Intelligence is the always alert, unbiased faculty of perceiving the Protean, ever-changing Reality. Particularly interesting is her study of the relation between Intelligence and Reason, Logic, and Genius. Her contribution to the last-named theme, as affecting the English mind in literature, is about the first since Arnold. With one or two reservations (as, on the origin of Intelligence and the way in which Reality "changes") we commend the book as exceptionally relevant and sound: and if her conception of the importance of her subject does err at all, it is on the side of diffidence and a too modest view of the *scope* of intelligence.

BEYOND LIFE: DIZAIN DES DEMIURGES. By James Branch Cabell. (The Bodley Head.) 7s. 6d. net.

Clever, entertaining, playful, and perverse discussions of literature and life, cast in a dramatic form, yet revealing rather fully the elusive personality of the well-known novelist.

Arthur Symons. By T. Earle Welby. (Philpot.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Welby is rather disappointing; for though he has a full, just, and not uncritical appreciation of his subject, he falls into the very obvious error of losing his sense of the limited scope of that subject. He can assert that "few would deny" Mr. Symons' "pre-eminence as a critic"; and one is not reassured by the intellectual frivolity that allows him to say, in justifying his author's rather decadent Naturalism, that "the one indisputable argument for the continuation of the human race is that a world empty of men would be intolerable to dogs." But the book is worth reading, simply as a rather well-written exposition of Mr. Symons' subtle, conscientious theory and practice of poetry.

The Unwritten Gospel: Ana and Agrapha of Jesus. By Roderic Dunkerley, B.D. (Allen & Unwin.) 8s. 6d. net.

This carefully arranged collection of the uncanonical sayings of Jesus is less useful than it might be, because the sayings are not given in the original text. Still, Mr. Dunkerley shows a good deal of imaginative sympathy, and we forgive him for exaggerating the importance of some of these sayings. The truth is that very few of them are striking: of about a dozen only can it be said that they make us aware of at least a core of authenticity.

The Metaphysical Foundations of Modern Physical Science. By E. A. Burtt. (Kegan Paul.) 14s. net.

It is a commonplace that the philosophy of any period is determined largely by the prevailing scientific views. But that the converse of this proposition is equally true and important, has, on the whole, been much less frequently realized. Mr. Burtt rightly contends that the dominance of certain conceptions in current scientific thought is no accident. These conceptions have a history, and their full significance can be understood only by viewing them in the light of their origin and development. Wherein, then, we may ask, consists the essential difference between mediæval and modern thought? It lies, according to our author, in the radical change which has gradually come about on the subject of man's place in nature. The revolution wrought by Copernicus in the sixteenth century has slowly but surely altered the entire perspective of all subsequent inquiry. In one region of knowledge after another, man has been forced to abandon his anthropocentric vision. These, then, are the facts which yield our author the key to his problems. Against the background of this wider cosmic setting he traces the evolution of our fundamental categories—causality, space, time, mass, energy, &c.—from Copernicus and Kepler, through Galileo, Descartes, Hobbes, Boyle, and Gilbert, down to Newton. Nearly one-third of the book is devoted to the treatment of this last great thinker alone. Mr. Burtt's work should appeal both to philosophers and to men of science.

The Labour Revolution. By Karl Kautsky. Translated by H. J. Stenning. (Allen & Unwin.) 7s. 6d.

"There is a nimiety—a too-muchness—in all Germans," said Coleridge. "It is the national fault." It is certainly the fault of Herr Kautsky's "authoritative statement of modern and evolutionary Labour policy as against the violent methods of Bolshevism." There is a confusing concentration of details; and so in a largely theoretical work where broad outline is necessary one simply cannot see the wood for the trees. The author enjoys high reputation in his own country; and we should have welcomed a discussion of this urgent question both clearer in principle and more subtle in penetration. The translation is undistinguished.

Words and Idioms. By Logan Pearsall Smith. (Constable.) 7s. 6d. net.

A very welcome and scholarly addition, embodying enormous research, to the somewhat scanty literature of an important subject. Mr. Smith makes us feel the *reality* of words. In his fascinating essay on the English Element in Foreign Languages he breaks virgin ground. The first chapter on English Sea-Terms is of great interest: we are told so much that is intelligent surmise and not demonstrable truth. Deduction is an absorbing pastime. The last paper, on English Idioms, will attract most readers, as it gives a wonderfully clear conception of the numerous influences which have gone to the making of English speech and indirectly of English character.

Orlando Gibbons. By Edmund H. Fellowes. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Gibbons ranks only a little below Byrd; that is, he is among our three or four chief composers. True recognition has been denied to him as persistently as to Byrd; and it is pleasant on the tercentenary of his death to receive this handy little account of his Life and Work from Dr. Fellowes, who is already well known for his writings on the Elizabethans.

Shaw. By J. S. Collis. (Cape.) 5s. net.

Mr. Collis disarms criticism of his (possibly superfluous) book by telling us that it "simply insisted" on being written; and that, anyway, he is a fellow-Irishman. At sixteen he witnessed a performance of *John Bull's Other Island*, and "saw straight into the soul" of its author. There he remains: the only views, about anything, of which he tolerates the existence are those of Mr. Shaw and himself—they generally coincide. He is extremely scrappy and dogmatic; and appears quite unable to separate literary from political and social valuations. He writes brightly; and it seems very possible that he is merely suffering from David Copperfield's complaint.

Pope: The Leslie Stephen Lecture. By Lytton Strachey. (The Cambridge Univ. Press.) 2s. net.

Mr. Strachey brings his unpopular subject to life in a lecture that is brilliant and amusing. It is also very naughty. "Poetry and high seriousness!" he must exclaim. "Of course, to Dr. Arnold's son they seemed to be inevitably linked together; and certainly had the world been created by Dr. Arnold they actually would have been." Mr. Strachey delights by this kind of stimulus to the wits; but perhaps it is dangerously heady for some of his audience. In other moods Mr. Strachey is capable of a depth of critical originality and insight of which, here, he gives scarcely a hint. *Nous sommes restés sur notre faim.*

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Mr. Petre. By Hilaire Belloc. With 22 pictures by G. K. Chesterton. (Arrowsmith.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Belloc writes with much ingenious fancy of an Englishman who loses his memory in the nineteen-fifties. (The effect makes us feel rather as if we had lost our own.) He is sometimes funny and very often facetious. But the latter quality renders his satire superficial, distasteful, and unconvincing.

Prince Tariel. By Odette Keun. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

A melodramatic novel in which fiction is cleverly interwoven with fact. The characters are rushed from crisis to crisis against a background of intrigue, mediæval feudalism and Bolshevik excesses. The usual triangle has its bizarre setting in the newly formed republic of Georgia. There are fine descriptive passages, but the only convincing figure is the Prince.

Greenery Street. By Denis Mackail. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

There is no denying it: Mr. Mackail at his best can work his own vein of sentimental comedy to considerable effect. Let no serious reader take up his book; but we confess to a hearty enjoyment of the medley of frivolity, tenderness, and humorous observation in this study of a newly married couple.

A Saturday Life. By Radclyffe Hall. (Arrowsmith.) 7s. 6d.

The author of that remarkable study of morbid feminine character *The Unlit Lamp* pursues the same object in a slightly lighter vein. Miss Hall has uncommon insight into human nature, an easy style, and a definite though restricted sense of humour: but her vision is oddly partial and depressing; never giving the impression of life "seen steadily and whole." We still hope for great things.

DORIS. By Dorothy Johnson. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Johnson is an unusual writer. Her delineation of semi-cultured middle-class life has humour, close observation, delicacy, and emotional insight. The most notable thing in her technique is the restraint with which she lets her characters *reveal themselves.* Mrs. Beaton, Muriel Pearman, and the young schoolmistress Madge Ellwin are all subtly discerned personalities; and Doris herself is a little masterpiece by comparison with most modern studies of adolescence.

FISHMONGER'S FIDDLE. By A. E. Coppard. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Coppard's sensitiveness is such as would ultimately distinguish him in any form of art; and his ripening, maturing intuition is gaining him a very high place among our short-story writers. His apprehension of life, curiously tinged with simplicity and a melancholy fatalism, works itself out with a sureness that almost always convinces. *The Little Mistress, Willie Waugh,* and *Fishmonger's Fiddle* are probably better than anything he has previously done; and only a few of the tales in this volume rank very much below these three.

THUNDERSTORM. By G. B. Stern. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Stern, who is unquestionably a novelist of much ability, combines a subdued, cynical, very incisive bitterness in her portrayal of human nature with a genially idyllic picture of Italian life. The attractive servants occupy the first half of the tale: the inner life of the *signori,* with its sudden, unsuspected "thunderstorm" of emotional conflict, is next shown: finally, with a "God for us All," the author draws together the strings with uncommon wit and skill.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. By Edith Wharton. (Appleton.) 7s. 6d. net.

Kate Clephane, a gentle widow who had erred, is taken back by her daughter (*matre pulchra pulchrior*), only to see her develop a reciprocated passion for Kate's own youthful lover. Despite her old air of incompleteness and indecisiveness, Mrs. Wharton impresses by her observation of life in changing New York and on the Riviera; and she can at times combine passion with most restrained and delicate insight.

MRS. DALLOWAY. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Woolf has made a remarkable, though not quite unprecedented, experiment in fiction; not telling her tale directly or dramatically, but continually shifting into the mind of one or other of the characters, and Conveying their various sensations. The "action" (which is mainly subjective, of a chiefly emotional nature) is confined to one day. The whole effect, though a little distracting to grasp, is subtle, suggestive, and vivid. Mrs. Woolf is almost successful, where failure seemed imminent.

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CHRIST OR CHRISTIANITY?

I.

By John Middleton Murry

VARIOUS people have written to me lately asking me to define more closely than by scattered remarks my attitude to Christianity and to Christ. I will try to do so as quickly and clearly as I an. To attempt this in two brief articles is inevitably ɔ be guilty of injustice, because Christianity is many ıings : and I believe there are now, as there certainly ave been in the past, many Christians whose convic- ons and lives are of the noblest.

If I seem to be harsh towards the Church, I would sk my readers to bear in mind two things. The first : that I am fully conscious of the debt that I owe the hurch. I regard human history as necessary, inevitable nd beautiful. The Church is a part of the scheme f things : without it the memory and the knowledge f Jesus would have been impossible for men. There- ɔre I acknowledge, and with gratitude, that I am a son f the Church. The second is : that I hold that the ner conscience of mankind has now passed definitely utside the Church. I have tried to explain elsewhere hen and why this began to happen. I would ask those whom this is an intolerable proposition to consider ıe simple fact : that the reawakening of the sense of ıe divine in the early nineteenth century, which we call

modern Romanticism, was born outside the Church and imposed upon it from without. The Oxford Movement was merely the belated repercussion of a religious renaissance quite independent of the Church. And the Church has proved itself so incapable of responding to the stimulus that its reaction has been to narrow instead of broaden its basis. When I think that the romantic movement of Keats and Shelley, Coleridge and Wordsworth, in passing through the Church, has degenerated into the sacerdotal movement of to-day, I am confirmed in my conviction that the Church has done its work : it is no longer adequate to the religious consciousness of modern times. Who, during the nineteenth century, have been the prophets of the human soul in England? Assuredly not the priests ; but the poets, the playwrights, the novelists, and the men of science.

The essential of genuine religion is that a man should really believe in the God in whom he professes to believe. The religion that consists in pious hopes and polite professions is distasteful and meaningless to me. I can accept the religion of no man as a reality if he does not square his acts with his professions. This is a simple test, but the only one. The results it gives are salutary to contemplate. Not one of the professed Christians I have ever met—good men though many of them were—has squared his acts with the very first article of his creed : " I believe in God the Father, Almighty."

From this I conclude that, although many people say they believe in God the Father, at least once a week, nobody really does. I am not surprised : it is a very hard thing to believe in. It takes more than a hero to do it. What does surprise me is the willingness of my fellow-men to profess a belief in God the Father on which they will not act. That seems to me less than honest.

The honest thing, it seems to me, is to admit that the

conception of God the Father Almighty is belied by all human experience. Men do not believe in Him, because they cannot. If they would acknowledge it, the ground for the future might be cleared.

The question is then : Shall men believe in a God at all?

In answer to that : One thing is certain. It is far better to believe in no God at all than to incur the risk of the lie in the soul, by professing to believe in God the Father Almighty and acting just as though He did not exist.

Man's experience forbids him to believe in God the Father. Then let him stick to experience, in his religion too. The religion that is not built upon experience will fail a man in his need, and, if he is a man with a sensitive conscience, lead him into intolerable equivocations.

But human experience includes experience of God.

It does : but not of God the *Father* Almighty. If you have no religious experience of your own to confirm this bare statement, search among the men who have had the deepest religious experience in the past. It is not experience of God the Father. An unutterable experience of an unutterable God, of something—a power—a soul of which all life is the bodily garment. Nothing more? Nothing less.

According to what a man is he will try to formulate that experience of the unutterable. If he is filled with love for humanity, his God will also be filled with love for humanity.

Such was the God of Jesus—the most loving of all Gods, because he was the most loving of all men. Therefore he created God the Father. Created him; and believed in him, steadily, unflinchingly, all his life. He thought that the "wonderful news" of this God would be received by all men, as glad tidings of great joy. Quite naturally, they did not believe in his mes-

sage: experience forbade. "Only believe," he cried. They could not. A few of them believed in him, which was a different thing, and not what he wanted at all. He wanted them to believe not that he was God's son, but that they were God's sons. They could not believe it. So he, knowing that he was God's son, and finding that men could not believe that they were God's sons, came to that deep and mysterious yet blindingly simple resolution that he must die in order that men should know they were the sons of God. He would trust God the Father to the uttermost, to show men the way to trust Him. He trusted Him; he died in agony; and his last words were: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

His God, the good God, the loving God, the Father Almighty, did not exist. Jesus died knowing it. No pain in the world of men has ever been like that pain.

That conviction is among the deepest that I have. If I were to leave hold of it for a moment, I should betray the greatest of my heroes and all my experience of life. I have clung to that conviction when it was agony to me. Now it is an agony no more; it gives me a peace beyond my understanding. I do not blame men for refusing to look at the pain of Christ; it is not easy. But it is worth doing, for many things: for one simple one above all. It makes it easy to die.

The Crucifixion is a mystery. I may be presumptuous: but it seems to me that if men would think out the Crucifixion honestly, to the bitter end, we should be a whole league onward on the road of understanding. But I am afraid the time is not yet come for that. The world is now divided between those who profess Jesus as God, and those who dismiss his story as a fairy-tale; both are precluded from thinking honestly about him.

To those who dismiss his story as a fairy-tale, I have nothing to say. The man who is incapable of sensing

the wonderful reality of his life is made of different stuff from mine. To those who read it as the story of a God, I have nothing to say: they also are made of different stuff from mine. Except that I would ask them: Which is better: to contemplate a man who so loved men that he deliberately gave his own life to prove that God was their father, or to contemplate a God who gave his own son to torment, when he could save the world by a thought?

I know that I shall be accused of not understanding the mystery. "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten son. . . ." I can understand a mystery as well as most men; and I can understand the thought of the Christian mystic who wrote those words. But things are simpler than that. I refuse utterly the God who would demand such a blood-sacrifice. And when I am told that this proves the unutterable love of God for mankind, my simple reply is: "Why do you not, then, trust Him?"

Men would *like* to trust God as a Father, no doubt. I know well enough the hunger of the human soul for a Father who cares. But we cannot have all we long for. And which is better: to half-believe in a loving Father who does not exist, or to believe wholly in a loving Son who did? It is this half-belief that is rotting our modern world—belief that does not act. It is this half-belief that has made a mockery of Jesus' words—of all of them. It is this half-belief that drives the intellectually honest man into his aversion from the Church and all its works—this Church of Christ that repudiates the man it worships, repudiates him most utterly *by* worshipping him.

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Pagans seek) for your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. . . . Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought of the things of itself.

What does the Church make of that? A word of God? Then it has never dreamed of obeying it. "Ah, but we *try* to follow it." Humbug! That is not a word a man can *try* to follow. He can either follow it, or refuse to follow it. There is no middle way.

What is the use, to an honest man, of a Church of Christ which looks upon his very simplest words as so much pious nonsense? There is no middle way of following Christ. Follow him, or leave him alone.

Those words are perfectly simple. They come from a man who really believed that God was his Father and the Father of all men. From that real belief they follow inevitably: they announce the first, the simplest, the most natural act of such a belief—an actual trust in God. Why, a drunken tramp who pads the highways unknowing whence his next meal will come is nearer to following Christ than the whole bench of English bishops. Christ, the friend of publicans and sinners and harlots, would have chosen swiftly between them.

For this modern world does not believe in God the Father; and the modern Church does not either. It puts its faith in pensions, and endowments, and 5 or 15 per cent. And so do I. I have not the faintest intention (if I can help it) of leaving nothing between me and mine and the kindness of God the Father or the mercies of the world. Neither, so far as I can see, have my Christian contemporaries. But I esteem myself by so much a more honest man than they that I refuse to enter a Church and say: "I believe in the God the Father," when half my days are spent in taking precautions against his unkindness. I believe in Christ, and I believe in him enough to have tried to find out what it would mean to believe, as he believed, in God the Father. He believed in Him, and he acted on his belief, to the bitter end. If I were to believe in God the Father I should have no choice but to follow him.

Here we come once more to the mystery of the Cruci-

κion. It is hardly a mystery to those who have an ıkling of what it would mean to believe in God the 'ather, the Father of all men, as Jesus believed in Him. : that is true, then there is indeed " wonderful news " › proclaim ; if that is true, then the man who knows it ɛed not, then he *must* not, take thought for the ıorrow ; if that is true, and men will not believe it, as ıey never have believed it and never will, then he ıust die to prove it.

And Jesus died to prove it. He did not prove it. Ie died, knowing that he had not proved it. But what ɛ had proved was this : that mankind had at last pro- uced a man with such infinite love in his heart that he ɔuld not conceive God save as a loving and living 'ather to all men, and rather than give up this amazing ıd transcendent faith, he went to a shameful and trocious death. To have proved that was to have roved a more wonderful thing than even Jesus sought › prove. For what man has been, he may, he will be gain. There will, there must, come the time when all ıen will create within themselves the infinite love that e had. Man may, in the long run man must, believe ı man. Is that a chilling or a thrilling faith? Is it a *ıith* at all? Is it not knowledge, built on a rock, for ıy man who cares to dig his way to the truth of the ɪospel story?

Ah, but Jesus was deceived.

Yes, he was deceived ; but he deceived himself. He ad created the living God for whom he died. And the ıystery is this : that by dying for him, he did indeed 'eate him, a loving God who was a man, as a loving ɪod must be ; not that transcendent Father whom men 'orship with their lips and deny with their acts. Out f that fire of love in himself, which would face the ktreme of loneliness and pain simply to lift the pain nd loneliness from other men, he kindled the spark of ıat divine something in man which cares, and will go

on caring, more and yet more deeply, year by year, century by century, age by age, till the pain and the evil are slowly blotted out of the world.

On that day, which I believe will surely come, in this world in time, his work will be done : that kingdom of God which he believed would come upon men at his death, will be here indeed, and he will be the king.

Wherever is the divine something in men which cares, there is he. For though many great, many lovely, many noble things were in the world before him, that was not in the world. It entered the world when he died for it.

We know more than he did ; but when all our knowledge is assayed, perhaps it comes only to this : that we know what was utterly hidden from him in his agony : that what he died for is not a Father that exists but a world that may be ; and he has made the coming of that world inevitable.

I may be wrong : perhaps I am blinded by a beam in my own eye that I cannot see, but I must confess my belief that the Church now stands in the way of the onward march. We have grown up to the point where we can look upon Jesus as he was ; we do not need, any more, to have the impact of his tragedy mitigated, and our vision of his triumph blurred. We have grown to the point when we can face him. The Church will not face him, and distaste for the Church turns those who would aside from facing him. If we are to have a religion it must be one that honestly accepts life, and squares its beliefs to its acts. When it comes to accepting life, sooner or later you find yourself with the Cross in front of you. Of all tragedies this was the supreme. What do you make of it? An honest man may say : " Nothing but pain." But if he is more honest still, he will say : "Not nothing but pain. It is like all great tragedies, only greater than they : there is some unspeakable beauty there." And then he will go on :

with this tragedy and this unspeakable beauty he will wrestle, until he sees what was involved therein, and understand what immortal issues were fought in Galilee and won in Golgotha. And, I doubt not, he will end like the centurion, and say : " Truly this man was a son of God," and come to comprehend how profoundly mankind may rejoice that there was a son to make the sacrifice, but no Father to demand it.

Spiritualism and Immortality.—" An immortality liable at any moment to betray itself fatuously by the forcible incantations of Mr. Stead or Professor Crookes is scarcely worth having. Can you imagine anything more squalid than an immortality at the beck and call of Eusapia Palladino? That woman lives on the top floor of a Neapolitan house, and gets our poor, pitiful, august dead, flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, spirit of our spirit, who have loved, suffered and died, as we must love, suffer and die—she gets them to *beat tambourines in a corner and protrude shadowy limbs through a curtain!* This is particularly horrible, because, if one had to put one's faith in these things one could not even die safely from disgust, as one would long to do.

" And to believe that these manifestations, which the author evidently takes for modern miracles, will stay our tottering faith ; to believe that the new psychology has, only the other day, discovered man to be a 'spiritual mystery,' is really carrying humility towards that universal provider, Science, too far."—(*Joseph Conrad.*)

An UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF "WAR AND PEACE"

*THE FRENCH IN MOSCOW: PIERRE AND PONCINI.**

By Leo Tolstoy

The evening bells were ringing. Pierre, wearing a peasant's overcoat, sat on a curbstone in the Arbat, opposite the church of St. Nicholas Yavlenni, and gazed at the empty street, expecting at any moment to see the passing French. Two men ran past, saying that they were already in the Smolensk Mart, and the two French hussars ran across the street.

Pierre had left the house in the morning with the intention of taking part in the last defence of Moscow. He still believed in the last desperate battle, like the defence of Saragossa.

Moscow was empty, only here and there crowds had collected, and Pierre realized that there would be no battle. Nevertheless, Pierre was perturbed and felt the desire to show that nothing mattered to him. The

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* These fragments from Leo Tolstoy's "War and Peace" have recently appeared in the Russian press. They will be of special interest to the reader who is familiar with the Russian novelist's great epic, as they contain indications of certain episodes which the author had eliminated from the narrative—namely, Pierre Bezuhov's youth and his love affair with a peasant girl. Bezuhov—Levin—Nehludov, we know, are the characters of Tolstoy's novels in which his own spiritual evolution is to a certain degree reflected. The newly published fragments, from that point of view, are particularly illuminating.

The descriptive powers of the great writer are reflected in these pages with remarkable clearness. One of his favourite methods in introducing a character was to dwell insistently

feeling that had overwhelmed him in the last few days was the Russian feeling that prompts the merchant who is out to enjoy himself—to smash the looking-glasses—the feeling that expresses the supreme judgment over all the artificial conditions of life, on the strength of some other, dimly realized Truth.

One thing Pierre was not thinking about, which his instinct had suggested to him and which he had decided as soon as he made up his mind to remain in Moscow—that he was going to stay not under his own name and title of Count Bezuhov, the son-in-law of one of the great dignitaries, but as a doorkeeper. This new position and the attitude of the people who treated him as an equal gladdened him.

At the end of the Arbat dust appeared in the rays of the setting sun; the cries of the French were heard as they saw the first long, beautiful street. Cavalry on the move appeared in the dust.

Pierre watched their approach intently. The thought that he was already captured and his boats were burnt was terrifying and exhilarating.

Mortier was riding in front of the cavalry column, with a brilliant suite. With his arms akimbo, in a conquering pose, he was looking around. Several people watched the procession. Mortier turned his

upon some distinctive external trait. This repetition results in the image of the person he thus describes being stamped upon one's mind and clearly visualised. Prince Andrey's wife's "short upper lip with a faint moustache," Marie Bolkonsky's "heavy step," Verestchaguin's thin, long neck—are mentioned almost every time the author introduces them. So are the Italian officer's "lovely, tender eyes." The old Princess—her surroundings, her mentality, her attitude towards the French—are given in a few lines, and she seems to stand out like an old engraving. Pierre's meeting with the Italian officer—how it makes one regret that instead of *preaching* on the brotherhood of men and against War—Tolstoy did not continue to apply to the same lofty purpose his unrivalled gifts, his descriptive power and profound knowledge of the human heart.

mount towards the church of St. Nicholas and stopped, pointing to Pierre. An officer in the uniform of the Uhlans rode up to Pierre and asked :

"*Di, Russki, lushai, kturi kostel, Ivan Veliki.*"*

"I do not know," answered Pierre in Russian.

At the same moment a man, who probably was the deacon of the Church, came up to the officer and began to speak with him.

Pierre walked quickly from the Arbat into a side-street. He looked back several times, and his face was distorted by anger and emotion. The troops behind him were shouting : "Vive l'Empereur ! " as they marched past Mortier.

Pierre stopped in front of a house that had flowers on the windows, and remembered that it was inhabited by the Princess Chirguizova, an old maid, with whom his Princesses† were friends and whom he had occasionally visited in the old days. Pierre remembered this as he saw the house. But he also remembered vividly the year 1795, when he still cared for the honour of his wife and when he heard for the first time that her honour had been lost and besmirched. This he remembered because at that moment the same feeling arose in his heart which he had then experienced. *Then* the object of his feeling was his wife and the honour of the family. *Now* the object was Moscow and the fatherland. *Then,* as though putting his finger in the sore, he imagined himself in the position of the man who, for fun, had robbed him of his honour. And now he clearly imagined the joy and triumph of the victorious French, their disregard for the sufferings and moral humiliation of the Russians.

With a knitted brow, in anger he stood at the gate of the house, groaning and whispering something unin-

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* Distorted Russian : Thou, Russian, hear, which is the church of Ivan the Great?

† His father's cousins.

telligible to himself, vainly trying to ask himself the same questions: Why, and What to do?

"What are you standing here for? What is it you have not seen?" shouted suddenly a woman's voice from the open gate.

It was the Princess's maid.

"Is the Princess at home?" asked Pierre mechanically.

"Good gracious! I believe it is the master!"

Pierre followed the maid into the house.

The Princess was in Moscow, and everything with her was as before. As soon as Pierre entered the hall, he felt the customary smell of something stale and of the dog. He saw the old man-servant, the chambermaid and the woman-jester.* He saw the flowers on the window-sills and the parrot. Everything was the same as ever, and this sight calmed Pierre for a moment.

"Who is there?" sounded the grumpy, squeaking voice of the old lady, and Pierre could not help thinking:

"How will the French dare to come in, if she shouts like this?"

"Czarevna (that was the nick-name of the jester)! Go and see in the hall, who it is."

"It is I, Princess. May I?"

"Who is 'I'? Is it Bonaparte? Well, good day, my dear? How is it you have not run away? Everyone is fleeing, father mine. Sit down, sit down. And what is this? Whose clothes?† Are we at Christmas tide? Czarevna, come here, have a look! Are you trying to hide from the French? Have they already

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* In the eighteenth century wealthy Russian noble families still kept this particular type of companion—servants, whose duty it was to amuse them—a survival of the mediæval buffoons.

† Pierre was wearing a peasant's coat "with the object of taking part in the defence of Moscow by the people."

ome?" asked the Princess, as though inquiring whether the cook had returned from the Okhotni Food Market.

She did not, could not or would not understand what was going on. Curiously enough, her assurance was so strong that Pierre, as he watched her, realized that nothing could be done against her.

"And my neighbour, Maria Ivanovna Dolohova, left yesterday. Her son pushed her off, and he was dressed exactly like you. He came here and tried to persuade me to leave. Otherwise he said he would burn the house. I said: 'Burn it, and I will deliver you to the police.'"

"But the police have left."

"What shall we do without the police? I suppose they have their own police. I think we cannot manage without some police. How can they set fire to the houses? Let them flee. I shall profit by it. I have moved my laundry to their court-yard—so I have more room."

A knock was heard at the gate, and in a few minutes a French hussar, pale, thin and shy, entered the room. He very politely apologized for troubling the hostess and asked for food.

The Princess did not speak French. She understood, however, what he meant and gave orders to take him into the hall and to give him something to eat.

Pierre came into the room to see the Frenchman.

"Monsieur, mon cher Monsieur," said the Frenchman, blushing, beckoning to Pierre to follow him into the hall. Pierre went with him.

"Voyez-vous," said the Frenchman, blushing again and showing his black shirt, "Est-ce que la bonne dame ne pourrait pas me donner une chemise, quelque chose en fait de linge? Voyez-vous."

Pierre returned to the old lady and told her about it.

"All right, my pet. Why not give? I give alms to

the beggars. Czarevna, go to the store-room. No, send Matreshka."

The Princess gave orders where to find the linen, and added:

"Tell him, that I give for mercy. Tell him that he should tell his chief that I, the Princess Chirguizova, a general's daughter, live here, that I do not interfere with anyone, and that they must not cause me any worry, or I shall find a Court for them. And they'd better send 'Himself' to me. All right, all right, get on and God bless you," she said to the Frenchman who was clicking his heels at the door of the sitting-room, thanking "la bonne dame."

Pierre was quite calm. He left the Princess with the Frenchman. Infantry were now marching down the Arbat, and Pierre felt that the old sensation was returning.

Twilight had come. A man in a kaftan but, judging from his walk and his boots, not a peasant, passed through the open door of the church. Pierre followed him. The church was empty. The man, who reminded Pierre of someone he knew very well, was kneeling before the altar, signing himself and bowing to the ground.

The same feeling of humiliation, anger and jealousy, similar to the one he had experienced towards his wife, but much stronger, again seized Pierre.

"The French will come in presently and turn me out," thought Pierre as he heard from the church their footsteps and their merry talk in the Arbat. "What shall I do?" and again the same answer, as to the other question, suggested itself: "Shall I kill him or kill myself? Only death can undo that knot." But *then* it was obvious that he ought to kill Dolohov.

"Whom shall I kill? Him? Bonaparte? But why has destiny brought me here to kill him?" thought Pierre. "And I shall kill him. . . ."

While he was joyfully thinking, in detail, how he would go to-morrow, with a revolver hidden under his coat, into the town, how he would try to meet Napoleon and fire at him—the man who had been at prayer rose briskly from his kneeling posture, blew his nose, wiped his tears, and walked quickly to the entrance, where he butted into Pierre.

" Bezuhov? "

" Dolohov! Is it possible? Why are you here? "

" And you? You saw," said Dolohov. " Already in the Kremlin. But not for long. I am going to set fire to it all to-morrow. My lads are ready. I shall burn my house myself."

" And the Princess? "

" The old woman must be removed. Why are you here? "

Pierre looked at Dolohov with astonishment and joy, and a calming feeling descended upon his soul.

" Why have you stayed? " repeated Dolohov.

" I? Why? Dolohov, I shall kill Bonaparte," whispered Pierre.

" How will you kill him? "

Two French soldiers entered the church.

" Where do you live? " asked Dolohov.

Pierre told him.

" You won't kill him. It's no use." Dolohov drew his face close to Pierre's, laughed, and stepped aside.

" Well, good-bye, Bezuhov."

He embraced and kissed him and left the church with a hurried step. Pierre followed him out of the church and walked home along the side streets.

As he was returning to his house, he saw French soldiers in different places. They were getting into their quarters.

The cavalrymen were dismounting, entering the

houses, and marking them in chalk : " Occupied b such and such troops."

Once or twice they asked Pierre where the Kremli was or what was the name of the street. Pierr shrugged his shoulders and pretended not to unde stand. On the Petrovka he saw a crowd. Som generals were turning the carriages out of the shed They admired them and took possession of them. I the quarter where Aksinia Larionovna lived, on th Priesnya and the Patriarch's Ponds there was nobod yet. He reached his home.

The fool, Aksinia Lavrionovna's husband, was th first to meet him at the gate. He was carrying a hug blunderbuss. He was very drunk and had gone to th other extreme from his previous shyness and humilit He was Souvorov! In his underclothes, he walke in front of the gate and shouted the words of command

" Quick march! Hurrah! Forward! I shall pierc thy loins! Who am I? Souvorov! Thou, thou, wh art thou? A Frenchman?" he yelled, addressin Pierre.

Aksinia Larionovna rushed out, pulled "Souvorov's hand, so that he nearly fell, and dragged him into th house.

" I just went out for a short hour, I wasn't watch ing him. . . . They have smashed a tavern nea Kudrin . . . and so he has been boozing. . . . Hav they come?" she asked.

" They have."

" And they have been to your place?"

" No, thank God."

" Let him try!" shouted " Souvorov" from behin the screen.

Pierre went behind his screen, lay on the bed an wept tears of anger and humiliation.

" Aksinia Larionovna, mother mine, my pet, it i

he! it is he! I swear it is he!" shouted the cook as she rushed into the room.

Voices were heard: "It is they! The French!"

Aksinia Larionovna, the cook and the fool, whom they did not notice, ran out into the entrance. Pierre wiped his tears, got up and followed them. It was true: Frenchmen stood at the gate, headed by an officer.

The officer was a short young man with a fine figure and an exceedingly handsome Italian face. His prominent, half-closed, black velvet eyes, with a poetical expression which Pierre could not fail to notice, were particularly attractive.

When the officer saw a woman, Aksinia Larionovna, he immediately smiled and raised his cap with obviously genuine, hearty courtesy and good-will. The smile made his beautiful face look still more attractive. There was something childish and at the same time *comme il faut* in it, as Pierre noticed.

Pierre decided that he must be not only a kindly, clever and well-educated man, but also well bred, *de bonne maison.*

"*Pardon, Madame, quartire,*" said the officer. He was apparently sincerely embarrassed by his position of a conqueror and was trying to conceal under the cloak of politeness all the advantages of his position.

"Nous ne ferons point de mal à nos hôtes. Vous serez contents de nous. Si cela ne vous dérange pas trop . . ." said the officer in good French, but with an Italian accent.

"Est ce que personne ne parle Français ici?"

As he looked around, his eyes met Pierre's. Pierre was touched by the nice, kindly and deeply melancholy look of this officer, especially because it was the reverse of what he had anticipated. Pierre instinctively opened his mouth to answer in French, when suddenly quite close to his ear the drunken shout of "Souvorov"

was heard, and his blunderbuss protruded, aiming straight at the French officer's chest.

" Bonapartius, go to hell ! " The trigger clicked, the flint struck the hammer.

Pierre turned rapidly, struck up the muzzle of the blunderbuss and right over his ear the rusty weapon that had been loaded long ago, discharged with a deafening noise. The shot gave " Souvorov " such a shock that he fell back towards the door. The women shrieked, the entrance was filled with smoke, and Pierre rushed towards the officer.

" Vous n'êtes pas blessé ? " he asked.

The officer was pale, but smiling.

" Mon cher, je vous dois la vie," he said as he clasped Pierre's hand. " Et moi qui croyais que vous êtes Russe ! Vous êtes Français."

The French officer was convinced that a man who has behaved in a chivalrous manner, magnanimously (naturally, for any man to save *his* life was the height of chivalry and magnanimity)—must needs be a Frenchman.

But Pierre, who no longer concealed his knowledge of the French language, disappointed him. He told him he was a Russian, and that the man who had fired at him was a drunken madman. The Frenchman stopped the two soldiers who had come with him and had rushed in as they heard the shot. He took Pierre's arm and came into the room, continuing to thank him heartily for saving his life.

The terrified women, meanwhile, took the harmless blunderbuss from " Souvorov." They dragged him by the hands, beat him and pushed him behind the screen.

The French officer gave his rank, name and surname. He was an officer in the Hussars and was an aide-de-camp to the King of Italy. His name was Emile Poncini.

" Qui que vous soyez, vous comprenez que je me

sens lié à vous par des liens inoubliables. Disposez de moi," said Poncini, looking at Pierre with his beautiful melancholy eyes.

He asked for food. Pierre offered him some tea with milk (they had a cow in the yard), and while they were having tea, they talked. Poncini could not understand that Moscow was empty, as it was contrary to all expectations and rules. Obviously expressing the view of the Headquarters and of the entire Army, he was in the same quandary as a man who should come forward according to all the rules to fight a duel with swords, standing correctly *en garde,* raising his left arm, his sword *en tiers,* expecting his opponent to be in the same position—and finding that the opponent was not behaving regularly at all. He tries to take up the position *en quarte, en seconde,* even *en quinte*—but he does not encounter his opponent's sword. The opponent stands, bending sideways, with something terrible (something you cannot quite see) in his hands, a thick stick or a huge stone.

Poncini was bewildered and asked Pierre what this position in Moscow meant. How should it be interpreted? Had Moscow surrendered? In that case, why was there no deputation from the inhabitants "implorant la clémence des vainqueurs"? Had she surrendered after battle? Why then was there no street fighting? Had she been destroyed, as in the Scythian war, and as happened to the other cities? Why then had she remained with all her treasures?

It was against all the rules, against all traditions of history.

Pierre could not answer any of these questions. He did not himself quite understand what this Moscow meant on the evening of September the 2nd. Without looking at his companion, he said that Moscow had not surrendered and would never surrender. And while

he was saying this, the French officer was struck by the sombre expression of his face.

"Yours is a great nation," said Poncini. "I have often thought and said so. Et savez-vous, mon cher, je suis franc avec vous, je me suis pris un million de fois pendant cette campagne à envier votre sort à vous, d'appartenir à une grande nation. Je suis Italien, nous n' avons que le passé. Le présent—c'est le despotisme d'un homme—l' avenir, c'est le néant."

"But your past is also your present," said Pierre. He appreciated the delicacy of Poncini, who had changed the conversation. "Your past is art, science, poetry, which gives life to all of you. You are envying us now, and how many times have I not envied you, you who have had your Raphaels, Correggios, Copernicuses, Dantes, Tassos.

After spending all these days with Aksinia Larionovna and "Souvorov," Pierre could not help enjoying a conversation about the interests of art and science—a realm that was entirely foreign to his present companions. Perhaps he was also unconsciously pleased that in discussing these things he surprised Poncini with his knowledge.

Poncini looked at Pierre in silence with his melancholy eyes, and his lips smiled tenderly. He struck the table with his small hand.

"Mais qui êtes-vous donc, vous, pour connaître les arts et les sciences?"

"Moi?" said Pierre, wondering what to answer. Suddenly, he heard the drunken shouts of the two French troopers who had brought Poncini's horses and cart. Other unfamiliar voices were also heard. The menacing cries grew louder. Pierre and Poncini rose and walked to the porch.

A crowd of Dragoons stood at the gate, and several of them were cursing the French troopers in German because (as Pierre immediately realized from their

German jargon) these Wurtemburg Dragoons wanted to be quartered in the same yard, and the French were preventing them. They could not understand one another. Poncini, who did not know German, shouted to them in French, trying to explain who he was, but the Dragoons took no notice of him and were forcing their way into the yard. One of them pushed a Frenchman, who drew a pistol, and a fight would have ensued, had not Pierre stepped forward and explained in German who Poncini was. The Germans quieted down when they heard that he was an A.D.C. to the King of Italy, and the N.C.O. ordered them to stop.

"Das sollen sie ja foraus sagen," he said.

"Mais qui diable êtes-vous donc?" said Poncini, smiling kindly to Pierre when they returned to the samovar. "Qui diable êtes-vous pour connaître le Dante et le Tasse et parler toutes les langues? Je vois un hazard providentiel de vous avoir rencontré. Attendez." He grasped Pierre's hand and made the sign of the third degree of the Masonic Order. Pierre answered him with a smile:

"Qui je suis? I will tell you. I know you, and I will not ask you to keep the secret. I know you will keep it. My name does not matter to you, but I am one of the richest men in Russia. I am a Russian count. I have two enormous houses in Moscow, but I have stayed here in order to see the French army perish. I have faith that it will perish, and I stayed not in my own house and not under my own name.

"You believe in the destruction of the French Army?"

"Yes."

"Well, my saviour, do not let us talk about that. Let us forget enmity. We are two men, distant, strange to one another in everything except the heart which tells me that you are my brother, so let us be brothers."

"Let us be brothers," repeated Pierre.

They looked at one another with a happy smile.

"O! la terrible chose que la guerre," said Poncini. "Qui l'aurait dit à moi que je serais soldat, moi qui n'aime que l'art, la poésie et celle qui. . . . Are you married?"

"Yes, I was married," replied Pierre. And for the first time, looking into these eyes of Poncini, so full of love, he recalled together two circumstances and came to a conclusion. He recalled his wife's request for a divorce, his freedom and his last meeting with Natasha yesterday, with all the charm of her joy, her tenderness and animation. "Yes, that might be," he thought. Poncini, leaning upon the table, sat opposite Pierre and related to him his entire life, as he might have told it to the man in the moon. He told him of his relations with his father whom he did not like, and of his love.

In the middle of his story he quoted in a clear, lovely voice a line from Dante, and Pierre who knew it by heart, finished the verse.

"You love this verse, you have felt the same. . . . And why am I talking about myself alone? Tell me your story. The story of your love, because there is nothing but love in life."

"You want me to tell you my life's story and my love?" said Pierre. "Do you know, I have never told anyone the story of my life, not even to myself. It seemed all so simple to me. But to you—that is a different matter."

Pierre began to tell the story of his life, condensing as much as he could, and while he spoke, he was himself surprised how simple and clear the meaning of his life appeared to him, for the first time. He told of his education in Switzerland, of the veneration in which he had held Napoleon, of the ideas that filled his soul, of what he had found in Russia, of his false position, of his father, and of his affair with Aksiusha.

"Et c'était là votre premier amour?" said Poncini,

gazing at Aksinia Larionovna who was serving a roast fowl.

Pierre then told him of his accidental meeting with Natasha as a child and of the premonition he had that she must influence his life. He related all the humiliation and misery which riches had brought to him, and how he wandered like a lost soul in that fog, which enveloped him immediately, and how in the fog he came across the woman . . . Helen.

"She wasn't a bad woman, and I am more guilty towards her than she is towards me. She might have been a good woman. I came across her in the fog of riches, I mistook another feeling for love and I married her.

"All the beautiful things and thoughts (such as masonry) which came to me at that time were hidden by the fog of riches, and I did not live. One thing only I remember. I had a friend, and he is no more. He had a rare, fine, but proud soul. I met her, and so did he. I tried to bring them together, as something in my own soul made me feel that they were made for one another. And then . . . and then. . . . She lost her head, she insulted him, and he left her. And again fate so decreed that I had to play a part in this. I found her in tears and in sorrow, and I said things I ought not to have said. And from that moment, I know, she loved me as a friend. But there was no friendship in my soul. I was frightened of myself and I said I would not see her again. And would you believe it! Yesterday, when I was in these clothes, when I thought the least of her, when I knew that she was free (because her former fiancé was killed)—it is terrible to think of it—but I say this only to you, as to my own conscience—and when I was free . . . it so happened that I met her in the crowd of refugees, and she recognised me and she told me . . ."

Pierre grew very excited as he said this. His eyes were shining.

"No, I must not, I cannot think of this. . . ."

Poncini kept silent and looked at him tenderly. They did not speak for a considerable time. Poncini rose and took his hand.

"Mon ami, comme je suis heureux de vous avoir rencontré. Vous serez heureux, je le sens."

"Qui sait? One should not think of it."

Pierre rose in his turn, and they went out for a walk. Darkness had set in. Aksinia Larionovna, the cook, and the two Frenchmen stood by the gate. One could hear their laughter and their chatter which neither could understand. They were joking, gazing at the fires and the red glare of the sky over the town. It was the first fire on the Petrovka. Poncini and Pierre joined them and began to watch the fire. There was nothing exceptional in a fire—in a big city. They all watched calmly the distant glare—about a mile and a half away.

Above the dark houses, the churches, the white lights of the street lanterns, the lighted windows, the bonfires, and even above the poor flames that went up occasionally from the fire (although five enormous houses were already burning), above these dark, wretched, black spots of human work and of the bonfires—lay the starry, endless sky with the young crescent and with the comet which Pierre remembered and loved so well. This contrast struck Pierre and his new friend. Poncini sighed and recited a verse from Dante.

(*Translated by C. Nabokoff.*)

THE AGONY OF THE WORLD

By Padraig O Conaire

HAD day dawned?

When I opened my eyes I saw a great white star hanging in the sky over my head, shining with resplendent brightness down on me, through the bare branches of an ash tree. The Milky Way crossed the firmament in a silver stream. A man whose soul was truly conscious could have seen thousands of angels passing over that way.

There was another star, which I did not recognize, on the eastern horizon. It shimmered in such an abandoned way that one would think it was playing heavenly music but that I could not hear the music because of some evil begotten of the earth, in my ears and in my heart.

The bare branches of the ash tree beside me moved. Each herb and flower growing around me moved. Yes, you say, it was the wind among the branches. But I do not believe it. And have I not as good a right to say that it was no earthly power that did it, that it was not the wind that did it, as you have to say the contrary?

The night was dead calm, without the slightest sound, until the music moved among the branches. And if you think it was the music of the wind, may I tell you that I thought, as it were, that a thousand thousands of little tiny men were drawing crinkled silk over the withered grass beside me?

The wind among the branches! Fool begotten of this worldly earth!

Another sound! There was a great chestnut tree by my right hand. A sound was born in its topmost

branches. Some great heavy thing was falling down to the earth, striking against the branches and the twigs that crossed its passage. What? The music among the bare branches ceased. The night was calm, as calm as any night that ever was. There was not a single sound but the sound that was in the topmost branches of the chestnut tree, some great heavy thing falling down to the earth, from branch to branch, slowly, terrible in the stillness of the night.

Terror possessed my heart, lying under the tree in the night. It was no earthly terror. It was terror of a mysterious power that I did not comprehend.

It came falling down, the volume of its sound increasing as it fell, until I thought that angry angels from heaven were hurling a star at me, because I was not true to my own soul. . . .

At last the great heavy thing fell beside me. It fell on a flat rock. That sound in the stillness of the night! And it was only a chestnut, the last nut from the tree, I think.

A bird awakened on a twig. The poor creature shook itself. It hopped to another twig and found another sleeping perch. I did not see the bird, but I know that it happened so, because it twittered twice, once on each twig before sleep again possessed it. There was another bird, a finch of a rare species. It also moved. It spoke sleepily, wearily, after the manner of its kind, just as if it wished to make its sorrow manifest to the insects of the earth and to the birds of the air, because its kind was almost swept away from the land of Ireland. But no heed was paid to its voice, nor to the voice of a blackbird that uttered the first note of its joyous music.

And there were many more birds that awakened and made music, each after the manner of its kind; but I knew not to what tribe of seven score of tribes that each belonged. I only knew that each one awoke,

moved, and gave voice after the manner of its kind. Why did they awake and why did they give voice, since day was still distant?

An ass was tethered beside me, my own black ass. He lay motionless on the earth. He also raised his head and gave voice fiercely and arrogantly. A cow lowed in the distance. A foal neighed. A sheep bleated. I myself was stricken with sorrow and desolation. . . .

And if I could understand it properly, the whole great wondrous world was stricken with desolation. The star that hung in the heavens, the tree shedding its last nut, the bird that awakened and gave voice to its music, the beasts that moaned sorrowfully in the night, they were all stricken with sorrow and desolation. And the great eternal earth itself was also sighing wearily. . . .

And I also moved. I sighed. I gave voice.

"Great God of Glory!" I said.

And then it was made manifest to me that I was in the presence of one of the greatest miracles, that I watched and saw the awakening of the world, not the awakening of dawn, but the awakening that happens some time each night of the year, when each thing that lives on the bosom of the earth sighs and moves. At the same time each night, all life mourns.

And is not that the time that Lucifer was possessed with anger against the great God that created him?

I looked at the hanging star. I looked at the tree that had shed its nut. I looked where the bird sat on its twig.

"Oh! Great God of Glory!" said the star.

"Oh! Great God of Glory!" said the bird.

And then my heart and soul were exalted and I said aloud and fervently:

"Oh! Great God of Glory!"

I fell asleep once more.

(Translated from the Irish by Liam O'Flaherty.)

FALLING LEAVES

By William Beebe

[N]EXT to the dynamic crashing syncopation of a regi[m]ental band, or the subtle, infinitely more emotionally [h]ypnotic beat of a tomtom, comes the thrilling rhythm [h]our after hour, of a double row of paddles tearing and [e]ddying through water in unison, not only the thump [a]nd splash from the dug-outs of tropical savages but [th]e deep-dipped rush and swirl from bark canoes. This [is] the obvious, the much-described, but how many of [u]s have listened for and heard the low, sibilant swish of [th]e blades through the air, as they reach forward for the [n]ext stroke? Until mind and ear are focussed it is [in]audible, but when once caught it outsings more [b]latant sounds of water and voice. The blind spots of [o]ur perceptions conceal many phases of delicate beauty [i]n the things around us, aspects which are dulled by the [o]pacity of familiarity, passed over by the unseeing [a]ctivity of our surface-skimming minds.

The living leaf has been epitaphed, eulogized, sung, [p]raised and similed for centuries, but except for occa[si]onal references to the "sere and yellow leaf," dying, [fa]lling and dead leaves have been left where they lie, [w]ith only the incense of their funeral pyres woven into [th]e haze of Indian Summer.

I have seen an orangutan build a sleeping platform [o]f leaves in less than three minutes, so it is not improba[b]le that the first artificial home our more direct ancestors [k]new was a leafy nest. Leaves at least formed the sole [c]lothing of our early parents, according to Scripture, [a]nd from nursery days we have always known that

falling leaves were a shroud for the babes in the wood. More than this, botanists tell us that the leaf is the foundation of flower and fruit so that it was really only a mass of highly specialized leaves which introduced Newton to gravitation.

But the importance and interest of falling leaves in this world needs no brief from me. I merely want to know them better for my own pleasure, I wish to hear and see and feel them, and so I leave my laboratory after a day of technical work and slip into the jungle, where millions of leaves are falling during my lifetime, and hundreds of millions fell before I was born.

I am sitting at the edge of a tropical swamp and for the moment trying to close my mind and sense to the sounds and sights of birds and insects, and focus on leaves, and especially dead ones. This is no more difficult than it would have been to forget Caruso and the orchestra in order to meditate on the kind of wood of which the chairs were fashioned.

Further than this I am putting out of my mind the letters L E A V E S and thinking of them innominately as a cast multitude of spread-out sheets of green and brown tissue. They are really the jungle, for without them it would be like the bare masts and rigging of a vessel. High overhead beyond the clouds of chlorophyll are other white clouds of moisture, driven swiftly westward by the steady trade-wind. Around me the air is as quiet as in a room, and of just the right temperature to be forgotten, neither too hot nor too cold; a distinct effort being necessary to realize that I am not in some great enclosed chamber, so calm and equable are the surroundings.

It is the dry season and the short daily shower does little to soften the crackle of the fallen leaves. Now and then, near my feet, a leaf draws its edges together, turns a little and rustles gently all by itself as if even in death it dreamed of some pleasant trifle, something

which would please a green leaf, in sunlight, swaying high in air. Then, like a crumpled bit of paper in a waste-basket, it settles lower among its fallen fellows. Here it will wait patiently for the impact of the heavy rains, three or four months hence, to soften its stiff, crinkling tissues, and remould it into incarnations of other leaves to come.

Fallen leaves have a wind song all their own which is to be heard only when listened for consciously. When a fitful breeze is blowing, if the ear is held close to the ground, a low intermittent clatter and shuffling is audible, with occasionally a real rustle as a delicately balanced leaf is blown over. Stand up and the carpet of dead leaves becomes silent, their gentle talk lost in the hubbub of living, moving foliage.

In this quiet, cool swamp I am impressed with the vast number of leaves which have started to fall but have not reached the earth. Some have landed in crotches, or become entangled in masses of vines, others have driven their stems clear through the tissue of living leaves in their downward path and hang dangling. Just above me a living and a dead palmated frond have their leafy fingers intertwined with no chance of release until the death and fall of the second leaf.

As I watched, three leaves fell, each with characteristic motion. The third leaf fluttered and eddied, fighting with all its expanse of plane against the pull of gravitation, and at the very last came to rest on a mattress of fern frond—a respite merely, for the first real gust would send it to the ground. As it touched the fern a butterfly rose, a black heliconia, with a large red spot on each wing. Its flight was astonishingly like that of the descending leaf, a tremulous fluttering just carrying it along, now rising, now descending—a flight wholly deceiving, for these butterflies can thread the mazes of jungle vines all day without tiring. But this butterfly was also like the leaf in its sere and faded

garb. The wings were frayed and torn, the black was a thread-bare brown, the red weathered to faded salmon, the seams of its wings showed plainly. Life was nearly over, yet weak as it was, it would probably die no violent death. The most awkward bird or predatory insect could catch it at will, yet it flew slowly along, unmolested by jacamars and cuckoos, dragon and robber flies. Its conspicuous colours and slow, tantalizing flight, like all else in the jungle, had a reason—it was its own advertisement of inedibility. Soon, however, this Wandering Jew of a butterfly would, like the fluttering leaf, make a last ineffectual struggle against the pull of earth and its wings would lie among the leaves.

Before the butterfly passed from view, I was startled by a sudden, rough rip of sound—and just overhead a macaw put all the harshness of its beak and the blatancy of its colouring into its voice, and almost the leaves around me seemed to rustle. Into a clear space of sky four great, flame-winged birds passed, and with flight direct as arrows, but otherwise exactly like the falling leaf and the butterfly, they vibrated northward.

Without intention, but very happily, I found I had chosen my seat between extremes in leaves. Close along one side lay a fallen leaf which began eight feet behind and extended twenty-three feet in front—thirty-one feet of palm frond. In its fall it had crushed several young mora saplings and many lesser growths. The leaflets, two hundred in number, lay stretched out four to six feet on each side, and the mighty stem was like a length of channel iron, with edges sharp as razors. It was parched and shrunken and had probably hung dead for a long time before it fell. A billion ordinary leaves fall unnoticed in the tropics, while in the north we lump this vast assemblage of happenings under the one word "autumn." But the fall of a palm leaf is an event. Once as I was leaving my station for a trip north, I

noticed that one of the leaves of our sentinel cuyuru palm was drooping and browned. Months later when I returned, it was still hanging, and two weeks afterwards fell in the night with a crash which wakened us all. Dynasties might be dated by the falling of such a leaf, and if I could have been present at the dropping of all the leaves of my palm, whose scars were still so plain, there would be material for an epic. These gigantic fronds, like Charles II., are an intolerable while a-dying; they grow and live their lives much more rapidly than they die and disintegrate. Years from now I could probably find traces of the reinforced cellulose-hardened main stem.

And now my faded and forlorn heliconia butterfly fluttered again toward me, and almost alighted on this paper, but turning at the last moment, it rose a little, and came to rest at my elbow, on a stem lined with small leaflets. Hardly had the insect furled its wings, when it fluttered and took to flight again. The cause delighted me beyond measure—it had been unseated and frightened by the movement of a living leaf! At the impact of its delicate feet, the leaflets of the sensitive plant closed abruptly together and the stem sank. So exquisite was the reaction that the several leaflets beyond the insect were unmoved. A few seconds later while I was still watching, an adjoining twiglet closed every one of its leaflets and dropped 120 degrees upon its parent branch. Nothing had touched it, no breath of air had moved it. I was puzzled. Lifting it very gently, it broke off and fell to the ground, green, fresh, —as far as I could see quite without cause. I picked it up and examined the base and there I found the source of the trouble. A tiny beetle had cut it almost off, and the slight fall of the twig, together with my touch had parted the few remaining fibres. The beetle was very small and must have been labouring for a long time, and it was a mystery why the featherdom tread

of a butterfly's feet had accomplished what the hacking and sawing of the beetle's jaws had not.

In these jungles a falling leaf has a whole scale of sounds, as it runs the descending gamut of collisions. From the top of a tall tree a leaf may take fifteen or twenty seconds to reach the earth, disregarding the very good chance of lodgment, and each touch in its descending—the cannoning off of branches and ripping through thorns, gives forth a different sound, of which our poor ears can distinguish very few, and which our language, spoken or written, is wholly helpless to reproduce. I would like very much to find a word or sound which would bring to mind the fall of a leaf upon leaves. I know it perfectly—the generic timbre—the composite echo etched into my mind by a thousand conscious listenings. But it will not get past my consciousness to my lips, and utterly refuses to descend my arm and pen.

Fallen leaves are of tremendous importance to those of us who do much hunting in the jungle, chiefly on account of their susceptibility to moisture in the air. In the wet season it is possible to creep up to some of the wariest of animals, the thick mass of soft, damp leaves forming an admirable muffler. In the dry season this is hopeless, every step is ascream with crackling, and only when a leaf-rattling breeze is blowing can one pass through the jungle without blatant advertisement. But this is of slight assistance in hunting, for the blowing of the leaves conceals as well the audible whereabouts of the game. When the fallen leaves are dry the only method is to walk to some favourable spot, and there sit and wait for approaching or passing animals to register their footfalls. In estimating the abundance of jungle life I have constantly to check a tendency to underestimate numbers in the wet season. Ameiva lizards appear to be many times as abundant in times of drought, crashing along with the noise of a peccary, yet

they have no season of aestivation, but only of silent progress.

We do not realize the acuteness of hearing of wild animals until we try to stalk them over dry leaves. A giant leaf may crash down from branch to branch and never cause a curassow or deer to start. I have seen a labba feeding in late afternoon under a nut tree when a whole branch with clusters of dead leaves hurtled to earth a few yards away, and the big, spotted rodent merely glanced up, casually munching as it looked. My next step slipped an inch sideways and crumbled a tiny leaf crust, and without a second's investigation the animal gave one terrified squeal and fled headlong.

There are silent and there are boisterous leaves. Some, with finely pinnated foliage, have a pact of silence with the elements, from which wind and rain strive in vain to awaken them. Even when these filigree leaves are dead and cling long to the branches, they give before the blasts, they let the rain drip from their finger tips without a sound. But a single, half-loose cecropia frond can imitate a rainstorm, the roar of a flushed covey of pheasants or a passing troop of monkeys, all by itself. More than this, it will begin uncannily to quiver and shake and rattle wildly about, while every adjacent leaf dangles silently as if painted. Thus does its sensitive balance and crinkled shard betray the wandering little wind-spouts which are born deep in the jungle, and, like their watery cousins, stretch straight upward in a tiny, clean-cut whorl of air.

A book could be written upon burning leaves—how they meet their cremation, how they curl when this new, devastating long-bottled-up sun heat chars their tissues. How they shout and crack in the wind of their own swan-song, and how they look when the heat and roar have passed and the cold ash remains. A month of drought at Kartabo once made the thick mat of bamboo leaves about the compound no small menace. So

we had a great raking and bonfire of the ten million and one elongated slivers of pale brown leaves (Even the colour of dead leaves, like the plumage of hen pheasants, is far more subtle and beautiful than we suspect, for after the former sentence, I have tried to match a dead bamboo leaf colour in Ridgway's colour book and failed utterly. It lies between vinaceous-buff and olive-buff and is of no human-named colour.)

The ashy souls of leaves differ to as great a degree as do their shapes and life-greens. Some are so ethereal that they vanish in a curl of faint blue smoke and leave scarcely a trace of ponderable greyness. The bamboos are far otherwise. There is nothing quiet or sad about their cremation. They snap and crackle joyously in the flames, with more gusto than ever they rattled in the trade winds. And indeed their passing is far less of a radical change than for most leaves. They are so surcharged with silica that the alchemy of glowing heat merely alters their hue to silvery white, and when the furnace of their tissues has cooled, they lie unchanged in shape and outline. A heavy rain or big wind shatters this crystalline ghost of a leaf, and the various salts are washed into the soil, ready for their next great adventure.

Before I lived under bamboos I never realized how friendly fallen leaves could be. Trees with heavy, leaded-stemmed leaves drop them straight to the ground. But bamboo leaves are like zeppelins when they are launched and, with the slightest breeze, float along on even keels, drifting sometimes far into the laboratory. When at tea one day I idly watched a leaf dangling high up from one of the lofty stems, so far away I could not tell whether it was brown or green. A slight gust came and it broke off and, revolving slowly, scaled obliquely down, through the verandah and launched in my tea-cup.

These leaves register very accurately the force of the

wind, and I have seen a thick bed of ashes of burned bamboo leaves studded thickly as a porcupine's skin with the javelins of recent falls, two lots having speared the ashes at different angles. One was almost upright, having landed in a gentle wind the afternoon, the other at an oblique angle, after volplaning on the stronger trades of morning.

Leaves in death still mirror many of the characteristics of their living fellows. In the tropics a host of plants flower once or at most twice a year, but attract insects at all times by setting forth a little bowl of nectar on each leaf stalk. I have observed a small bush with forty-nine leaves and counted nine and forty ants thereon, one guest to each nectar-cup—each having visited, sipped and remained—perhaps by their jealous gourmandizing keeping away other more harmful insects. On fallen leaves the sides of the bowls still seem to contain some sweetness, and to these come other ants (as we used to love to scrape the emptied ice-cream freezer), who gnaw eagerly at the shrivelled cups and the sweet crusts which have fallen from the :able of the jungle.

But the dominant interest of fallen or dead leaves is he part they have played in the evolution of animal life. f every leaf and twig, flower and fruit, branch and runk were to vanish suddenly from the earth, their nemory would remain deeply impressed in form, size, novement, pattern and colour of a host of creatures, hile we should still have even the jungle lights and hadows etched upon fur and feathers. As we go down ie scale in life we find more and more marvels of esemblance, and it would be an easy matter to reconruct an entire plant of animals. I have caught monster alking-stick insects over a foot in length which ere dead wood to the keenest eye. Smaller ies carry the resemblance to an inordinate extreme. ot only do they look like twigs and stems but they *act*

like them, clinging with four feet and dangling the other two out in mid-air, while every now and then the whole insect sways gently, as does a tiny twig moved by a breath.

From day to day in the jungle I add to my animal-plants, I discover giant katy-dids so green and flat, so veined and stemmed, that no passing observer could say, " This is leaf, this insect." Others have spoiled the symmetry and perfection of their sham chlorophyll with simulated holes and apparent tears and spots of fungi, and the droppings of birds. All the diseases, parasites and injuries of leaves have been photographed upon the wings of insects, in unconscious endeavour to escape observation. At this point we come upon inter-actions, complications, subtleties of great delicacy, such as are shown by mantids, or rar' ho'ses as they are called in the southern states. These are camouflaged under chlorophyll colour not for protection but for attack. As the white fox creeps upon the white ptarmigan over the white snow, so here in the tropics, the mantids re-enact a similar, but viridescent drama.

Passing on from growing leaves we find flower bugs and orchid spiders, the latter being forced to conceal their brilliant pigments in the shadow of under-leaf, until some particular blossom appears. Then, with their colours and patterns so exact that they might have been fashioned in the same petal shop the spiders take their place on or near the flowers. Some even eat away the heart of the blossom, substituting their stamen leg and pistil palpi, and with the unharmed nectary still giving forth perfume, these deadly frauds of flowers await the visiting bees.

Caterpillars gnaw out bits of leaf and then fill up the space with their own painted bodies, but butterflies and moths are the veritable reflections of leaves ; they would indeed be naked and blatant to the world were foliage to vanish. Here again not only are colour and pattern

invoked but even the movement in falling. I have had a brown butterfly flutter in short, oblique eddies to my feet, and there alight warelessly and sway from side to side. Dozens of times I have crept up and enmeshed a dead leaf in my net, and as many times have brushed heedlessly by a dead leaf only to have it take wings to itself and fly away.

Two adventures which befell me yesterday had to do with leaves, and touched the extremes of the gamut of an explorer's life—from the danger of death to the glory of new discovery. Every morning a bird had been calling from a certain tree-top—a short, raucous, unpleasant call, but a new one. So ventriloquial was it that it had wholly baffled me. Only by triangulation, the successive focussing from three distant points, could I ever hope to find it. I was creeping slowly on my second lap, lifting my feet high to clear twigs and vines, when something drew my eyes from the tree overhead to the dead leaves below. This has happened to me perhaps a score of times, and I hope will continue in the future—the sudden, inexplicable perception of a poisonous snake on which my foot is about to descend. A large fer-de-lance, more like dead leaves than the leaves themselves, was coiled less than two feet away. On its scales it mirrored the brown dead leaves, the dark fungus spots, the shadows of the curled-up edges, the high lights of the burnished surface sheen. Optically there was no interruption of the floor of dead foliage; actually a horrible death lay twelve inches beneath my upraised foot. The snake was coiled as evenly as a rope on a battle-ship, and in the exact centre lay the arrow head with its unwinking eyes and the flickering tongue. As I withdrew my foot and began to breathe again, I forgot my raucous-voiced bird and sat down to ponder this. I took my strong butterfly net and drew the netting taut across the ring and behind this barrier I slowly approached. Closer and closer I drew until

I could see the slit-like pupil and the green and livid mottling of the iris. When I almost touched the sharp snout with the other side of the mesh, I sniffed carefully and repeatedly, dulling every other sense but that of smell. There came to my nostrils a faint but distinct odour, an unpleasant musk, which, once detected, remained vivid. It was a faint adumbration of that strong, repulsive smell which permeates the cage where one of these reptiles is confined, and I believe that, without invoking any more radically psychic process, my attention is attracted and focused at these times by the faint, unconsciously stimulating odour of the snake on the jungle floor. I cannot otherwise explain my invariable detection at the last minute of creatures who more than any others are of the leaves, leafy.

My second adventure was also a thrilling one, but in a wholly different way. I was walking along a trail after a shower, looking idly at a big, palmated leaf at my very elbow when there suddenly materialized upon it a large lizard. It was one of the most beautiful of all lizards, and fortunately had been named with imagination — *Polychrus marmoratus* — the many-coloured marble one. It was sprawled flat upon the great green expanse, its scales shimmering leaf-green, with enough spots here and there to be a convincing portion of the full-grown, insect-defaced foliage. I leaned toward it and it began slowly to creep away. The long, slender tail was curled and twisted into a lifeless tendril, and the toes dangled half in mid-air like no imaginable piece of any live reptile. Progress was by means of the fore feet alone, one after the other being pushed ahead stealthily, taking hold and dragging the rest of the creature onward. The body, hind legs and tail simply scraped over the leaf.

When it reached the thick brown twig magic began before our eyes—for fortunately I had two companions to share this wonder. As it left the green tissue and

crawled slowly along the twig its course was traceable not only by its position in space but by most exquisitely adjusted and timed pigmental change—at the exact edge of the leaf the green gradually faded and a wave of brown swept down the reptile. Never have I seen a more perfect use of obliterative colour. The whole soul of the lizard on the leaf was concentrated in his half-closed eyes watching my every motion, yet it must have been through the eye alone that the amazingly accurate somatic colour change was dictated and regulated. Here was surely the ultimate example of vegetable imitation, twigs, leaves—both green and brown—tendril swaying movement, all in one organism. Not for anything would I have betrayed the lizard's trust in the magnificent shield which nature had built up about it. We pretended to be completely deceived and left it—an irregular bit of half-greenness on the second leaf, and half-brownness on the twig.

A classic volume will some day be written on the adventures of fallen leaves, for when a leaf has evaded the inroads of insects and fungi, has resisted wind and rain, succumbing finally to the pull of gravitation, there awaits it, in addition to ultimate mold and dessication, a host of possible adventures on the jungle floor.

With all my desire to clothe the fallen leaf with dramatic interest and an abstract vitality, my first and last thoughts are those of sadness. Alien as I am to these tropical jungles, a mere transient injection from the north—the sere and yellow leaf means to me the end of a season, of a year—a very appreciable fraction of lifetime, and even in this evergreen land, this jungle of eternal spring, the dead leaf eddying to earth is a sad and a tragic happening.

AS IT WAS

By H. T.

II.

FRIENDSHIP had now become unconscious love. We wrote to each other every day, concealing nothing of our thoughts and ideas and emotions, and relating all that happened to us in our daily life, and the deeper experiences of our growing consciousness. The writing of my letters and the receiving his were to me the most wonderful experiences I had ever had. I had found the friend of my heart, and my nature, hitherto so repressed, so morbidly self-distrustful, blossomed out. I expressed myself easily and well, and was always brimming over with things to tell him of myself and my reading, and I found my greatest satisfaction in his appreciation and understanding and response. During this absence in Wiltshire, David sent me boxes of wild flowers, and one thrush's egg—the first he had found. I have it still with the inscription I wrote in the lid of the box, " From my dearest friend David Townsend, to be kept always in memory of a happy friendship."

During this time my father's illness got worse and worse, and after an operation on his throat, a few days after David's return, he died. I was alone with my mother the night of his death. We had left him for a little while in the care of the nurse to get a little much-needed sleep, but we simply lay down on the bed in our clothes, expecting to be called at any moment. While we were alone together in the early hours of the morning, my mother using all the advan-

tage of our relation, and of the emotional crisis through which we were passing and which for the while brought us together, asked me to promise to give up David's friendship. She saw plainer than we did to what it was tending, and she disliked David so, and felt jealous of my growing affection for him. In the middle of a terrible discussion the nurse came in to summon us to my father, who was in his last agony, and when we got to his bedside he was dead.

I remember my mother fainting, and my running upstairs to wake my two sisters, and my own feeling of loneliness and despair that I had lost such a dear friend and ally. I remember waiting for the morning to come which would bring David outside the house to wait for news, and my running out to tell him, but I cannot remember how he took it.

After my father's death, life at home became very different. His genial kindness and happiness withdrawn, my mother's harshness became more pronounced. Quite frankly she showed that her daughters were a bother to her. She had to add to her small income by taking in boarders, and these young men—quite decent and nice of their kind—became as her family. The affection and sympathy she might have given her daughters she gave these strangers, and they and she lived in the happiest relations. My friendship with David when it was mentioned was always alluded to with sneers and contempt. The young men took it up, and with my mother's approval did all they could to make it appear ridiculous to me. David never came to the house now, but though my mother had forbidden it she was powerless to prevent my meeting him, and I never hid it from her. We met and walked and talked, and love grew.

There was no definite moment when friendship became love, but a natural merging into love as we became closer friends. At this time we both knew that

the friendship between us was the happiest thing in our lives, but we did not regard the future. We were content with the present. But I remember one evening very well. It was in the spring and nearing David's birthday, March 3rd. We were walking on the Common, very happy, talking of what we had been reading, what doing, what thinking—walking as usual hand in hand. In a space of silence, when thought and emotion went to and fro between us too full even for speech, I felt that wonderful experience of the first stirring of desire, though at this time it seemed half-maternal tenderness for his big, strong body, and his lovely face, and his hand holding mine, which now held his more firmly—mingled with something new and strange that I did not understand. I remember how, with that emotion flooding my being, my heart beat too fast, and my faced burned, and I could have fainted with the pain and the joy of it. For it affected me as later I was affected by the first flutter of my baby in my womb.

When we reached the place for good-night I could not let him go as he had always done before, but put my hands round his head and drew it down to mine and kissed his mouth and looked close into his eyes. And he returned my kiss and my look, and then turned to go. But as I turned to go too he caught me in his arms, and pressed me to him and kissed my mouth and my eyes and my neck : blindly and fiercely he kissed me, and I abandoned myself to him, not responding, but just yielding myself to his kisses. When I was in my bed I could not sleep, but lay trembling half with fear, half with wonder, at what I had awakened in him. I had not known that love could be like that, so fierce, so rough, so greedy.

Quite soon after my father's death my position at home became unbearable, and I left to earn my living as a nursery governess with a family at Margate, called Dodd. I do not remember that this parting

from David seemed terrible to us at all—we were so happy in our love and so sure of the future. I remember that my mother came to see me off, and that she uttered no protest nor showed any surprise when David came too. And so I left home for the first time in my life.

During the time that I was in Margate we wrote to each other every day. My letters were written last thing at night in the only time of my own that I had. My work filled my day. I had four young children to bathe, dress, teach (including piano and violin), take out walks, and mend for ; and in the evening when they were in bed I was expected to play cards with Mr. and Mrs. Dodd on week days, and on Sundays listen patiently while Mr. Dodd read aloud to his long-suffering wife and me Cary's translation of Dante. How I used to long impatiently for ten o'clock to strike, for when the hour came we stopped the game or the reading. They went to bed, and I to my room to read over again the letter I had had in the morning, and to write all that my heart and mind were full of. Long letters they were—poured out of my brimming consciousness. We wrote of our daily lives, our thoughts, the books we were reading, and our emotions. We hid nothing of ourselves from each other, and we now looked forward to a life together, when it would be possible. Marriage did not enter into our plans, but just a passionate desire to be one in body as we were in spirit.

Looking back, it seems to me unbelievable that we were so ignorant of sexual love. But we were very ignorant and very innocent.

I had been at Margate many months, and I was so inexperienced, and I suppose so well, and so happy with my secret, that it never occurred to me to ask for a holiday, and none was ever offered. The servants and the nurse all had their times off, but I never had any. However, one day David wrote to me that he

was coming into Kent to Horsmonden with a friend to fish. He had been working hard for a Civil Service Examination, and this was to be a little rest before the examination actually took place. I remember when I asked Mrs. Dodd for the day, and told her why, she said, as if so surprised to find I had any life more than her children provided for me—"Oh, *I didn't know Phyllis had got a Corydon*." So very early one morning I set off. I had to get up at about five, for the journey was a tiresome cross-country one. The cook, who was very kind to me, had left my breakfast laid in the school-room, and I remember stealing downstairs so as not to wake anyone, and finding to my great joy that the weather promised to be fine. I was wearing mourning for my father, but I hated it and the idea of it. I was too poor to buy a new frock for this great day: so I had made a white blouse to wear with my black coat and skirt, and with a big black hat from which I had taken the black ribbon, putting instead a coloured scarf, I made the best of myself.

I remember the journey only vaguely. What I chiefly remember is the changing smell of the air from the sharp saltiness of the sea to the soft earthy smell of the green country. When at last I got to Horsmonden, David was on the platform, and in a moment we were together. We did not speak or kiss, but when we got into the lane, and I took in a great, deep breath of the delicious air, he said, "O Jenny, love me more than anything you love," and stopped in the lane, took me in his arms, and kissed me, and we leaned tremblingly against each other. And I said, "I only love other things so much because I love you, dear." And then we walked hand-in-hand silently, till we came to the top of a little hill, when he ran down, pulling me with him till we were both out of breath and laughing, and we sat by the roadside among cow parsley and speedwell till we had got our breath again.

I remember every minute of that day—how we talked and talked as we walked, I not noticing where we were going, but deeply conscious of all the beauty, so strange and so especially lovely to me after the sea and the barren country just inland.

We came at last to a mill pond and to a stick planted in the bank. Here David leaned down and pulled up a bottle of lemonade that he had lowered into the cool water, and from under a bush he produced a basket full of sandwiches, eggs, cake and fruit, all wrapped up in cool leaves. Not far from the stream was a little copse, and here in the coolness, within sound of the stream, and on a carpet of dog's mercury, we sat and ate and talked. I was very hungry after my early rising, and as I sat with David's arm round me, and he was stroking my hair, I soon began to feel sleepy, and when he saw that he made fun of me. It was a hot summer day, and even in the shade of the copse it was hot, and so David unfastened the first few buttons of my blouse, to let the air in on my throat, and then with dry leaves he made a place for me to lie, and took off my shoes and stockings. And I lay down in the little place he had made for me, and he sat down by me and kissing my eyes shut told me to go to sleep, and soon I was fast asleep. I do not know how long I slept, but I think not long. I was wakened by feeling his face near to mine, and when he saw my eyes opened he kissed my eyes and my mouth and my throat, and took my head between his hands, and kissed me again and again; and I, putting my arms round him, drew him to my breast, and so we lay in each other's arms, with our hearts beating wildly together. And yet I can remember no desire for more than this; the new rapture of such an embrace contented us utterly. Then we walked through meadows and woods, and through a beautiful park where I first learnt to distinguish trees. I remember the lime trees there and the beech, and it seems strange now that there

was ever a time when I could not recognise the fine textured skin-like bark, and the set of the trunk and branches like human limbs, and the beautiful curve that the leafy branches make, like a hand opened for giving.

For tea we made a fire and boiled a kettle. It was the first time we had had a whole day together; the first time we had eaten out of doors together. Picnics had been very rare treats in my towny childhood, and this seemed to me the height of happiness. My surprise and joy and excitement in it all were as wonderful to David as the whole adventure was to me.

At dusk I went. He saw me off in the train, and that day ended, and we did not see each other again for many months.

During this time David was working for his examination, but very half-heartedly, for he hated the idea of an office life. He had very much wanted to go to Oxford, but the idea was not encouraged by his parents, partly on account of the expense, and partly because his father thought that University life would encourage David in his desire to earn his living by writing, which his father rightly felt would never lead to fortune, while fame never entered his mind as a possibility. My father's influence had, of course, been on the side of a literary career, and so David's work for the higher branch of the Civil Service was very much against the grain. About this time his first book was published. He had during his long walks at all times of the year kept a minute diary of natural events—birds nesting, flowers opening, and descriptions of the sky and clouds and atmosphere, and all sorts of observations made from day to day. This diary he offered, on my father's advice, to a firm which accepted it. I shall never forget my pride and joy when my copy of the book arrived, and how in spite of my shyness in speaking to my employers of my own affairs I rushed up to Mrs. Dodd

to show her the book written by my lover, and dedicated to my father. Mrs. Dodd admired my father's work, and the incident led to my telling her about David, and after that I had an interested and sympathetic friend in her.

Soon after this I left Margate. My mother said she wanted me at home. I did stay at home with her for a little while, but the old antagonism sprang up and I could not endure it for long. I very soon got another post as governess with a Mr. and Mrs. Scott, so that I should not be dependent on her. I lived at home, paying mother for my keep.

She tried again to make me give up David, and forbade me to see him; so he could not come to the house. Each evening David and I met, generally on Wandsworth Common, where afar off I would recognise him by his long swinging stride even though with my short sight I could distinguish nothing else about him. Sometimes on these evenings he would just walk with me as far as my gate, but sometimes we would go to Wimbledon Common. It was on one of these summer evenings we had been talking of Richard Jefferies, and his love for the human body. We had just read his essay "Nature in the Louvre," and his description of the "Venus Accroupi" which he had admired so much. We were sitting in the undergrowth of a little copse in a remote part of the Common. David had said that he had never seen a woman's body. . . .

[Here the writer tells of how she knelt naked before her lover.]

At the last he said, "Jenny, I did not know there was such beauty."

He told me as we walked home that no statue or picture of a nude woman had ever given him a true idea, and that it was a far more beautiful thing than he had thought. For though he loved the Greek statues, it seemed to him that my body was far lovelier. But that

was only because a warm and living thing has beauty which a stone representation of the most perfect body can never have.

We were still very ignorant of sex, and only knew in a vague way through the reading of poetry how the human sexual act was performed. I remember very well with what joy I realized that his head would be on my breast, and I would enfold him in my arms.

After that often when we were in remote places I undressed and lay in the long grass, often beside the infant Wandle, then still an unpolluted stream. I had always from childhood had a love of feeling the air and sun on my body, and now to be able often to have that experience and added to it the joy of my lover's delight, my heart was full indeed. . . . I was half ashamed of his too great admiration, and wishing I was indeed all that he thought I was—wishing that I had perfect sight, wishing that my hair was not so straight, and my nose was straighter, wishing that I could match his intellect and spirit, wishing that I had more to give him, and longing to give him all. But in spite of all that I knew to be imperfect in me I was utterly happy in his love, and hoped that in his heart he created beauty where none was, out of his love for me.

During these stolen hours we sometimes used to go to his home and read aloud, and sometimes we would go into town to the British Museum or the National Gallery, with Ruskin dictating our taste, sometimes, and we finding it for ourselves, too. Sometimes we would haunt Booksellers' Row—that queer little back street that used to lie behind the Strand—and spend a shilling or two on a second-hand copy of some book we wanted, or having saved up would buy a new volume of Ruskin in a good edition, of Shelley or Keats. Often we had no money, and could only turn the books over, and If we saw one we wanted hope that it would be

there next time we came. Sometimes we would walk all the way home along the Embankment and over Battersea Bridge and home through Clapham Junction. Or we would walk to Hampstead and look at Keats' house, and walk on the Heath, where David would be sure to find some unexpected wild flower, or hear a bird he did not think to hear there, or notice some beautiful effect of clouds or of smoke against the blue sky. All of this was a new aspect of life to me. My eye readily caught the beauty of a group of red roofs, and the iron-work of an old entrance gate, or the bend of a street of tall dignified houses, but nature was a sealed book to me, until David taught me to see with new eyes and hear with new ears. And often I used to escape from home in the evening and go for little walks with him, to fields and lanes whose existence so near home I had not dreamed of, and we would talk of life, and books, and love, and nature, and ourselves; and sometimes there was no need for talk—silence satisfied us more.

All this time he was working for his Civil Service Examination, and I was going to and from my work. He was hating more and more the idea of entering the Civil Service, and about this time, greatly to his father's anger, gave up the work and decided to try to earn his living by writing. Some of the literary weeklies were taking his essays, and his book had had a fair sale. His father, naturally enough, hated the precariousness of this way of living; and, after much discussion, it was decided that David should go to Oxford.

My twentieth birthday drew near, and I was to have a whole holiday, which David and I were to spend on our favourite Wimbledon Common. We were to picnic there for lunch and tea, and go home to a birthday dinner in the evening. It was July, and glorious weather. I had made myself a very pretty white frock, embroidered in flame-coloured silk. I wore a shady

hat trimmed with the same colour. It suited me, and I know I looked as pretty as it was possible for me to look. I remember Mr. Scott saying as I went out, "Why, Jenny, you look like a bride going to meet her bridegroom," and I remember blushing and feeling a great wave of passionate joy surging up in me, and I could hardly help laughing back at him, "I am, I am!"

I was to bring the lunch and David the tea, and I bought fruit and sandwiches and biscuits and some of our favourite Gruyère cheese and half a bottle of wine. We met in the horrid, dark tunnel at Clapham Junction station. He was there waiting for me, so tall, so distinguished from other men, dressed, as always, with a sort of carelessness that was not at all untidy, but just easy and individual. He was in his person scrupulously careful, and his large hands, which he used so well in all sorts of work, were always well kept. No lover could have pleased the eye more, no girl have been prouder of her man than I of mine, and the wonder of his loving me never left me. Our hearts were beating so, and our joy so intense, we could not speak, but just in that crowded place pressed each other's hands and walked side by side.

It did not take us long to get to the Common. There in solitude we walked hand in hand, or David with his arm round my waist, and I with my hand over his hand, whose pressure just under my breast made my whole body tender with desire. Our souls, spreading their wings, enfolded us in such dreamlike happiness that nothing disturbed our calm and our utter satisfaction. We talked as we sauntered along of what I would do while he was at Oxford, of our life together when he left, of my longing for children, of his ambitions in literature; and in this talk, as in many others, there was often hinted that deep spiritual unrest, which as yet we did not recognize

—much less realize how it was to overshadow so much of his life and mine. All the beauty of the earth, the grass, the flaming gorse, the lark's song, the high cloudlets, the sweet air laden with the honey smell of gorse, seemed to be a part of our love. We could not speak of it, but as we stood to watch a bumble bee make the gorse flower deliver its secret to him, he, standing a little behind me, with his hands over my breasts, drew me to him, and kissed me where my hair grew soft and curly under my ear. So I leaned smiling up at him, and he solemnly looking down at me, his eyes half closed, his lovely mouth trembling from the kiss. So on, walking with hips moving together, laughing because of my short step and his long one. He picked a little bunch of flowers in the grass—white clover, yellow bed-straw and milkwort—and then remembered he had a birthday present for me. It was a brooch made of gold wire twisted into a Celtic pattern, and when I had put my arms round his neck and kissed him for it, he pinned the flowers into the opening of my dress, which first he opened a little more to kiss the warm soft swell of my breast, and while he kissed me I pressed his head yet further down into the warmth and sweetness there.

So we walked on into the remote part of the Common among the trees, until we came to a beautiful little pool, where moorhens and coots lived in the reeds, and where water-voles dipped out of their holes in the low bank into the water making a sound like cream being stirred. Here we sat and paddled our feet in the water and ate our lunch. We were so quiet that the timid water creatures grew bold and birds skimmed over the water, and a flaming dragonfly darted in the air round and round us, as if weaving round us a web of rainbow colours. As we sat, David read to me some of the old Ballads—*Edom O'Gordon*, and *Chevy Chase*, and *Sir Patrick Spens*—he leaning against a beech tree, and I leaning in the crook of his arm and shoulder, listening

to his deep, clear voice, so quiet, so vibrating, so tender. I was caught up into heaven; all beauty, all love, all content was mine. Life gave me all it had to give. As I lay there in the bend of his arm, in the silence that the splash of the voles, and the song of the lark, and the sound of his voice did not disturb, the beating of his heart under my cheek lulled me to sleep, and my eyes were only opened by his kisses. He kissed my eyes and my funny nose and my mouth and neck and my hands and feet. But I laughed at his serious kisses and pushed him away, and before he knew what I meant to do I had run away and hidden in a thicket of hazel and beech, and crouched down in the dry leaves. I heard his step rustling in the leaves. I waited trembling, half with fear of his finding me, and half afraid I had hidden myself too well. But he came upon me before I knew he was near, and caught me up in his arms and carried me further and further into the little copse. I lay inert in his arms conscious of nothing but his beating heart. Soon he came to a little glade in the copse, leafy and mossy and sunny, and putting me down knelt in front of me and undid my hair, but finding it fall over my face he picked a trail of white bryony and made a filet of it to keep my hair back. . . .

I only remember vaguely that the birthday dinner at home was very jolly and rollicking. My sisters were there, and my youngest sister's sweetheart—a man very much approved of by my mother—and full of fun and well to do and practical and a clever engineer. He was for ever scoring off me in some way, and tried to do the same with David, but he got as good as he gave, for David's wit was quick and penetrating though he was not often moved to show it. We walked back over Wandsworth Common to Clapham Junction, talking happily enough of the books we would buy with the five pounds my mother had given me. I had seen, too,

some old brass candlesticks, and a nice Morland print I had set my heart on buying him for his Oxford rooms. We kissed our good-night kiss on the dark Common, and David gave me to wear for a wedding ring the beautiful old signet ring which he wore—a red stone set in a very delicately designed gold setting. It had belonged to his great-grandfather, a Spanish sea-captain.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Sound in the Dark

THE streets are shining wet with rain,
  And all along the way
Are shimmering lights that make the night
  More living than the day.

The great trees raise their darkened heads
  And live their quiet life,
Where winds are fresh above the earth
  Beyond all human strife.

In stillness there we heard a sound,
  A sound of mystery,
Tremulous notes of a lonely owl
  In a deep, shadowy tree.

Our eyes met when we heard again
  The tender, wailing cry,
Above the striving sounds of men,
  From years that never die.

JOAN ARDEN.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Two Monuments.—I was surprised recently to hear a tumult arise from so queer a cause as an assault on the æsthetic sensibility of the public; even alarmed. Why, the next thing might be the overthrowing of Edith Cavell's Second Martyrdom by the National Gallery, or a public bonfire of Best Sellers, or the cruel hooting of a magnificent speech by a Great Orator. The sales of the Picture Press might sink, the betting editions of all the London evening papers dwindle to the circulation of the "Studio"—but, God knows, this won't bear clear thinking on for ten seconds. Anything might happen. Yet we have always known that that æsthetic sensibility did exist. My own guileless faith is that some day it may even help to break down the industrial system, through the loss in the general of every interest to maintain what is ugly. There may be no common appeal in the *Religio Medici*, or the *Arabia Deserta*, or the *Ninth Symphony*; but the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Pickwick*, and *Don Quixote* are for everybody. All the same, the uproar we heard around Epstein's memorial tablet to W. H. Hudson had an ugly and vicious ring. *Punch* for example—that national institution, which most carefully safeguards the refined taste of Suburbia for the best brands of whisky and cigarettes—*Punch* did not fail to observe that the artist's name was so un-English that it ended in stein. Kamerad! Such an accident of birth may have nothing to do with the quality of a piece of sculpture, but the fact must be brought to the notice of the right golf club-houses, so that good form may be preserved for the caste of plus-fours. Other journals were more direct. They required Epstein to take away his work and bury it. The capacity to judge a work of art was so suddenly developed in Fleet Street among those who had not read *Green Mansions*, and did not know who

Rima was, that one suspected the noise made there was but the cry of dislike and derision raised by the ignorant over any manifestation of what is both remarkable and comely. (Yes; I understand that the noises made by *Punch* and the popular newspapers do not constitute a popular uproar, but merely indicate a desire that their outcries may be popular.) So I went to see Epstein's memorial. To me, it did not appear to call for a fuss either way. It is seemly and modest. It stands very well for a testimony to W. H. Hudson. And it is not, in fact, the subject of this note, but merely leads to it. Because, after leaving Hyde Park, I found another new memorial, just by St. George's Hospital, over which the Press and the critics, so far as I know, have raised no cry of horror. Yet it blasphemes the memory of those who, before they made us safe again, were Heroes. It purports to be to the memory of the men of the Machine Gun Corps. There is a gigantic figure of a naked youth in bronze, an athletic form, holding an immense sword; but an eunuch nevertheless, and no soldier, for the figure has only a fig-leaf. Or perhaps the figure is only of an inhuman monster, reproducing its kind by parthenogenesis. I have met many machine-gunners, but not a man like it. However, it does not represent a man at all, as the inscription on its pedestal plainly shows; which reads: "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." The memorial, we see, is not to the m..., but to the brute which killed most of them. It is dedicate to the machine-gun itself. The inscription might just as well have been in German. The monument is an apotheosis of the most terrible devil of the war. There it is, in central London, near the Royal Residence, and not far from Westminster Abbey; our tribute to Moloch. What the figure represents filled British homes with memorial cards. We celebrate it in bronze, and *Punch* says never a word. The Press has no criticism to offer.

But what criticism could it offer? Who did most of the patriotic work in supplying that monster with its sacrificial victims?—ARNOLD CHEESEMAN.

ON LIFE AND DEATH AND SCIENCE.—The discussion about "control of life," "creative evolution," and "acceptance of life and death" might be assisted by clarifying the meaning of the terms "life" and "death." May an onlooker define them, and add some conclusions deducible from the definitions?

1.—"Life" = (for man) conscious existence in *objective* conditions. "Death" = cesser of that state and (unless you disbelieve in survival) conscious existence in *subjective* conditions. Life and Death are but larger modes of our daily waking and sleeping states, which are overtones (or repetitions in small) of the major process of living and dying, through which we have all passed innumerable times before reaching our present state.

2.—Shakespeare knew this. See his philosophy of the subject in the Duke's great speech in *Measure for Measure* (Act. iii, 1) beginning "Reason thus with life," which amplifies his other phrase that "we must endure our going hence even as our coming hither."

3.—Life and Death are therefore halves (the outside and the inside) of a process within the time-order; both halves being subordinate phases of a state transcending and comprehending them. That higher synthetic state is neither "life" nor "death," but absolute *Being*, of which life and death are the manifestations in the time-order, but which itself is above that order,—outside time-space-causation.

4.—To absolute Being belongs the soul, the permanent Self of us; only the impermanent personality (body and its incidental faculties) belongs to the time-order. The soul itself knows neither life nor death, but only permanent being (of which it has temporarily

lost consciousness but can regain it,—for which purpose we are here). Life and death are rank superstitions and illusions as regards the soul, which always was and always will be; which is static, "going" neither here nor there either in life or death, but remaining stationary and experiencing vicissitudes and alternations of objective and subjective consciousness according to its condition at the moment.

5.—Mere "Life" is *torture* to anyone who has regained and knows real Being. ("Knowing" implies not merely a notional concept of Being, but habitual, if intermittent, experience of it; for, whilst the body adheres to the soul, such knowing is necessarily intermittent and of an in-and-out character.) Hence the truth of the Christian symbol of the Cross; the body, and mere "life" in it, being a crucifixion of the soul.

6.—A wise man dreads the thought of going to heaven as much as the unwise fears that of going to hell. For both heaven and hell are (as Milton and Omar Khayyam truly said) merely mind-states *within the time-order*. The wise man aims to get beyond both. What profits it to be hung up in some "heaven," however agreeable in contrast with the earth-plane, with the prospect of having to come back to resume one's uncompleted work? He therefore aims at complete liberation from the wheel of successive births and deaths and to attain pure Being—the Nirvana beyond both heaven, earth, and hell.

7.—This liberation can only be effected from the earth-plane, where alone objective and subjective conditions co-exist and the *will* is present to effect the deliverance. The *post-mortem* state is subjective only and the will becomes dormant (as in dreams); "the night cometh when no man can *work*" (at liberation).

The philosophy of liberation was fully declared by Buddha and can be best read in Sir E. Arnold's superb translation in Book VIII. of "The Light of Asia."

The Buddhist "Nirvana" and the Christian "Life Eternal" mean the same thing,—attainment of absolute Being, beyond life and death.

8.—In parenthesis, it should be remembered that in the hieratic, technical sense of Scripture "life" and "death" do not bear the same meaning as in modern colloquial speech. "Life," there, = not carnal existence, but ultimate Being, Super-life. "Death," there, means not somatic dissolution and postmortem subjective existence, but *unconsciousness of true Being* (however vividly alive and conscious one may be in other ways); the Easterns call it *A-vidya* (= *non video*); not seeing; unawareness. In this higher sense one must interpret such words as "Ye shall surely die"; "Awake from the dead"; "Raised from the dead"; "O death, where is thy sting?" They relate not to decease of the body, but to the torpor and blindness of the sense-intoxicated soul. "O grave, where is thy sting?" relates not to the cemetery, but to the *body*, which both by Plato and the Hebrew writers is uniformly called the "grave" of the soul.

9.—As to "control of life" by science. The only life science can control (or rather manipulate) is temporal existence-modes; real Being is beyond its sphere and power. But within the existence-modes of the time-order its possibilities of control are unlimited. It may, and probably will, succeed (at its peril) in devising artificial automata, Robots, and monstrosities; it has done so before, witness Faust and the manufacture of the *homunculus*. And Shaw's *Methuselah* fantasy of the protraction of life by will-power is no idle dream (as anyone conversant with magic knows), but a true imagination of something well within the compass of the enormous powers open to highly trained will—which can be perverted equally to the ends of modifying plastic life-forms to its own purpose and extending the duration of physical existence, as it can be directed

to the more profitable aim of transcending that existence altogether and attaining liberation from the time-order to timeless Being.

10.—It follows that the suggestion that "creative evolution" is the gospel for the future is a complete fallacy. Evolution is predicable only of transient physical forms. Real Being is outside evolution, as it is outside time-space-causation, although *in*volved in them. The true gospel therefore is, and can only be, *liberation* of our involved permanent Self from the sphere where alone flux, evolution and the time-order obtain. "My kingdom (real Being) is *not* of this world" and can never *evolve* from it. But it can be separated, detached, liberated from it; and this is the only work of wisdom we can undertake. It is a work too of science, but not of science of the modern kind, which deals only with externals and sensibles. Whoever pursues this higher science and attains consciousness of real Being, passes, while still in the flesh, from a life which *is* death to a state transcending both life and death, heaven and earth. For him (the Vedantists and our own Scriptures say) it is the "end of the world,"—the end of the worldly, time-order, limited consciousness, and the opening up of consciousness in pure Being. He who does this, although the somatic body still clings to him until in its own order it becomes sloughed off, is already beyond mere "life" and its problems and vexations, whilst for him "death" has passed out of his vocabulary. "Life," however painful it may be, he will "accept," not for its own sake but as a sacrificial means of serving the less advanced of his kind and assisting them to the same realisation of Being that he himself knows.

Some old German mystic wrote this tag:—

Weme Zeit ist wie Ewigkeit
Und Ewigkeit wie die Zeit,
Der ist befreyt rom allem Streit.

> He for whom [illegible] time and the Hour
> Are [illegible] no more but blent together,
> Is freed from time and this world's tether.
>
> —W. L. Wilmshurst.

The Last Night.—There is an aspect of theatrical endeavour which is forever hidden from the audience. They, to whom the theatre is at best a procession of surprising, lively phantoms, must occasionally wonder of the hidden springs which feed, and exact from the actor, a continuance of his art. Perhaps they do wonder, and they cannot be harshly blamed for stilling themselves with an answer which is framed on "the glamour of the footlights." O threadbare, time-worn phrase! Specious, empty contribution of self-deception.

It is not that. The earnest sensitive actor will say that, to his knowledge, that is sheer agony, a thrust of the audience which stifles most of his brothers, and all but few of his sisters. The audience does this thing in ignorance, although from the manifold books of reminiscences wherein this hidden substance may be partly glimpsed, there is opportunity enough for remedy. Even the dramatic critic, though his time be devoted, his knowledge more empiric, is yet a spectator, one who leaves when the theatre closes its doors. He, too, is concerned with the life of the actor's entertainment, perhaps with the significance of its birth, but not with the strangeness of its death. With a privileged few of the audience he may be there when the actor is rehearsing, striving, weeping his human tears, or suffering with an inner vision; but he is not there, or are the others, when the actor is collecting his photographs from his dressing-room, or standing alone in the empty theatre, his season finished.

To all those intimately connected with a production—and it is explanatory of that emotion, however unrecognized it may pass, which takes hold of scene-shifters,

limelight operators and property men old in their profession—there comes, after the last curtain, a most strange longing of the heart. It is not a sorrow that it is over, or a wish to go through the production once more. Rather is it a curious death, an exhalation of the breath of a deeply earnest humanity. It may not be in any proportion to the critic's standard of values. It is almost beside the life which the play portrays, something beyond, more profound, whence the play itself draws life. It can see, with a vision grown in exercise, the passage of its smaller self, intensely lived and self-strangled, into a realm of remembrance. Indeed, each incident of each night, with a full anticipation and insistence on its transience, steeps itself in the mind; to remain a pulsing, arresting memory of a thing breathed into life.

That is the dearness, and tenderness of the emotion; that it is an inner seeing, knowing and living. That the actor is content with this constitutes and indures him as an actor. For in his heart he loves this death. It signifies a resurrection. He stands cleansed, richer, fuller in his love, his susceptibilities, his sensitivity. He learns to see each act, each sentence, tinged with his final consummation, and loves the pain it gives him. Although it is perhaps but gently removed from the reveries to be found in an old house, or in an old letter, it is, none the less, a most sincere manifestation of the inner consciousness.—ARNOLD GIBBONS.

ROUND AND ABOUT SINCERITY

By The Journeyman

THE current *Hibbert Journal* contains an article "Concerning God" in which Mr. Horace Thorogood, literary editor of *The Star*, discusses the views on that important subject held by a number of contemporary writers. I do not think that Mr. Thorogood has anything of great consequence to say on the matter; yet his article is interesting. It is a fascinating piece of self-revelation, and as such it has its significance.

Mr. Thorogood is one of those people who do not like to think things *out*. He might be described as "a good sort of man"; he means well: but that, as Samuel Butler shrewdly observed, is about the most damning thing that can be said of anybody, though I daresay it is not a bad qualification for a modern journalist, who is required by the nature of his office to believe in contradictories.

What chiefly interests me in Mr. Thorogood is his ill-concealed distaste for the people who do think things out; it amounts to a positive aversion. He makes a brave attempt to hide it. He is willing to confess, for instance, that Mr. H. M. Tomlinson is one of "our greatest masters of the art of literature." (I too admire Mr. Tomlinson's writing; but I cannot help suspecting that the critic who uses a phrase of such magniloquent emptiness to describe him, does not know very much about his writing or "the art of literature.") However, Mr. Thorogood admires Mr. Tomlinson. But he does not like his attitude to God. He says: "He believes in God because he must have somebody to

[illegible] believe in God [illegible] body to praise and thank for it.

Mr. Thorogood, therefore, is one of those who must have somebody to thank for the state of the world, and when he finds a writer, like Mr. Tomlinson, who does not think the state of the world is such that anyone ought to be thanked for it, he is grieved.

But, instead of setting to and making up his mind for himself whether the state of the world is so lovely that someone must be thanked for it, or so desperate that someone ought to be cursed for it; or whether this is a true dilemma at all, since it may very well be that there is, fortunately, no person to be either thanked or cursed for it,—Mr. Thorogood proceeds to suggest that Mr. Tomlinson could not have come to his adverse conclusion concerning God on his own initiative at all. He was led away by someone: and that someone—really a person this time—is Mr. Thomas Hardy.

I am anxious to track down the processes of Mr. Thorogood's mind. As I say, it interests me. But before I press on in pursuit, I would point out that a number of interesting points are being left behind. You must not take Mr. Thorogood's word for it that Mr. Tomlinson "believes in God because he must have someone to taunt and reproach for the state of the world." Mr. Thorogood has a quotation from Mr. Tomlinson from which he derives that conclusion—but by the process called a *non-sequitur*.

In reality, Mr. Tomlinson's position is quite simply and exactly agnostic. He does not know whether any deity is personally responsible for the state of the world: but he hopes and believes not.

Fundamentally, the belief is very like Mr. Hardy's. Therefore, says Mr. Thorogood, Tomlinson has been influenced by Hardy. That is to say, Mr. Thorogood cannot conceive that two independent,

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taunt and reproach for the state of the world; the others believe in God because they must have somebody to praise and thank for it."

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honest, and powerful minds should come to the same conclusion concerning the state of the world, and decide that it is such that no *personal* God could be responsible for it. And it is rather difficult to conceive this, I suppose, if you feel that things in general are so magnificently ordered that you must find someone to praise for it.

Since this is the case with Mr. Thorogood—is it not a happy name for the lineal descendant of that English branch of the noble family of Pangloss, whose most famous representative believed that "all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds"?—I cannot help wondering still more whether he does really admire Mr. Tomlinson's writing. Mr. Tomlinson's writing without Mr. Tomlinson's attitude is a distinctly hypothetical entity. Still more do I wonder whether the following words concerning Mr. Hardy are sincere.

> Personally, though I delight in Hardy's art as a novelist and as the poet of *The Dynasts*, I have a hearty dislike for his miserable and querulous philosophy. It escapes in all its bitterness in his poems. The subject of a Hardy poem is nearly always some ugliness of death or failure. What service to truth or art does Hardy do by this Mrs. Gummidge business? None to truth . . .

Can that be sincere? Impossible. Because anyone who really "delighted, &c.," would know that a separation between *The Dynasts* and the rest of Hardy's poems, or between his poems and his novels cannot be made. Whatever you may think of Hardy, he is *totus, teres atque rotundus*: all of a piece. So Mr. Thorogood is caught at a game which I think must be second nature to him—"delighting in" and "heartily disliking" the same thing at the same time. In other words, Mr. Thorogood is a Laodicean: he blows hot and cold with the same breath.

I should say—to pursue my dispassionate inquiry—that he is a professional Laodicean. For it is pretty

easy to see which breath comes from him with more conviction. No one who really admired Hardy would talk of his philosophy as "this Mrs. Gummidge business." A genuine admiration imposes restraints. There are, no doubt, many people who do not agree with Hardy's philosophy; but I have never met a man whose opinion in these matters was worth a rap who did not respect it. You cannot help respecting it; for, *if* you have taken the trouble to understand it, you know that it is a philosophy that can only be answered by an immediate and unshakable religious experience. On its own plane Hardy's indictment of the scheme of things is unanswerable. And I pity any man who has lived through the events of the last dozen years and has not felt that Hardy's philosophy was profoundly true—more than true—the only truth that was being spoken in our day.

No, I do not pity such a man: I have a contempt for him. I have a contempt for wish-wash. And behind all Mr. Thorogood's decorous indignations, I feel the wish-washy mind. He rejects Mr. Hardy's vision of the world in the name of religion. It is a dangerous thing to do. John Henry Newman knew something about the reality of religion: his view of human life was far darker than Hardy's. That one fact, if Mr. Thorogood had but known it, might have made him suspect that Hardy's might be, through and through, in the height and in the depth, a religious attitude. But Mr. Thorogood does not know very much; he does not think very much; and he does not feel very much.

Before I give the very simple explanation why Hardy's is a religious attitude, I will inquire a little further into Mr. Thorogood's mind. What is this religion of his in the name of which he is scornful of Hardy's attitude? Is it Christianity? Not at all. Mr. Thorogood has the candour to confess that "the conception of Jesus as divine, immortal, still with us,

and still at the right hand of God . . . staggers his own powers of belief." An honest man i' faith. But wait a moment. On the next page: "Religion without a divine Jesus seems to me not much preferable to the dry and barren doctrine of the rationalists." Hot and cold again? Or can it be candour, and Mr. Thoroughgood is talking of his own religion? Not a bit of it. Simply hot and cold again. Jesus is not divine; yet if Jesus is not divine, my religion is dry and barren. What then? "Shadows are often more beautiful than realities."

Murder will out. If that is Mr. Thorogood's religion, I wish him joy of it. I call it a mush. Jesus was divine, or he was not. If you cannot believe the former, then be honest and face the fact of his death and the manner of it. Oh, but that is very painful. By God, it is. And this gentleman, who will look nothing in the face, has the assurance to describe Hardy's philosophy as "this Mrs. Gummidge business"! Hardy got his philosophy by looking things in the face. "Shadows are often more beautiful than realities." By God, they are. But it is a *man's* business to look at the realities.

I do not know what lovely shadows Mr. Thorogood comforted himself by contemplating during the European War. I do know that the newspapers with which he is associated had the honour to dismiss Mr. Tomlinson because he insisted on revealing something of the reality of that war. But what I want to rub Mr. Thorogood's nose in is this: that what makes a Hardy and a Tomlinson look at realities instead of shadows is not "querulous pessimism," but love for their fellow-men. Love, love, and love again. They love truth; they love their fellow-men; and they love truth because they love their fellow-men.

> None can usurp this height (return'd that shade)
> But those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery and will not let them rest.

When Mr. Thorogood has managed to love his fellow-creatures one thousandth part as well as either of those whom he condemns for "querulous pessimism"—then, and not till then, will I listen to him as a critic of their religion. For religion can only be judged by religion, truth by truth, and love by love.

Finally, I would recommend to Mr. Thorogood's earnest study, if he would save his soul alive, these gentle words of Hardy himself:

> That these impressions have been condemned as "pessimistic"—as if that were a very wicked adjective—shows a curious muddle-mindedness. It must be obvious that there is a higher characteristic of philosophy than pessimism, or than meliorism, or even than the optimism of these critics—which is truth. Existence is either ordered in a certain way or it is not so ordered, and conjectures which harmonize best with experience are removed above all comparison with other conjectures which do not so harmonise. So that to say one view is worse than other views without proving it erroneous implies the possibility of a false view being better or more expedient than a true view; and no pragmatic proppings can make that *idolum specus* stand on its feet, for it postulates a prescience denied to humanity.

BOOKS TO READ

The Life and Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. By Lewis Melville. Illustrated. (Hutchinson.) 18s. net.

We think Mr. Melville ranks Lady Mary rather too high as a letter writer. She has nothing of the quality of a Sévigné, a Dorothy Osborne, a Chesterfield, or a Keats; and placing her in the second order beside La Fayette, Cowper, or even Fitzgerald, you find her inferior as literature, though more important to social history. She holds, of course, a position of far greater significance in medical history, as the introducer of vaccination ("ingrafting") from the East. Mr. Melville is a very practised, but not a consummate biographer: his *arrangement* is not perfect. The book, naturally, is mainly correspondence; though it was not of course practicable to embody all the extant letters. It is, necessarily, of great interest; though it lacks both glamour and profundity. Mr. Melville gives a curious dark impression of society under the early Hanoverians. His estimate of Lady Mary's character is rather indeterminate; what strikes us chiefly is a progressive moral deterioration in "Sappho" and her dull husband, who both seemed to *start* promisingly. (Their love-story was dealt with by Mr. Stevenson at length in the July Adelphi.) Mr. Melville brings out well Lady Mary's foreign experiences and her literary connections; but he *disconcerts* (p. 196) with an incredible perversion of two lines from the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

Parnell. By St. John Ervine. (Benn.) 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Ervine, as one would expect, makes his theme interesting; his admirable style, his stimulating blend of sympathy and malice, enliven a depressing passage in our political annals. Charles Stewart Parnell was one of the heroic type, with its more than ordinary human weaknesses: but it is curious that his personal magnetism, which dominated one people and astonished another, remains quite inexplicable and seems beyond biography's power to convey. Mr. Ervine's estimate of the Celtic temperament is very penetrating; especially as to its emotional unfitness for leadership, the moral of which is that Southern Ireland can unite, but only under an alien dictator. It is almost impossible to shake off political bias in one's judgment of Parnell; but even those who stoutly maintain that "Ireland never had a grievance" will own that "here was a *man*" and acknowledge the tragedy and political disaster of his early taking-off. Mr. Ervine's sparkle never betrays *him* into actual superficiality; still, the book is not *out of* place in a series edited by Mr. Guedalla.

Jesus: By an Eye-Witness. By H. D. A. Major. (John Murray.) 3s. 6d. net.

This valuable little book is not, as the title may suggest, a narrative of the "unknown disciple' sort. If Dr. Major desired a striking title for this excellent exposition of the essential historicity of Mark's Gospel he would have done better to choose "Peter's Reminiscences of Jesus." More and more, we believe, as time goes on will it be recognised that Mark has given the world something beyond price, a *fundamentally faithful record* of the life of Jesus from his baptism to his death. If we accept, as we must, the origin of Mark's material in Peter's recollections, then we gradually conceive an immense admiration for the passionate honesty of the old disciple, who told a world which he might easily have deceived of his own lack of understanding and his cowardice. On the rock of Peter's honesty all historical scepticism finally is broken; and on that rock one day, perhaps, a new Christianity will be built. Dr. Major's little book is a real contribution to this future. On one occasion (p. 27) he shows a strange lapse of understanding in the choice of an adjective.

Factors in American History. By A. F. Pollard. (Cambridge University Press.) 8s. 6d.

This, the fourth series of lectures delivered on the Sir George Watson Foundation differs remarkably in *manner* from its American predecessors! It is Liberal in tone, and conduces to that all-important "better understanding" between England and the States. Professor Pollard is the archetype of a certain historical method. He has great learning and power of synthesis; and many of his *aperçus* are sound and illuminating. It is rather difficult to track him to any conclusions, and we fear many students may find the lectures a little dull. He surveys the evolution of America from the viewpoint of legal and constitutional history and theory; and in these respects the book is remarkably "full."

THE CIVILE CONVERSATION OF M. STEEVEN GUAZZO. Tr. by George Pettie. (Fourth Book by Barth. Young.) Introduction by Sir Edward Sullivan. Two vols. (Constable.) 45s. net.

We welcome the handsome "Tudor Translations" reprint of this dialogue. Both Guazzo and Pettie were very interesting men. Courtesy books, of which Castiglione's *Courtier* is the best-known, were naturally translated and read eagerly by a generation anxious to acquire the elegance of Renaissance Italy. The present work, when translated from the French (probably Chappuy's version), with emendations from the original Italian, had a great vogue, as it is the most homely of the Courtesy books and comes nearest to the aspirant middle-classes. Pettie's style was very good and un-Euphemistic: if not all his editor claims. Sir George gives us 54 pages of "parellel passages" to show that Shakespeare borrowed from Pettie: it is almost certain he had read Pettie, but after an honest examination of the arguments we cannot see that anything further is proved.

PAUL OF TARSUS. By T. R. Glover. (Student Christian Movement.) 9s. net.

On the whole this is an extremely good book; far more profound than the same author's study of Jesus, which suffered from the serious internal weakness that Mr. Glover either had not made up his mind, or had not the courage to express his mind, concerning Jesus' humanity. In dealing with Paul he has no such indecision; and he therefore succeeds in rendering—as he did not with the Master—the *exciting* quality of the man and his thought. Having done that, we are inclined to say, Mr. Glover has done everything. We can only hope his book will lead many back to the study of the greatest of all Christians.

LIFE IN MEDIÆVAL FRANCE. By Joan Evans. (Oxford University Press.) 15s. net.

The reconstruction of everyday life in past ages is a necessary historical function: events cannot be understood unless their background can be visualized. This book provides, fairly thoroughly, that background for Mediæval France. The persistence of the Imperial idea and the growth of nationalism are ably treated. The chapters on Education and on the break-up of the "Mediæval System" are instructive. The illustrations are numerous and well-chosen.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF CANNING. By Harold Temperley. (Bell.) 25s. net.

In this massive, richly documented, ably written and scholarly work Mr. Temperley traces the career of "the Philosophic Tory," in succession to Professor Webster's recent book on Castlereagh. It supplements his own biography of twenty years ago, treating one whom he has always reverenced as our greatest Foreign Minister from the angle of diplomatic history—which opens wider issues. His estimate of European politics after the death of Napoleon is masterly. When the control of affairs passed from the triple grasp of Alexander, Metternich, and Castlereagh there succeeded the dangerous "Neo-Holy Alliance," which, together with the Spanish dissensions and the complications with America, imposed a severe test upon English diplomacy. Canning's achievement, from 1822 to his final triumph in the London Treaty of '27, makes an impressive story. Unlike Castlereagh, he has always been appreciated, but Mr. Temperley gives an added tribute to both. History now has a clear view of the enduring "party"-transcending quality of each.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND THE SEVEN YEARS WAR. By the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C. (Hutchinson.) 21s. net.

This is a sequel to Mr. Charteris's earlier book which treated Cumberland's life as far as the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is an act of justice rather than a deeply interesting story. Even for one of the best charted periods of history, the author's documentation is commendably full and comprehensive. The "Bloody Butcher" of Culloden emerges as an unfortunate, rather stupid but dignified, courageous and loyal man; who carried through a difficult campaign against Saxe more creditably than has ever been acknowledged. His attitude to political and social questions was always prompted by a patriotic sense of service; physical courage was not the only military tradition of England which he embodied to a degree. An uninspiring figure, indeed; but far from a repellent or contemptible one. An entertaining section of the book deals with him as one of the great pioneers of the Turf.

The History of Mathematics in Europe. By J. W. N. Sullivan. (Oxford University Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

This excellent little "World's Manual" summarises the history of mathematics from the fall of Greek science (the point reached by Herr J. L. Heiberg in a previous manual on Science in Classical Antiquity) to the rise of the conception of mathematical rigour. We hesitate, however, to recommend it as likely to be intelligible to "the great body of general readers" for whom the series purports to provide. Mr. Sullivan—who is probably our most able exponent of science in its humanistic aspects—holds the view, extremely interesting and comparatively modern, that mathematics is an art rather than a science; that it contains, in short, not the secret of the Universe as Pythagoras believed, but the music of the spheres.

The Shakespeare Canon: Part V. By J. M. Robertson. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d.

In this, the fourth volume he has devoted to the Canon, Mr. Robertson combats with some asperity the "acceptance" of Shakespeare, by Dr. E. K. Chambers in particular. His examinations are of great interest; he is an extremely able and careful scholar, and we disagree with those who, chiefly by reason of his sometimes awkward and cumbersome style, deny him æsthetic perception—though here his devastating judgment on "The Phœnix and the Turtle," which he ascribes to Chapman, provokes some demur. He argues convincingly that "All's Well" and "Romeo and Juliet" are built upon pre-Shakespearian plays, and that both, the former especially, were only revised by Shakespeare. He regards Peele, Greene, and Chapman as leading contributors: he is an expert on all these men, and shows a keen perception of the characteristics that distinguish their work. It is not possible here to go into the wider question of Mr. Robertson *versus* the "acceptance" of the Folio; and though he seems to us to carry a good many of his opponents' positions, especially their theory that Shakespeare was a habitual imitator of the popular playwrights; every student should read Mr. Robertson *and* his opponents with an unprejudiced mind. We should like to know exactly what Mr. Robertson means when he says "criticism"; and why his own method is to be regarded as uniquely scientific.

The Hogarth Essays. Contemporary Techniques of Poetry. By Robert Graves. 3s. 6d. net. **The Character of John Dryden.** By A. Lubbock. 2s. 6d. net. **Histriophone.** By B. Dobrée. (Hogarth Press.)

Mr. Graves is very superficial and his "Political Analogy" is both clumsy and prejudiced. Mr. Lubbock on Dryden is good, if not profoundly original or final. Mr. Dobreé's survey of the question of dramatic diction (itself cast as a dialogue between *Heltubada* and *Bentúas*) is expert, suggestive and entertaining

Contemporary French Literature. By René Lalou. Translated by W. A. Bradley. (Cape.) 18s. net.

M. Lalou's book meets a demand; but it is not fully satisfactory. It makes heavy and difficult reading, partly because the translation is involved and ponderous. The author's method is to map out and trace separately the chief movements since 1871; he will deal with the same author twice under different aspects. He has critical ability, but he does not maintain a definite level. He is rather given to working-out cut-and-dried theories too arbitrarily. Gratitude is due for much information and for an honest attempt to impose a unity: but a broader conception of literary history and a more subtle taste are needed to make the book a triumph.

Between the Old World and the New. By M. P. Willcocks. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

A very unusual book of essays on nineteenth-century writers. Miss Willcocks believes, in common with many of her heroes, that a fundamental change in the human consciousness is necessary and possible, and she traces the emergence of this conviction in a series of studies of the great masters of the last century. A fine sensitiveness, a rare power of imaginative comprehension, the ability to read the spirit through the letter, distinguishes this book completely from that "starve-crow criticism" of which The Journeyman lately complained.

"TOLSTOY ON ART" AND ITS CRITICS. By Aylmer Maude. (Oxford University Press.) 6d. net.

Mr. Maude believes that the vast majority of reviewers of *What is Art?* do not understand the book; we believe that Mr. Maude is right, and also that Tolstoy's view of what is art is worth understanding. As Mr. Bernard Shaw said in a review written in 1898, which is the *clou* of this pamphlet, "Tolstoy's main point is the establishment of his definition of art. It is, he says, 'an activity by means of which one man, having experienced a feeling, intentionally transmits it to others.' This is the simple truth: the moment it is uttered, whoever is really conversant with art recognizes in it the voice of a master." After reading Mr. Maude's depressing collection of cocksure blunders and stupid misconceptions, we are forced to the conclusion that it needs someone out of the *ordinary* to recognize the voice of a master.

THAMYRIS. By R. C. Trevelyan. (Kegan Paul.) 2s. 6d. net.

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THE HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS IN EUROPE. By J. W. N. Sullivan. (Oxford University Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

This excellent little "World's Manual" summarises the history of mathematics from the fall of Greek science (the point reached by Herr J. L. Heiberg in a previous manual on Science in Classical Antiquity) to the rise of the conception of mathematical rigour. We hesitate, however, to recommend it as likely to be intelligible to "the great body of general readers" for whom the series purports to provide. Mr. Sullivan—who is probably our most able exponent of science in its humanistic aspects—holds the view, extremely interesting and comparatively modern, that mathematics is an art rather than a science; that it contains, in short, not the secret of the Universe as Pythagoras believed, but the music of the spheres.

THE SHAKESPEARE CANON: Part V. By J. M. Robertson. (Routledge.) 12s. 6d.

In this, the fourth volume he has devoted to the Canon, Mr. Robertson combats with some asperity the "acceptance" of Shakespeare, by Dr. E. K. Chambers in particular. His examinations are of great interest; he is an extremely able and careful scholar, and we disagree with those who, chiefly by reason of his sometimes awkward and cumbersome style, deny him æsthetic perception—though here his devastating judgment on "The Phœnix and the Turtle," which he ascribes to Chapman, provokes some demur. He argues convincingly that "All's Well" and "Romeo and Juliet" are built upon pre-Shakespearian plays, and that both, the former especially, were only revised by Shakespeare. He regards Peele, Greene, and Chapman as leading contributors: he is an expert on all these men, and shows a keen perception of the characteristics that distinguish their work. It is not possible here to go into the wider question of Mr. Robertson *versus* the "acceptance" of the Folio; and though he seems to us to carry a good many of his opponents' positions, especially their theory that Shakespeare was a habitual imitator of the popular playwrights; every student should read Mr. Robertson *and* his opponents with an unprejudiced mind. We should like to know exactly what Mr. Robertson means when he says "criticism"; and why his own method is to be regarded as uniquely scientific.

THE HOGARTH ESSAYS. CONTEMPORARY TECHNIQUES OF POETRY. By Robert Graves. 3s. 6d. net. THE CHARACTER OF JOHN DRYDEN. By A. Lubbock. 2s. 6d. net. HISTRIOPHONE. By B. Dobrée. (Hogarth Press.)

Mr. Graves is very superficial and his "Political Analogy" is both clumsy and prejudiced. Mr. Lubbock on Dryden is good, if not profoundly original or final. Mr. Dobreé's survey of the question of dramatic diction (itself cast as a dialogue between *Heltubada* and *Bentúas*) is expert, suggestive and entertaining

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE. By René Lalou. Translated by W. A. Bradley. (Cape.) 18s. net.

M. Lalou's book meets a demand; but it is not fully satisfactory. It makes heavy and difficult reading, partly because the translation is involved and ponderous. The author's method is to map out and trace separately the chief movements since 1871; he will deal with the same author twice under different aspects. He has critical ability, but he does not maintain a definite level. He is rather given to working-out cut-and-dried theories too arbitrarily. Gratitude is due for much information and for an honest attempt to impose a unity: but a broader conception of literary history and a more subtle taste are needed to make the book a triumph.

BETWEEN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. By M. P. Willcocks. (Allen & Unwin.) 12s. 6d. net.

A very unusual book of essays on nineteenth-century writers. Miss Willcocks believes, in common with many of her heroes, that a fundamental change in the human consciousness is necessary and possible, and she traces the emergence of this conviction in a series of studies of the great masters of the last century. A fine sensitiveness, a rare power of imaginative comprehension, the ability to read the spirit through the letter, distinguishes this book completely from that "starve-crow criticism" of which The Journeyman lately complained.

"TOLSTOY ON ART" AND ITS CRITICS. By Aylmer Maude. (Oxford University Press.) 6d. net.

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Barren Ground. By Ellen Glasgow. (Murray.) 7s. 6d. net.

A sombre, too unrelieved, yet real and cogent story of the struggle of human weakness against the bleak land of Virginia. The painful life of the heroine, who passes from childishness to premature resignation without experiencing youth, elicits uncomfortable yet undeniable sympathy; and one slowly realizes, with a strange mingling of awe and revulsion, the power of the "ground" itself—the only permanency amid the terror of mutable things.

The Low Road. By Isabella Holt. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Holt's novel starts rather well but deteriorates appreciably. She has thoughtfulness and some dramatic skill; but a kind of over-facility, especially in wit that is often second-rate to the verge of "cheapness," lessens the interest which she does at first arouse in the three daughters of a genteel American family that has fallen upon misfortune. The belauded heroine, pseudo-brilliant, frank and unconventional, becomes tedious: and the one or two minor characters such as Miss Harriet who evoke interest and sympathy suffer from their author's facetiousness.

Mary Glenn. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Constable.) 6s. net.

In Lebanon, a Transvaal village, and against the lowering background of the Veldt, Mrs. Millin has staged the characters and interactions of half-a-dozen everyday people with subtlety and restraint. Within the modest limits of her scope she conveys a delicate quality of spiritual penetration in an unobtrusive and satisfying style. Mary, the helpless victim of innate snobbery and emotional inhibitions, is *alive*, amid living people, through sordid comedy to revealing tragedy.

The Tale of Genji. By Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. (Allen & Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.

This is the first volume of a novel written at the Japanese Court in the eleventh century. We wish Mr. Waley had not postponed telling us about the authoress and her Diary; though his motive is justifiable. The story, admirably translated, is surprisingly unexotic, and sometimes almost modern in its psychological precision. We are afraid that as yet we see little promise of its becoming "one of the greatest long novels in existence," as the cover claims: but it is of extraordinary interest as revealing the advanced culture and refinement of this remote civilization. Amusingly enough, the most damning epithet in use seems to have been—"Chineseified"!

Up Hill, Down Dale. By Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

It is always a relief to turn to Mr. Phillpotts; but in these stories, though often grim and tragic enough, he is never *serious*. A sameness and over-facility suggest that he is meeting the magazine-public. His rustics are genuine, humorous, and attractive as ever: but the lofty detachment, the epic finality of the chief Devon novels is lost in these sixteen tales; of which only one, "Hey, Diddle-diddle," is a real triumph, and that in comedy. The situations are often *forced;* and the death-rate from grisly accidents among Mr. Phillpotts's characters is simply prodigious.

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FROM MAN TO GOD

By John Middleton Murry

LET me press on. I must say my small say quickly, or it will never be done.

I have said that the life of Jesus enables us to believe in man. Since he veritably was, we can believe in, and we can work for, the creation of a new man. It is the only thing in which we can believe.

"That is impossible. What of the War?"

The war proved one thing, and one alone; but proved it finally. The old man, the present man, is doomed to disaster. Somehow man must be changed. We have a breathing space; for ten, for twenty years this blasphemy of humanity which is modern war may be spared us. We have a breathing space. We can use it.

Somehow man must be changed. To change man: that is the problem.

"It cannot be done. Man is not; he is millions of men and women."

No, we cannot change millions of men: perhaps we shall need millions of years for that. But to change millions is not required. One man, who was changed nineteen hundred years ago, wrought wonders. Is it not a wonder even to think that if one man in a thousand of those who professed to follow him had taken but one

step on his road, the war could not have been? Think therefore not of changing millions, but of changing ones, and those ones—ourselves.

"Oh, but it was not we who were responsible for the war."

By God, was it not? Who, in very deed, but we? We, the clever ones, we, the thinking ones. Not the politicians, not the priests. We knew them for what they were. Can *we* blame the Church, when we had left her? Can *we* blame the politicians, when we despised them? Were we prepared to do what we knew they would not do—to cry aloud that this thing was a blasphemy, and *take the consequences*? I pity the man among us, the clever ones, the thinking ones, who has not known, in his hour, that he, and *he alone*, bore the guilt of the war. It is we, who have had that knowledge, or a glimmering of it, who must be changed. We who have wrung our hands over the mud and blood of the muckheap of the world, and have had a sudden sight that it is we, and we alone, who were the muckheap—we who knew and felt, and did not act. There is no one for us to blame, but ourselves. *Nostra culpa, nostra maxima culpa.*

Think therefore of changing ones, and those ones, ourselves.

I have thought of it now, it seems, for years: I have thought of little else. How can one man be changed?

I can see but one way to do it: to take the life of Jesus as the reality it was.

First of all, then, to *believe* that his life was a reality.

Well, we cannot do that unless we have a sense of its reality. Without that we shall not even be interested. I take the sense of its reality for granted. From that sense we must work, loyally, according to the conditions of a grown mind. We must ruthlessly reject from his story all that makes him incredible to a grown mind. There must be no compromise. Some

will say we are thereby rejecting all that makes him "divine." Let it be : we do not care. The "divine" that is incredible to a modern mind is for that mind an inoperative divine. All that we cannot honestly accept as true of a living man must go. Something happened, something of infinite import to humanity, it happened in one way, and one alone. The Jesus we can believe in must be a historical Jesus. It is no use saying, as one sincere correspondent has written to me, that a Jesus without a resurrection is inoperative for men. For heaven's sake let us not be pragmatical! If we are to judge by results, where are we? Has a Jesus with a resurrection been so greatly operative among men? Let us think again of the war : and begin by believing only what we can *believe*.

A historical Jesus, then. But what do we mean by that? Only a little of his earthly course can be recovered from the darkness. Let us recover all we can, working like men of science. It is our duty : we desire to recapture a *fact*. But the fact of Jesus cannot be recreated on a chart. Where he went is little known; what he did, but little more; what he was—let us wait for this.

But of what he did, one thing is certain : he died, and deliberately died, for his belief. We are ruthless with the story, rejecting miracle, pious legend, everything in which we cannot believe. One fact remains. Do what we will to the story as we have it, there is a moment when his face is set to go to Jerusalem—to proclaim the new truth, and to die proclaiming it. He went—no one understood why he was going; he died—no one understood why he died. The historical criticism which would destroy that part of the story is negligible. He deliberately died for his belief, and died for mankind. I have tried to shake that certainty : I have played the devil's advocate against my own exceeding desire, knowing that I cannot afford to build

upon a lie, however dear. I am getting on in years. I was once young: the war put an end to that. Whatever I find to live by, there must be no lie in it. The death, the decision and the purpose of the death of Jesus stand firm. It *was* so.

Also gut. Here was a *man.* He found it in himself to do what no man, as far as we know, had ever done before; what no man could ever do again. He died lonely, utterly forsaken, by his followers, by his God. That could never be again. The Christian martyrs died: they had him with them. The non-Christian martyr has died: he, no less, if he died lonely for humanity, has had Jesus with him. They were not *alone.* Jesus was.

Also gut. Here was *the man.* This is no lie. That despairing cry of his was never invented. I know not the mind among all the early Christians from Paul or "John" to Augustine who could have invented that: who would have *dared* to invent it—not that extreme of human suffering. If I am told the words come from a Psalm, I shake my head. The words of extreme agony are ever the same. "And thou, Brutus!" was not spoken once alone in the world's history. Nor was *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.* But once alone by a man who deliberately died for humanity. Against all my devil doubts, that cry vindicates the reality of Jesus' death. It *was* so.

Here was *the* man. We must look again. Much, infinitely much, depends on this. What was he? Did he die for a dream? If he did die for a dream—may be we also are dreamers, too, and have to die for ours—to make our dreams come true. If he did not die for a dream, what then . . . . what then?

Here was *the* man. What was he?

A man who loved all things and all men, who believed that God was the Father of all men, who knew himself the Son of God, who called himself the

Son of Man, who deliberately risked, and endured, a death in agony, in order to proclaim to men that the God of his belief verily existed, and who was forsaken by his God at the last. Those are the *facts*, strange facts, simple facts. What can we make of them? Somehow they hang together : mysteriously they fit.

Let us begin therefore at the beginning—his love. Perhaps we shall find the way into the heart of it.

Love—it is a hard thing. Hard to achieve, hard to understand. But his love loved *everything*. And loved everything *naturally*. That seems to me, as an adult man, the prime reality of the historical Jesus. To make anything of it we need to know a little about love —to have loved, something or somebody. It is no use *trying* to love people or things. You either love them, or you don't. Sometimes a condition of not-loving passes into a condition of loving—miracle of miracles! —but your effort had not much to do with it. It happened. Suddenly you saw that such a person or such a thing was *to-be-loved*. That he in himself, it in itself, compelled love from you. That is the cardinal fact of love.

That Jesus loved everything means, above all else, that to him everything was to-be-loved. He loved, not by a tense effort of will, nor in a sentimental swoon, but as a man who saw the divine—yes, the divine—particularity of men and things. "Behold the lilies of the field : they toil not, neither do they spin ; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." There is the secret of the love which is in all great art, without which all art is lifeless and worthless, so spoken that a child may understand. As with things so with men and women. The man who called James and John the "Sons of Thunder" was laughing at them, for the naïve children they were. But laughing with love ; seeing them as precious and absurd, as they were indeed, clamouring that he should call down fire and

brimstone on a village that would not receive them, clamouring that one should sit on his right hand and the other on his left in the kingdom. James and John, "Sons of Thunder": let us muse upon that name. It may convey more to us of the reality of Jesus' love than many volumes. A love that could laugh; a love that must laugh.

Such a love, of all things and all men—a finding of all things and all men in themselves lovable and lovely. A sense that men could not help being what they were. Could not help it, do I say? Rather, that it was divinely appointed that they should be what they were. Divinely appointed, but only up to the moment when he appeared, seeing them thus divinely appointed—*not an instant longer.*

For when he first wholly saw that lovable creation, he knew in that same moment that it had been created with love. There was the lovable creation; there must be the loving creator. No doubt at all: no possible doubt. He saw the creation: he loved the creator. No illusion here: not the vestige of an illusion. Any man who, for a moment of time, can see the whole creation as Jesus saw it, knows that it is the handiwork of love. Knows it for that moment. All supreme artists have known it for that moment. But they cannot remain there: they cannot *believe in* their vision. Jesus could and did.

Into the presence of that divine and loving Creator he went when he came up out of the waters of Jordan. The Son had found the Father—a God in whom his love could find rest.

No illusion here: I say it again. This was inevitable; this was true. God the Father had been created, because God the Father had been seen; because God the Father had been seen, God the Father had been known. Jesus had not merely loved; he had recognized the lovable. Knowing God's creation, he passed

into the presence of its Creator. The Father had found the Son, to know him.

At that moment the divine necessity that men should be what they were was at an end; from that moment it was completely changed. Now men had to be something different: they had to become new men and follow the new man into the knowledge and presence of the new God. They had to see that all things and all men were to-be-loved: the moment they saw that, they would be changed. They would have to change: they could not help it. If they saw, they could not mar the beauty which they saw; they must cease to be discordant, once they had heard the harmony. Once they could see the lovable creation, they must know the loving creator. Then they would know that God was their father and they his sons.

No illusion here: not the vestige of an illusion. Love makes no mistakes, whatever the wise of the world may say. What can be seen as lovable *is* lovable—now and for ever—even though only one man has seen it. A loved creation compels a loving creator.

Is that an illusion? Never. We who cannot love much, but have loved a little, know that in that which we loved the handwork was divine. Though all the rest were the devil's business, so much was divine. Divine that woman whom we loved; that little child divine—that bird, that glint of sky.

Love alone can know love. Love tells us that this man loved all. The whole universe was lovely for him: he loved it and laughed. And it *was* lovely while he was there to see it.

But Pain? The Pain of the world? Was that also lovely?

Wait with that question. It cannot be answered now. Remember only this: that the man who saw a divine and manifest necessity that all things and men should be what they were, saw also a divine and mani-

fest necessity that, *from the instant of his seeing*, thin[gs]
and men should be no longer what they were. T[he]
moment a man saw the harmony, he must be subdu[ed]
to it; the moment a man knew the Father, he becam[e]
a Son.

The Son had found the Father; he could not fa[il]
to find him. He had created Him; he was bound [to]
create Him. A God for the new man that he was: [a]
loving God who should have, who could have, not sub-
jects but only sons. He the new man, the man of th[e]
new love, had created the new God.

Sublimest of all creations; never-ceasing wonder [to]
the seeing eye; miracle of miracles. You who cann[ot]
believe in this man, except as one who changed wat[er]
into wine, or made one loaf into a hundred, can yo[u]
not turn for a moment and discern how little is th[is]
faith of yours? This man whom you would make [a]
street-corner conjurer wrought a miracle whereat th[e]
stars shot from their spheres. This man created Go[d]
the Father; out of his new human nature he was com-
pelled to create him. Here was he, and he could [no]
other. And because he was, verily and indeed, wh[at]
he was, the God the Father he created does exist an[d]
has existed ever since that moment when Jesus cam[e]
up out of the waters of Jordan and knew him—but
the God of a new man, known only by a new ma[n].
When any man can see the world—the birds, th[e]
beasts, the fishes, and mankind—as Jesus saw it, the[n]
he too is a new man, and he too is bound to create f[or]
himself a new God. He adds existence to the God [of]
Jesus; and that God will wholly be on the great da[y]
towards which the whole creation groans and travail[s]
—the day when all men love all things as Jesus lov[ed]
them. Then every man will know what it is to be th[e]
son of God, and be it, and in that company of sons w[ill]
God the Father have his consummation and his bein[g].

There is the miracle; and there is none beside.

Let a man take this into his soul, and the miracle will begin once more to be in him. Nothing is asked of him, save that he should be a man. Let him deny nothing, surrender nothing of what is truly his; reject no knowledge, accept no faith; only be loyal to the greatest man who ever lived, who spoke the truest words and lived the truest life. Strive to understand him. It is your duty. You believe in knowledge; you believe in history; you believe in *fact*. What of this *fact?* Be loyal; be honest. Look at the fact, and look at nothing more. Throw everything away that an honest man of the twentieth century cannot believe; reject it utterly. The fact remains. Stick to the fact. What of the *fact?*

Was ever love on earth like this man's? Was ever life or death on earth like his? Ever pain? Ever loneliness? Be loyal: be honest. There is but one answer. Never!

What then?

What think you of love? Is it not the highest we know, or dream? Something we touch for a moment and it departs? Something we could give our souls, our lives, to possess?

To love all things, all men. Have not all our greatest striven for this alone? Shakespeare—for what else did he go through his hell and win his victory? What else do his works reveal? What else is revealed by the work of any man whose utterance lives in the human soul, and is not as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal? What else than love manifest, in the magical creation of love's seeing, distinguishes the true from the false among the words of men? Keats's wasted hand put down his pen with the words: "I have loved the principle of *beauty in all things*." What else can a man love? What else is love?

What all our greatest have seen in part and known in part, this man Jesus knew wholly. He lived and

died for love of the whole world. For that love, for the God whom that love created, he endured agony of agonies. There is your *fact*.

Will you now talk of the pale Galilean? Will you condescend to him? Will you say of this man that his God was a dream? Because his God forsook him at the last?

Look closer yet. As surely as that man lived, his God lived; as surely as he died, his God died also. But his God had been. While Jesus lived, he *was*. Whenever Jesus lived again, where alone he can live, in the hearts and souls of men, whenever the love he loved of all things and all men broke into tiny birth again, his God was alive once more. His God is as real as his vision: no more, no less—the most real thing that has ever descended into the soul of man. When he was forsaken at the last by his God, he had paid the last sacrifice of love. It was necessary that the great fact of his life should be completed by that crowning *fact*. By his cry that God had forsaken him, he made God exist. On the fact of that cry, the fact of his whole life rests secure. This was a *man*.

Gone are the centuries of faith. Let us be glad. We need no faith any more. We need only to know. This was a man, wholly and forever a man. Rejoice, again I say rejoice! What could faith give to the faithful that was like this knowledge for them that know? This is how man can love, this is how man can live, this is how man can die, this is what man can believe!

Lift up your heads O ye gates: be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors! for the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The man Jesus, and his brothers in ages yet to be, who will love the wonder of this world in time as he loved it, love the lily of the field and the sparrow and the ass and the harlot and the publican and the sinner. Men who will see, like him, all things new—each single

hing, each single man, bright with the bloom of birth. These are the new men; these are the sons of God, ınd Jesus was the first-born. Because he was the first-›orn son he had no Father; his father forsook him in ıis need. That to all perfect things that were, one wonder at the last might be added—a perfect life of nan. The agony that drove God the Father from the Jniverse, established Him there for ever. Out of the lepths of defeat, victory was wrung; out of a discord hat jarred the foundations of the world, harmony; out ›f death, life.

This man who lived and died for love, who lived and lied to reveal to men the God of love's creation, vrought at the last one thing beyond his knowing—the ›eauty of absolute pain. What love could not love, esus by his death revealed as to be loved before all hings else. Love could love its pain, love could love ts death; but not its brother's pain, not its brother's leath. But on the day when Jesus died with a loud cry on the Cross, the last great barrier of love was flung lown. For the first time love could love his brother's ›ain, and love the absolute of his pain. The pain of esus was Pain: no pain was like that one, nor ever an be—utter, unmitigated Evil. But no man who will ace that pain will ever shrink before the mystery of Pain. On that day, Pain was conquered.

Then, for the first time love could love his brother's ›ain: and then for the last. Once only is it required of him; once only is it necessary. For the one blinding nd ineffable moment when he may see that all things nd men, all life, in the height and the depth, are to-be-ved. Pain absolute was only once here in this world men: in that pain is all pain: then it too was lovely, vely beyond all dream.

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These are the new men ; these are the sons of God, and Jesus was the first-born. Because he was the first-born son he had no Father ; his father forsook him in his need. That to all perfect things that were, one wonder at the last might be added—a perfect life of man. The agony that drove God the Father from the Universe, established Him there for ever. Out of the depths of defeat, victory was wrung ; out of a discord that jarred the foundations of the world, harmony ; out of death, life.

This man who lived and died for love, who lived and died to reveal to men the God of love's creation, wrought at the last one thing beyond his knowing—the beauty of absolute pain. What love could not love, Jesus by his death revealed as to be loved before all things else. Love could love its pain, love could love its death ; but not its brother's pain, not its brother's death. But on the day when Jesus died with a loud cry on the Cross, the last great barrier of love was flung down. For the first time love could love his brother's pain, and love the absolute of his pain. The pain of Jesus was Pain : no pain was like that one, nor ever can be—utter, unmitigated Evil. But no man who will face that pain will ever shrink before the mystery of Pain. On that day, Pain was conquered.

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been, or ever will be, revealed to man. Utter love, utter loneliness, utter pain, utter annihilation. Look on it well, look till your eyes cannot see for tears.

" I cannot look ! "

Look, look ! Have you no love ? This was a Man. Do not turn your eyes away. Hold on, I conjure you, though your heart be ashes and your mind a frozen thing. It is nothing to what he suffered for you. Suffer this for him. Not for him—for your own soul's sake. What do you see ?

" I see Beauty, Beauty Absolute ; I see Perfection of all Perfections—the love of a loving God."

Towards the Coast

We leave the intricate earth. White butterflies
Blundering low over the wind-tossed vetch,—
The road,—the dust,—the windmill,—all are touche
With a simplicity of coming strangeness.
For there, across the dunes (take in your breath)
Under the dove-gray sky,—as wide as death—
The Sea.
Fall, fall away, all soot and dust ; despair,
Turmoil abroil, uncertainties that rend,
All grinding pain and sound be ever still,
Here is the end :—
Unmeasured sands to walk, as spirits may—
With washed, unweighing feet for ever free.—
The hush of waves almost unreachable
By mortal sense, as is Eternity.

FRANCES CORNFORD.

"A MATTER OF FAITH"

By Horace Newte

MIRIAM LAZELL joined the drab throng which dumbly waited in a drizzle outside the chief entrance to Chelmsford gaol.

A woman of slow comprehensions, her heart was both heavy and light : it was heavy because she mourned the child she had lost : it was light because she was to meet her man who had served a term of imprisonment for following the letter of his belief in failing to call in a doctor for the son who had been sick unto death.

And over and above these emotions, Miriam was not unalive to a sense of importance among her brother and sister "Peculiars" in being the wife of the man who had suffered for the faith that was his.

"How you be!" said one or two acquaintances; and upon her replying to these salutations with the inevitable formula of "Nicely, thank you" heads sympathetically turned in her direction, and the Chapel Elder honoured her by offering the shelter of his shabby umbrella.

Miriam and the others waited in the heedless rain, but her Daniel did not come; and those who had lost good money by neglecting their work, impatiently stamped their feet, and strained their ears for the next announcement of the impersonal Town Clock.

"Should be out by now," muttered the Elder who was wondering if his wife had forgotten to milk the goats in the hoppet.

"Sam Willingate were out at eight to the tick," returned Miriam, who devoutly hoped she had not plodded four miles of miry Essex lanes for nothing.

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"Sam Willingate were out at eight to the tick," returned Miriam, who devoutly hoped she had not plodded four miles of miry Essex lanes for nothing.

" We'd best bide a bit. Cruel and hard as the law oppresses we, it do do things 'parliament way,' " declared the Elder, and added as an afterthought—" An' He never forgets His true believers."

Miriam, who had not been born in the faith ; and was the daughter of a mother with a " head-piece," who spent more than she could afford on patent medicine ; was not so sure ; but did not venture to say so, for fear of giving offence to Daniel's fellow worshippers : she had known from the very beginnings of her baby's illness that the doctor should have been sent for ; but had foolishly put her trust in her husband's and the Elder's assurance that anointing with oil, and prayers, and whole-hearted faith in the " Lard " were all that were necessary for her little one's recovery.

His death and the remarks of the Coroner to the effect that the life could have been saved by adequate treatment had hardened her heart against her husband : but his arrest and trial, and more than either of these, the six months' separation, brought about by the serving of his sentence, had inclined her to him once more : and now that she waited and waited, and he did not come, her resentment was well nigh forgotten ; and she ached for the sight of his face.

Doubtless the Elder was alive to a failing of spirit, not only on her part, but also on that of the others ; for after the Town Clock had struck the quarter, and one or two had remarked it " weren't much use waiting any longer," he said :

" I'll ask help of the ' Lard,' and see what He in His infinite mercy will do for we."

Thereupon he raised his puffy face and unctuous voice in perfervid prayer, and as though his appeal had not fallen on deaf ears, he had scarcely finished, before the ponderous doors were opened, and Daniel Lazell came forth.

And because the " Peculiars " believed his coming

was the result of intercession, they lifted their voices in a hymn of thanksgiving for the latest mercy vouchsafed them.

Miriam sang in a quavering voice with an eye on her husband's spare figure ; and she noticed that instead of joining in, Daniel glanced from one to another in that rain-sodden assembly in the hope of discovering his wife.

Apart from his love of his Maker, she was always first in his heart.

Miriam stayed where she was, and did not advance to greet him ; for much to her surprise, she knew a sudden coldness for her husband ; and if she had been blessed (or cursed) with a habit of self-analysis, she would have known this aloofness was solely owing to a natural reaction from the suspense that had weighed her down.

She nodded and scarcely smiled when he caught sight of her, and at the conclusion of the hymn, she stood solitary, whilst the others, headed by the Elder, gathered about him, and pressed his hand in taken of their admiration for his having suffered for the faith.

And upon his presently joining her, they walked together for a space in the direction of the town before either of them opened their lips.

She knew well enough he was longing to hear her voice, but she could not forget the emptiness in her heart for which he and his brother "Peculiars" had been responsible.

Daniel was the first to break the significant silence.

"Baint yu glad to see I, Miriam?"

"May be."

"I be mortal glad to see yu."

"Yu be!"

"I be."

A further silence followed, during which Miriam was aware that sooner or later, and probably sooner, she

would be compelled to have it out with her man : the grievous loss she had sustained rankled, and at times it was as though the pent-up emotion within her must incontinently break its confines.

Perhaps he was alive to the resentment that welled within her, for he not infrequently fearfully glanced at her face ; and made as though to speak ; and changed his mind.

And it shortly came about that Miriam stopped from sheer weariness of the flesh, and leaned against a doorway for support : she had had no breakfast, and had walked and waited in the rain on nothing more substantial than a cup of stewed tea.

Wherefore her husband took pity on her extremity, and headed her into a coffee shop of the humbler sort across the road, where he ordered a substantial meal of tea and eggs and bacon for her and himself.

Fortified with this, she was more herself ; yet because of Daniel's furtive attentions, and the dumb pleading look in his eyes, she almost found it in her heart to hate him for having been at the back of the tragic turn of events.

" Yu kep' going while I was away ! " he presently hazarded.

" Yes, I kep' ' going,' " she returned sullenly.

" Yu worked at great housen ? "

" I worked there, and your master didn't forget I."

She referred to Daniel's employer, who knew him for a sober and reliable tree feller ; and apart from his pig-headed opinions, conscientious and hard working.

" Ah ! If the master would see the Light," commented Daniel.

" The Light ! "

" The Light as is found in the Gospel, and told by those who hold to our hands."

" You mean *your* Light, Dan ! "

" Baint it yours, Miriam ? " he asked ; and on her

failing to reply, he was blind to the clouds that darkened her brow, and fatuously repeated his question, and the storm that had gathered broke.

Miriam was ordinarily a woman of few words, but, perhaps for the first time in her life, a torrent of bitter reproaches flowed from her lips : the flood gates of her anger were unloosened ; and heedless of who might hearken, her astounded Danied heard things of his beliefs he had never heard before.

He and his like had as good as murdered their child : if he didn't think so, her mother did ; and for swallowing all the rubbish he heard in Chapel, he wasn't a man with any sort of " head-piece," but was no better than the village " shanny."

She stopped as suddenly as she had started, and after he had recovered his mental wind (it took a lot of doing) he said to the irresponsive Miriam—

" See here, Miriam ! You believe in the Book ! Baint it all there in black and white, for all as can read, how the Holy Apostles cured the sick ? "

He continued ardently, if haltingly, to expound his simple faith, which was the literal interpretation of healing as set down in the New Testament : and because she made no sign, and spoke no word, his heart quailed within him, for he feared that he had lost his Miriam's love for him : and being a simple homespun man, this loss was no light thing.

But astounded as he had been by her outbreak, he was yet more astounded by what happened next : for without any hint of what was coming, her head sunk on his shoulder, and she blurted between her sobs—

" I do love ee, Dan : I do love ee, dear. An' I've said bitter words I can't unsay, and I wish it were me that had died instead of he."

Dan did his best to comfort her with tender words, the while he wondered at the incomprehensible waywardness of women ; and at the dawning knowledge that

w and henceforth he and Miriam would be all the
re to each other.

And for this he was duly thankful; and regarded it
a sign that God approved of his ways, and had thus
nally rewarded him.

" Baint yu well? " asked Miriam, who did her best
conceal her concern at her husband's altered
pearance.

" I been better," he returned evasively.

" Why yu leave your work? "

" The Master told I to go home, an' not to come
ck till I were right, an' wished me better."

" What be going to do? "

" Go to bed and send for Elder."

" Him! " she cried with a note of contempt in her
ice.

" Why not! "

" Yu got the 'fleunza: lot o' good the Elder'll do
."

" I shall send for Elder," declared Daniel with the
stinacy that as good as told Miriam that it would be
eer waste of words to endeavour to divert him from
purpose.

Daniel duly went to bed in the room in the roof, and
s ministered to by his wife within the compass of her
le of thumb knowledge: and because he got worse
stead of better, and asked that the Elder might be
nt for, Miriam complied with his wish and took
unsel with herself.

Miriam was not going to lose her man as she had lost
r little one, if she could possibly prevent it; and by
e time the Elder had arrived, her mind was quite
ade up.

She regarded the buffoonery that went on in the bed-
om with scornful eyes: buffoonery that consisted of
e Elder anointing Daniel with oil; laying hands upon

e patient ; praying by the bedside ; clumsily capering ›out the room, the while he clapped his hands ; and en saying to the sick man—" Be yu better ? Be yu :tter ?"

And after the Elder had consumed the best part of homemade cake, and swallowed three glasses of elder- :rry wine, and taken his leave, Miriam put on her hat ıd cloak and went up the creaking stairs to the room the roof.

" Yu going out," said Daniel as he turned his fever ightened eyes on his wife.

" Jest down the street. Yu'll be all right while I'm ›ne."

" Yu won't leave I long ? "

" Not longer than I can help, Dan. Yu may be :rtain sure o' that."

Daniel laid his hand on her arm, and Miriam bent to ss her husband's brow.

" Give I a promise," said the sick man.

" What is it, Dan ? "

" Don't give I any doctor's stuff. If yu do, I'll surely e. Faith and the Elder's works will make me whole, ıd narthen else'll do ut."

Miriam nodded, and in order to avoid her Daniel's ›pealing glance, she kissed him again, and this time ı the lips, before she quitted the room.

And on leaving the cottage in the village of Willingale oe, she was thankful the night was dark, and the moon as late, for it would never do if her errand were dis- vered by prying " Peculiars," and inevitably reported her husband.

Miriam did not go by the shortest way to her destina- ›n, but fetched something of a compass : the doctor 'ed on the outskirts of the village, and she wanted to ›proach his house from a direction other than the ne leading from her cottage.

She did not look forward to seeing him, for the doctor

had been instrumental in having her husband convicted, and was a man who did not mince his words.

Miriam counted herself lucky in finding the waiting-room untenanted; and on entering the surgery, and encountering Dr. Horn's penetrating eyes, her heart went into her shabby boots, and she wished she had not come, and had trudged to a neighbouring village doctor.

"You!—What do you want?" said the doctor; and on seeing the hesitation of her manner, he went on: "Sit down and tell me all about it."

Miriam did as she was bid, so far as her limited vocabulary and lethargic habit of thought would permit; but the doctor was a man of quick comprehension, and was not ill-pleased at this abject surrender of the wife of a staunch "Peculiar."

"You admit you are all wrong!" said the doctor after she had done.

"Mebbe: mebbe not be. But mother takes pink pills, and they always puts her right."

"Pink pills are another form of faith healing. But that's by the way. What I gather you're after is something you can give Lazell without his knowing it, and will really do him some good."

Upon Miriam nodding assent, he gave her two white powders, and told her to mix one at night in something hot, and to keep her husband in bed until he was better.

"We can't afford to lose Lazell," he said. "He's a good fellow for all his wrongheadedness; and you can't afford to make another mistake."

The doctor would take nothing for his services, and let her out of the front door; and, getting home, Miriam [illegible]d some milk, added one of the powders, and took [illegible]rs to her husband.

[illegible] she had feared he might question her, her [illegible]s were wasted: he scarcely knew she was [illegible] than once rambled in his speech.

But he greedily swallowed the mixture; and when Miriam got into bed, he had fallen sound asleep.

The fever had left him in the morning, but he was yet very weak: and in the time she could spare to be with him, he put down his marked improvement to the ministrations of the Elder.

There was the same mummery in the evening when the Elder made his call; and after he had finished the rest of the cake, and gone, Miriam gave her Daniel the second powder in a glass of hot milk.

Again the unsuspecting Daniel slept soundly; was more himself in the morning, and was already talking of returning to work.

And upon the Elder calling in the evening, and perceiving the change for the better, he capered clumsily about the room, clapped his hands, and repeatedly cried:

"Then praise the Lard! Then praise the Lard."

He seemed not a little surprised that Miriam did not share his devotional enthusiasm.

"What did I tell yu!" said Daniel when the Elder had left to spread the good news to an evening gathering of his flock. "Didn't I say that faith would make I whole?"

"Indeed yu did, Dan. Don't worrit 'bout it now. All you have to do is to get well and strong again."

"If yu'd sent for the doctor, I should have been mortal bad, if not dead, Miriam."

And because she did not reply, he went on:

"Yu stick by the faith an' the faith'll stick by yu. What be matter, Miriam? Yu look mortal bad!"

"'Fraid I be, Dan."

"Yu baint going to be bad!"

"I'm sure I hope not.—I'm—I'm certain it be narthen."

She had scarcely spoken before she was convulsively

shivering and her head was stabbed as though with a sharp knife.

Miriam was taken so ill there was nothing for it but to send for her mother who lived in a village some ten miles away : she was a redoubtable old dame, and she duly arrived with her no-nonsense manner and three boxes of her beloved pink pills.

And she had not been ten minutes in the place before the Elder came and was brought up to the bedroom by Daniel.

Mrs. Amwright had old-fashioned notions and did not hesitate to let Daniel know what she thought of him for bringing a stranger to his wife's bedside ; and upon the Elder flopping on his knees and praying in a loud voice, she caught him by the collar and bundled him down the stairs.

" None of that nonsense for me," cried Mrs. Amwright. " My gal's my gal, and if pink pills don't put her right, I'm off to the doctor to see what he can do."

Single-hearted Daniel protested, and protested in vain : there was no gainsaying the old lady's forcefulness ; and as she pertinently said, she had reared eleven children, and not lost one ; and that she'd stake her opinion against all the " Peculiars " in Essex.

Miriam did not benefit from the many pink pills she was compelled to swallow, whereupon Mrs. Amwright trotted off for the doctor while Daniel was at work ; and after the former had come and looked over the patient, he said he would send some medicine it was imperative Miriam should have.

This arrived after Daniel's return from work : he was having his tea in the kitchen, and took in the stuff, and presently brought it upstairs to the room in the roof where Mrs. Amwright was attending to her daughter.

Miriam was feeling so " mortal bad " she had not got it in her to worry what Daniel might think of this

challenge to his lifelong convictions: she was a work-loving woman and hated lying abed, and therefore the sight of the medicine that was to make her whole heartened her even more than her mother's comforting presence.

She gratefully swallowed the white powder mixed in hot milk, and went to sleep in the firm conviction she would be up and about in a day or two.

Miriam did not recover so soon as she had expected. She was weaker than she had thought; and were it not for the tonic the doctor had sent, she was quite sure she would have been some time on her back.

And on getting better, and collecting her scattered wits, she rather feared her husband would take it ill that the Elder had been given short shrift; that Dr. Horn had been consulted; and that she had taken the stuff he had prescribed.

Greatly to her surprise, Dan was mum on all this, and what amazed her even more, he was kinder and more devoted than ever he had been.

His attentions went to her heart; and because she loved him much in her dumb, elemental fashion, she was troubled by the fact of her deception over the medicine she had given him in the milk.

The pricklings of conscience kept her awake at night, and worried her by day, until a time came when she could no longer suffer in silence.

Something she had heard in Chapel about the confession of sin had been as a light in her path; and on the Monday evening, she sat silent at the supper-table, while Daniel stolidly munched his bread and cheese.

"Baint yu hungry?" he asked presently.

"Not very, Dan, dear," she replied.

"You're eating narthen."

"Don't feel like it, Dan."

He put down his knife, and regarded her with so

much concern, that she was perforce compelled to admit her double dealing.

"Dan, dear!" she began.

"What be ut, Miriam!"

"I did wrong to yu."

"Yu did wrong to I?" he asked, and as though striving to take in the meaning of her words.

"Yes, Dan. When yu was ill in bed."

"When I was ill in bed!"

"Yes, Dan. I feared for yu, and went to the doctor, and got stuff, and twice I put it in the milk."

And as he did not reply, she went on:

"I was afeared, an' didn't want to lose 'ee same as —same as——"

A flood of tears completed her sentence.

He comforted her with clumsy attentions, and when she was more herself, he said:

"See here, Miriam: I be no better than yu."

"What say, Dan!"

"I be no better than you. When doctor's stuff came, I obeyed the voice of the Lard, an' put flour in place o' the powder, an' some stuff I coloured for the medicine I poured away."

"Yu did, Dan!" she exclaimed in no small surprise.

"I did, Miriam. But I spent whole nights in prayer. 'Twas that that made 'ee whole."

Miriam, as has been said, was a woman of slow comprehensions, and was a long time taking things in.

Therefore it came about that many a day dawned before it was borne in upon her that whereas her husband, who held to healing by prayer, had been cured by medicine; so she, who believed in doctor's remedies, owed the fact of her recovery to nothing other than faith.

CHAPLIN AND THE HICKS

By Henry King

MR. ROBERT NICHOLS has lately contributed to *The Times* a series of interesting articles on the men and conditions controlling the cinema industry in America. Mr. Nichols has been making a long sojourn in Hollywood, California, where because of climatic advantages the production of American films is centralized; and he himself has been engaged there, I believe, as a writer of film-scenarios. He therefore speaks with more authority than most writers on the cinema.

Nevertheless he has come, in the main, to what may be called a foregone conclusion. The great American film-producers strive to give the public what it wants, and that is the reason why the standard of American films (which, as we all know, form the great bulk of the films exhibited in England) is so deplorably low. But Mr. Nichols adds a spice of novelty to the general conclusion by his revelation that the public which the American producers aim to satisfy is an American public: it consists of the millions of American citizens who are picturesquely called Hicks, the mighty stream of standardized humanity that flows through Main Street, the stream against which such a one as Mr. Sherwood Anderson puts up a pathetic and heroic struggle. "Speed, hurried workmanship, cheap automobiles for cheap men, cheap chairs in cheap houses, city apartment houses with shining bathroom floors, the Ford, the Twentieth Century Ltd., the world war, Jazz, the movies." *The movies:* it is the art of the Hicks. The Hicks pay the piper, and the Hicks call the tune.

Whereat the English Press is greatly moved to scorn. It has somebody else to blame for the desperate condition of the cinema. Those Hicks! Those gum-chewing, Cluett-Peabody-collar-wearing, pie-eating Hicks!

As though we had no Hicks at home, in this free and enlightened country. Dear old Hicks! Why it is even possible that our own home-grown Hicks may be a little more Hickory than the originals, inasmuch as they stubbornly prefer the American film to the home-product. And if we do not call them Hicks, a rose by any other name may smell as sweet.

Not the Hicks, therefore, are responsible for the condition of the cinema, but something altogether less distinctively American—Democracy. Does anyone seriously imagine that if the great American producers were to aim at giving the English public what it wanted, the films would be better than those which satisfy and delight the dwellers in Main Street? Have the indigenous British films ever shown themselves to be better by a single caption than the imported Americans? They are on the same level as far as subject and treatment are concerned, and infinitely inferior technically.

The cinema is, through and through, a *democratic* art: the only one. It costs so much to produce a modern film—sometimes a million pounds is sunk in a single one—that the largest possible public is the only public which can concern the producer. He must aim at producing a household commodity. It is as though a publisher could *exist* only by publishing best-sellers. But in the case of books the conditions are quite different. It costs very little, relatively, to produce a book. A publisher may sleep happily if one in fifty of his books is a veritable best-seller; he may be prosperous and respected and comfortable even though he never hits upon a best-seller at all. Books that are bought by two, three, and four thousand people are very profit-

able to him in comparison with his outlay. It actually pays him to cater for the discriminating public. Not so the cinema-producer. With him it must be best-sellers all the way.

What is the remedy? Mr. Nichols abandons himself to the old cry: "Educate the public." Since he puts it in the form: "Educate the Hicks!" the English Press echoes it, forgetting that to educate the public would be to compass its own destruction, or perhaps rather with the cynical knowledge that it has nothing to fear, because nothing will ever come of "educating the public." "Educating the public" is, indeed, pure humbug. No amount of public education will bring the public to like better films, or better books. And what, anyhow, is the good of its liking *better* films, or *better* books? There is no such distinction in the world of art: there are good films and bad ones, good books and bad ones. The public cannot be brought by easy stages from liking bad to liking good. That only leads to the worst condition of all: pretending to like that which is neither bad nor good, but simply rotten.

Let us away with the pious humbug of "educating the public" to like anything: and above all with the particular humbug of educating the public *outside* the cinema to like better things *in* the cinema. It can't be done; and if it could, the result would be merely nasty—the singularly putrescent hypocrisy that masquerades as "artistic culture." If the cinema public is to be educated it must be educated *by* the cinema.

So we are locked in a vicious circle. The great film-producers supply what the public wants; therefore the public can never learn to like anything better than they supply. Apparently cogent and conclusive; but only apparently. The vicious circle has been broken, year after year, with unfailing regularity by a single man—Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin is the only genius the cinema has produced: it is worth while examining what he

has done. Much depends upon that slight and girlish-looking man.

I need hardly refer readers of THE ADELPHI to the remarkable article he wrote in its pages in January, 1924. It should be, by now, the *locus classicus* of cinema criticism. It is more worth, for profundity and direct insight into the essential problem of the cinema as a democratic art, than all that all the professional critics of the cinema put together have written.

> Quite frankly (he wrote) I do not believe that the public knows what it wants. . . . The public has no specification for films. The demands of the public are negative at best. Entertainment is what "they" really want. . . .
>
> Just about this time, when I had decided that I knew what the public wanted and my success encouraged me to that belief, I received a jolt in the form of a letter from a man I have never seen and whose name I don't even know to-day, though his letter I can write here word for word. He had seen me in *The Fireman* in a large theatre in the Middle West, and wrote:
>
> "I have noticed in your last picture a lack of spontaneity. Although the picture was unfailing as a laugh-getter, the laughter was not so round as at some of your earlier work. I am afraid you are becoming a slave to your public, whereas in most of your pictures the audiences were a slave to you. The public, Charlie, likes to be slaves."
>
> This letter was a great lesson to me, and I took stock so to speak. My work could be no good unless I got the right spirit of joy, joy in itself. And since that letter I have tried to avoid what I think the public wants. *I prefer my own taste as a truer expression of what the public wants of me than anything that I can fathom out of the things that I observe, either in my own work or in that of others who are unmistakably successful.*

"My own taste": there is the root of the matter. Chaplin is an artist, working out his own salvation, and lo! the democratic public responds.

But we must look a little further. After all, Chaplin's own taste is Chaplin's. What is at the bottom of it? What, over and above his prodigious technical

accomplishment as a mime, distinguishes Chaplin's work absolutely from that of the rest of the cinema stars?

Simply this. Chaplin believes in the great democratic public; his faith in democracy is wary and sad-smiling, but ineradicable. He believes in it, because he believes in himself. He is, and he never forgets that he is, a child of democracy; he comes from the multitude, and he knows the multitude. Of what he is capable, as artist, they are capable as audience. So long as he is true to the truth that is in him, so long will they respond to him, for the same truth is in them also. He makes the great act of faith, and he is abundantly justified. That is why he alone of all his fellows can actually hold an audience of Hicks, in Illinois or Hoxton, spell-bound and poised for an hour between laughter and tears, by a technique the like of which for sheer subtlety is unknown in all the world of the cinema.

Chaplin is, first and foremost, a democratic artist. (So, let us not forget, was Shakespeare: an artist who sought for the biggest audience he could get, and *accepted* it.) The rest of the American films come from the Hick-exploiters: they are, essentially, mere dope. The German film, at its best, is an intellectual exercise, or at a lower level an exploration of the art of photography, strictly of the same kind as Reinhardt's *kolossal* theatrical experiments, that never fail to empty the baby with the bath-water.

Chaplin is utterly different: an *artist* of the cinema. There is no other. We have come slowly to recognize that. But it is still more important to recognize that he is an artist *of the cinema*. There is no other. He creates out of a *true* relation with the true audience of the cinema—the democratic audience. He cannot help himself; but he has consciously and gladly accepted his destiny. He knows something which the Hicks know, which is the best they know, better than which

the best do not know. " La pitié, voyez-vous, M. le Professor, c'est le fond même du génie." And pity, of a brother for a brother, is the very essence of Chaplin's creations. It is not the Hick, but the organized contempt for him, that is the curse which rests on the modern cinema. Chaplin alone has had the power, and shown the way, to lift it.

An Editorial Explanation.—The Editor owes his readers an explanation of the condition in which the second part of " As It Was " was placed before them in the last Adelphi. It appeared with a number of omissions which, in fairness to the author, had to be indicated ; the indications of these omissions gave to the narrative a flavour of suggestiveness which was completely absent from the original.

For this neither the author, nor the Editor, was in any way responsible. Objection was taken by the printers and publishers to certain passages, not on the ground that they considered them objectionable, but that objection would be taken and they, as printers and publishers, would run the risk of prosecution. Accordingly they refused to print and publish the narrative unless certain deletions were made.

In the circumstances, the Editor had no choice but to comply. He considers that a true and beautiful piece of writing was, by these enforced deletions, not merely mutilated, but rendered suggestive. And he offers his apologies both to the author and the readers. But in making these circumstances public he wishes it to be understood that the printers and publishers are in no way to blame. The state of the law is such that they alone would have had to bear the consequences of any legal action. They acted in perfect fairness in refusing to take the risk.

AS IT WAS

By H. T.

III.

During August I went away with the Scotts to Sandgate, and I got to know the country about there very well, taking the child long walks on to the chalk hills behind, and along the coast to Dymchurch, and other villages in the Marsh. I forget when it was that David went in for a scholarship at Balliol and did not get it, and went in for one at Lincoln and did. I think it was while I was at Sandgate. However, I know that he was very soon to go to Oxford, when at end of six weeks at Sandgate without any holiday, I was given a few quite unexpected days leave. It was too good a chance to be missed, and all in a hurry we decided to go away somewhere together for a tiny honeymoon. For me it was simple, but David had to invent some tale of having to go to Oxford or something. He was very eager to show me his beloved Wiltshire Downs, and so we decided to go to a little place he knew very well among the Downs just outside Swindon, and put up in the cottage of his old gamekeeper friend. All this we arranged in the greatest secrecy and joy. We took the train to Swindon, and from there walked with our few belongings in rucksacks, the seven miles to the Downs. I shall never forget the wild excitement we felt at being all alone and free ; no one knowing where we were, our time all our own. There was a little risk too that added to our enjoyment, for David's grandmother and aunt lived at Swindon, and he had often stayed with them, and was well known by quite a

number of people. But we risked that, walking quickly through the town until we came to the solitary country road leading through a cleft in the Downs.

I do not remember the hamlet to which our cottage belonged, but of the cottage itself and its immediate surroundings, I remember every detail. It stood like a fairy tale cottage right in a wood, and quite off the road, a track from the lane taking you to it. It had a deep thatched roof almost hiding the little windows of the bedrooms with its deep eaves ; a porch with a little bench let in each side, and covered with traveller's joy and briar roses that filled the air with their musky scent. It belonged to the wood, and the wood to it, as if it had been in reality the brown fur-covered creature that it looked, whose eyes peered out from under its overhanging brows shyly and kindly. All along under the thick untrimmed hedge of the garden was a row of bee hives, one or two of the painted wooden new kind, but half a dozen or more of the old-fashioned skeps with earthenware pans inverted over them. The garden was full of bees and of flowers for them, red and blue and yellow. I had never seen anything so lovely, so exactly what I would have chosen for my honeymoon. The old man was full of fun, and he and his old wife, who welcomed us as though we were her children, could not make enough jokes at our expense. They had an enormous tea ready for us, of bacon and eggs and honey and lardy cakes and strong tea with cream in it, in the living room of the cottage. This room had a flagged floor, with a big open range in it in which burned even at this time of the year a huge wood fire ; the walls were covered with pictures and guns and traps. Bunches of herbs in paper bags hung from the raftered ceiling, for the old man was very proud of his herb medicines and ointments for men and beasts, and on a little table in the window, covered with a fox's skin, stood a huge Bible, and on the Bible a

book in which he had written down all his prescriptions and remedies. He and David talked eagerly over old times of birds' nesting, and fishing in the huge reservoir near by. And there were jokes and nods and winks every now and then which we all laughed at. I was so glad they liked me, for they had known David since he was a little boy, and loved him, and I had felt afraid that I might not be the sort of girl they would like. But we got on splendidly. David sang some of the old songs in his clear deep voice, and then the old man sang some that he knew, " The Farmer's Boy " and " Turmut Hoeing " and " The Seeds of Love," and we all joined in at the chorus. Just before bed-time the old woman brought out a bottle of mead, made from their own honey, I do not know how many years ago. It was like cloudy amber to look at, and had the softest, most subtle taste you can imagine. We drank it like a liqueur. It was very strong, and they were delighted that we liked it, and took it as a compliment that we dared not drink much of it ; though they tried to make us, telling us it was a right proper drink for lovers. They told me I must call them Dad and Granny as David had always done, and they called me Mrs. Davy.

Our bedroom was just as right as all the rest of the cottage was—a small room almost filled by the four-poster, with such a thick mattress and feather bed on it, covered with a patchwork quilt, that I had to climb on a chair before I could get into bed. The hangings of the bed were chintz in a pattern of the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, all in bright colours. There was a little dressing-table with a white dimity flounce all round it, and a little corner washstand. The tiny window was draped with dimity curtains, and the window was kept open by a large dried sunflower head. The scent of the briar rose over the porch mingled with the smell of lavender of which there were two vases full on the dressing-table. For me it was enchanting; I

had never been in such a cottage before. David was as happy as I, and overjoyed at my delight in it all. It was so lovely, too, to be together like this. So little of our courtship and love-making had been indoors, and it was a delicious experience to be together in this sweet little room, all to ourselves, chatting and laughing together, unpacking our rucksacks, and finding places for our things all so intimate and homely. We washed in rain-water, and even the rough towel smelt sweet. Outside the owls hooted about the cottage, and bats twittered, and starlings stirred in the thatch. No other sound was to be heard, no trams, no people, no traffic, nothing but the sounds that do not spoil silence, but rather deepen it, and a little breeze wandering through the wood, and a leaf flapping against our window.

As we stood together by the window sniffing the sweet air, and looking into the dark wood, David took the pins out of my hair, and when I was going to plait it into two plaits he said : " No, let it be loose." I got into bed first and sank down into the thick feather bed. All night we were to be together, and all day, and all day and all night again. I sighed a deep sigh of content and happiness. " Happy ? " David asked, as he blew out the candle and got in beside me and took me in his arms.

David was awake early and, half-dressed, and went down to the reservoir to bathe. As soon as he was gone, Granny came up with a huge cup of tea, and a tiny doll's loaf just out of the oven on a plate for me. While I sat up and ate and drank she stood talking to me about David, and her sons—three of them, all doing well—and of her young days. Of how Dad was a bit wild when he was young, and how she had had to work hard to keep things going, though many's the time she and the children had sat down to a dish of boiled turnips and bread for their dinner, and not much bread either, for flour was dear. But though he had been a bit wild he

had never been unkind to her and the boys, and as he got older he settled down, and they had been very happy ever since. She told me they loved David as much as their own boys, and showed me letters that they had had from him when he was a little boy, and a handkerchief, bought and chosen by himself, which David had sent her one Christmas many years ago. We were gossiping away when we heard David's step, and he called to me from the garden to come out. So Granny left me to get dressed saying, with a wink, " Drat the men, they never leave a poor woman in peace ! " and we laughed at the joke. But I knew that all my life my only peace would be to be needed by him. And so it was.

For there were to come dark days when his brooding melancholy shut me out in a lonely exile, and my heart waited too eagerly to be let into the light again. When these days came, with no apparent reason for their coming, bringing to him a deep spiritual unrest and discontent, he would be silent for hours, and perhaps stride out of the house, angry and bitter and cruel, and walk and walk far into the night, and come home worn out with deadly fatigue. When these days came my heart trembled for what might happen, and I, suffering his terrible spiritual loneliness, had no thought, or seeing, or hearing, for anything but his agony and my own despair. Then my strong body that he loved so came to my rescue, and in hard house work, scrubbing and washing and digging in the garden I would force myself to be, so that when the cloud left him he would find me to welcome him. I did these things mechanically—cooked the food, took the children out walks, spoke to them, picked flowers with them, but I did not know afterwards what I had done while my spirit waited in the dark.

But this was to come, and it was only now and then had I had hints of this darkness in his soul, this fierce

unrest which beyond all found peace in Nature, but not in me. Alone he had to be in his agony, but when he emerged from it, exhausted by God knows what bitter contest, he looked for me and needed me, and our love was always the firm ground on which we stood secure and that no storm ever swept away.

But now I washed and dressed and ran down, and as I ran through the kitchen where Granny was cooking the breakfast, she shooed me out. " Get along, you hussy," she said.

All that day we were out, fishing in the reservoir, and bathing in it and walking in the deep woods, not talking much as I remember. We brought home some perch for supper, which Granny pretended to be cross with David for bringing, " Such trashy fish, all scales and guts," she said. But she cooked them, and while we ate them David read how Izaak Walton would have cooked them, to tease Granny with the white wine and this and that ungettable spice. When Dad came in he brought a dead jay so that I could have the beautiful wing for a hat. I didn't like to think of the lovely bird being killed for such a purpose, but I kept that to myself, knowing it would be incomprehensible to him, and appreciating his kind thought for me. After tea Dad showed me the garden and the bee-hives, and all the bees swarming over the comb. They filled me with disgust. They are such ugly creatures in a mass like that, and their highly developed social life, so ordered, so cold, so lacking in impulse, repelled me then as it does now. Dad laughed when I tried to tell him how I felt about them. " Ah, but what about the mead and the honey? " he said, and, of course, I said, " Yes, I like that," but could regard the bees almost as one does machinery. But I loved the hermit, home-making bumble bees—humble bees of the earth, primitive and indolent and beautiful.

While Dad and I had been flirting over the bees and

flowers, and his collection of dried skins of ferret and weasel and rabbit and squirrel, David was helping Granny to wash up, much to her amusement and delight, and she had tied her long white apron round him. At the end of our little round he said, "Now give your old Dad a kiss, but don't tell that boy of yourn, for I be no fighter these days." So I kissed him and promised I wouldn't tell, and we had our little secret; but Dad, with such winks and significant looks, soon let the cat out of the bag, and all had to be confessed. Then David had to kiss Granny to make it quits, and we were very happy together with our jokes and fun. I had never met people like these before, and though the things they said sometimes startled me because they were so new to me, their coarse, simple talk full of proverbs, and shrewd observation and wit, did not shock me at all. I felt perfectly at home with them, and felt that they didn't feel they had to make a difference for me, but were with me as they had always been with David. He was glad too, I could see. I loved them just as I love the earth, and the rain, and the bumble bees.

After we had all had some mead, Dad and Granny got very jolly and gay, and Granny got up and began to dance and said, "I be as young as any, aren't I, Dad?" and Dad said, of course she was, and they got up and danced hand-in-hand up and down the kitchen, Granny holding up her apron and Dad looking at her with admiration. And as they danced some old dance they had remembered from their courting days, David whistled the tune, for he was too shy to dance, and so was I. I wonder when again that lovely old tune was whistled in that cottage, and when again that jig was danced under that roof, for those who danced are dead, and he who whistled the tune is dead, and I think that those who live in that cottage now have forgotten these old things, as soon all will have forgotten them. So

unrest which beyond all found peace in Nature, [illegible] in me. Alone he had to be in his agony, b[illegible] he emerged from it, exhausted by God [illegible] bitter contest, he looked for me and [illegible] love was always the firm ground [illegible] secure and that no storm ever swept away [illegible]

But now I washed and dressed and ran do[illegible] I ran through the kitchen where Gra[illegible] the breakfast, she shooed me [illegible] hussy," she said.

All that da[illegible] and b[illegible] t[illegible] [illegible] very [illegible] [illegible] but I had [illegible] a house decorated and furnished with [illegible] and in the way he advocated. The beauty of it delighted me, and I thought it the perfect setting for these people, with their freedom of manner and thought. The house was always full of men and women living in delightful freedom of intercourse—all people interested in some form of art from Church embroidery to acting. There was a poet who has since achieved fame, an actor who is at the top of the tree, a painter who is now an acknowledged master, and several notable craftsmen whose work is now known to connoisseurs. Folk songs were just being collected, and it was here I first heard these beautiful old songs being sung. They were eager, enthusiastic people, and I [illegible] them immensely. I look back upon this household as having been—after David—the strongest [illegible] in my life. It opened new windows for me on [illegible] world, a world I was strangely [illegible] and because they liked me I felt at ease [illegible] and [illegible] pleasure in talking to them, and [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible]

flowers, and his collection of [illegible] weasel and rabbit and [illegible] at the house, Granny [illegible] delight [illegible] these people, but he didn't [illegible] he was too reserved, and sat among [illegible] some judging Sphinx. But I, being [illegible] and so frankly admiring, was accepted [illegible] there when David was at Oxford, a [illegible] what seemed to me a higher ideal of [illegible] had ever imagined possible. David used to [illegible] their serious cults of purity and freedom [illegible] but I thought it very fine, and admired [illegible]. They regarded no convention, and [illegible] till later that their unconvention was [illegible] intolerant as my parents' convention. But [illegible] kind and gracious people, and proved good [illegible] to me when I needed friends, which I was soon [illegible]o.

I cannot quite remember how events hurried on, but I think the estrangement between Mrs. Scott and Beatrice did not happen till David had been at Oxford some time, and I cannot remember individual vacations. Mrs. Scott disliked my going to see Beatrice, and because I would go she became suspicious, and after a while I found that she had been reading David's letters to me. She never confessed that she had done this, and I could never prove it, but I gathered that she had discovered what our relationship was. So I asked the advice of Beatrice, who of course knew that David and I were lovers, and she advised me to leave, and offered me a post in her own household, which I gladly accepted. My duties were to do anything that wanted doing, and included cooking and housekeeping, as well as sewing and helping the children with their lessons. David did not wholly like this, but it had certain very great advantages. I was with friends, and as long as certain things were done I was free to come and go as I liked. David in his vacations spent

we lay another night in the great bed, and slept in each other's arms, slept the sound sleep that lovers sleep, so sound and yet so light that like a dream the consciousness of the other is always there—the only dream that enters the deep sleep of lovers.

After breakfast we had to leave, and Dad was all ready to go with us as far as the market-place in the town where he had business. Dear old Granny had all ready for me a little neatly arranged posy of all the sweet-smelling flowers and herbs from the garden—an outside fringe of " old man " and in the middle a tight pink rosebud surrounded by a circle of mint. She told me it was to smell in London and remind me of them and the garden. As if I should ever forget them, though I have never seen them again! They insisted on our taking a pot of honey, and half a dozen of big apples and two great lardy cakes, and Granny gave me a length of fine crochet lace that she had made long ago, with much joking and looking sideways at David, and he pretending he didn't know what on earth she meant by all her hints. Dad gave David a little old book of all sorts of receipts he had collected for food, for medicine for beast and man, for curing skins and all sorts of things. All these with difficulty we packed into our rucksacks, and off we set, with Dad insisting on carrying our traps, and Granny waving to us from the gate.

And soon in the train we left the long line of downs behind us, and were in London.

I have passed those downs since and have seen the places where we walked, and from the train have found, as David showed me how, the glint of the sun on the reservoir where we bathed. I have never seen them again, but I know it as I know no other place. I have my jay's wing still. I never put it in a hat, but the lace I used again and again on my babies' clothes, and it has never worn out.

Then David went to Oxford, and I stayed on in my job. We wrote to each other every day, and his letters were full of his new life, and I could tell how he was enjoying the society of his fellows, and also the freedom from home rules which he experienced for the first time in his life. He had always been kept very short of money, and it was a quite new experience to have a small allowance to manage himself. Of course, he thought it would do much more than was possible. He loved beautiful things, and his own home was so devoid of beauty, and he at once went the way of, I suppose, most undergraduates. He spent in his first year much more than he could afford on editions de luxe, pictures, and china. I was always on the look-out for odds and ends for his rooms—brass, and pewter, and bright cushions, and books all the time as I could afford. He now read Pater, and Oscar Wilde, and John Addington Symonds. It was *The Yellow Book* period, and he was very interested in the movement, though never carried away by it. I was rather repelled by it, though being young and healthy, something in its breaking away from the old conventions appealed to me. I read *The Woman Who Did,* but having done likewise I was not impressed by it—it seemed to me a lot of fuss about nothing. I detested Aubrey Beardsley's drawings and loved Max Beerbohm's essays as they appeared in *The Yellow Book*. It was an interesting time to be growing up in, and David and I were both quick to respond to any new ideas in art and literature. But David was much more influenced by the old than the new, and I think *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and *Urn Burial, Tristram Shandy, Lear* and *Macbeth,* and Keats and the Bible, to name a few, were the foundations of his taste. These were the books we read at the same time, and in our letters we wrote about them and about ourselves and our love and our future life together.

At this time I became an intimate of a circle of people living in Kensington. The centre of the circle was a friend of Mrs. Scott's, but it was through an old friend of mine that I was introduced to it—her name was Mrs. Halliday. They were artistic Bohemian people, young mostly, though Mrs. Halliday was not. She had three lovely daughters, the eldest about sixteen or seventeen when I first knew them. This household and their ways were a revelation to me. I loved their large spacious rooms with very little furniture in them, the polished floors bare except for a rug or two, and the almost bare walls ; the absence of stuffy upholstery and curtains, and the simple beauty and comfort of everything delighted me. I had, of course, read William Morris and been very attracted by his ideas, but I had never before seen a house decorated and furnished with his designs and in the way he advocated. The beauty of it delighted me, and I thought it the perfect setting for these people, with their freedom of manner and thought. The house was always full of men and women living in delightful freedom of intercourse—all people interested in some form of art from Church embroidery to acting. There was a poet who has since achieved fame, an actor who is at the top of the tree, a painter who is now an acknowledged master, and several notable craftsmen whose work is now known to connoisseurs. Folk songs were just being collected, and it was here I first heard these beautiful old songs being sung. They were eager, enthusiastic people, and I admired them immensely. I look back upon this household as having been—after David—the strongest influence in my life. It opened new windows for me on the social and artistic world, a world I was strangely unfamiliar with, and because they liked me I felt at ease with them and found pleasure in talking to them, and looked forward to the discussions which took place in their beautiful drawing-room. There were no servants ;

but everyone, men and women, helped in the house, and everything ran smoothly.

I introduced David to these people, but he didn't get on with them. He was too reserved, and sat among them like some judging Sphinx. But I, being so much simpler, and so frankly admiring, was accepted at once. I was often there when David was at Oxford, a humble disciple of what seemed to me a higher ideal of freedom than I had ever imagined possible. David used to make fun of their serious cults of purity and freedom and nakedness, but I thought it very fine, and admired and loved them. They regarded no convention, and I did not see till later that their unconvention was almost as intolerant as my parents' convention. But they were kind and gracious people, and proved good friends to me when I needed friends, which I was soon to do.

I cannot quite remember how events hurried on, but I think the estrangement between Mrs. Scott and Beatrice did not happen till David had been at Oxford some time, and I cannot remember individual vacations. Mrs. Scott disliked my going to see Beatrice, and because I would go she became suspicious, and after a while I found that she had been reading David's letters to me. She never confessed that she had done this, and I could never prove it, but I gathered that she had discovered what our relationship was. So I asked the advice of Beatrice, who of course knew that David and I were lovers, and she advised me to leave, and offered me a post in her own household, which I gladly accepted. My duties were to do anything that wanted doing, and included cooking and housekeeping, as well as sewing and helping the children with their lessons. David did not wholly like this, but it had certain very great advantages. I was with friends, and as long as certain things were done I was free to come and go as I liked. David in his vacations spent

a good deal of time here, and gradually got on better with the circle, who welcomed him and found him an interesting and stimulating participator in their discussions about art and life. But though he got to know and like them better, and they him, something always kept them from becoming intimate. Here I had a very nice room of my own, half bedroom, half sitting-room, where David often spent the night with me. From here, too, we had many lovely days in the country, though we never had another chance to go to our honeymoon cottage, for the old couple had had to leave it, and had moved into the town, near the railway works which employed their son.

So here I lived a jolly Bohemian life, working hard, and liking and being liked by the people I mixed with. I would have done anything for Beatrice, and did, in fact, work very hard at anything that came along to be done. The eldest girl was on the stage—a very beautiful and very selfish girl, and I was the one person she had some consideration for. She knew how I admired her beauty, especially her lovely hair, which I used to brush for her, and my natural good temper somehow softened her hard, spoilt heart. Her beauty was to bring her nothing but unhappiness, and I saw it coming, and so used to mother her, and she who was so imperious to her own mother used to be yielding to me.

All this time David was working fairly hard at Oxford, and rowing for his College, and experimenting in all sorts of experiences. He tried alcohol and opium, and used to write to me and tell me everything that he went through in these various phases. He was influenced by the æsthetic school, and his dress and taste in colour and design were all very much affected by that. He had made a large number of friends, many of whom he kept all his life. He had a wonderful capacity for friendship, and inspired love and admira-

tion wherever he went. He exacted a great deal, and gave a great deal.

He was enjoying it all enormously, and this life helped to overcome his natural shyness and reserve. He never wore his heart on his sleeve, as I did, and people had to meet him more than half-way, but this they always found worth doing. He was earning about £80 a year by writing. He became a more or less regular contributor to *The Speaker, The Academy,* and *The Literary World,* so that his life was very full. His style was at this time very much influenced by Pater, and he wrote, besides nature studies, romantic and imaginative essays in an ornate precious style which he afterwards dropped entirely. His writing was always full of a deep melancholy ; even in his Oxford days this melancholy and spiritual disquietude were becoming more and more characteristic of his temperament.

He had been at Oxford two years, when, shortly after the end of the spring vacation, I found I was pregnant.

THE BUSINESS MAN OF SYRIA.—I have found the following advertisement in the American *Bookman :*

THE BUSINESS MAN OF SYRIA.
By Charles Francis Stocking, E.M., and
William Wesley Totheroh, A.M., LL.D.
A " Life of Christ " from a business point of view
that is now helping thousands in the business world.

I suppose the basic text is : " Make friends to yourselves of the Mammon of unrighteousness." But I should like to see the book.—O. B. E.

ARISTOGENIC EVOLUTION

By Henry Chester Tracy

ALL sympathy can be enlisted in the search for better forms of living. It is the intimate concern of society and of every individual that composes it. Not so universal is the search for better forms of life—of better individuals, that is to say, to do the living that is to be done. We are, for the most part, rank fatalists in regard to the human best : it comes, or it does not come, out of that cosmic process that gives us birth ; and we do not feel ourselves concerned to tamper with or direct it. Better animals and plants we know can be bred, but the human person is unique. His traits and propensities we leave to God and necessity, deeming it enough to care for ourselves when alive. In this respect the common man and the philosopher—not excluding the humanist—have often taken much the same ground. A purely philosophical expression of belief in the development of the best was given by J. S. Mackenzie in the Dunkin Lectures* when he said of the humanistic conception of ultimate reality that " it amounts to trying to think of the universe as an efficient unity in which the most excellent forms of life are developed through a continuous process." There is a good deal of voluntarism about this, and it is also too broad to satisfy the demands of the scientific humanist who knows something of the processes—in detail—by which new forms are produced, and something of the distri-

* Humanism, 1907.

bution of types that results from these processes. He seriously questions whether more and more excellent forms will be developed by a *laissez-faire* system and no clear notion of the qualities that tend to better the breed —no social conception of the best.

There is a certain utility in the term proposed by Sutherland for the process of breeding from the best. He observed that when " best " is defined as the individual possessing the completest nerve development, it is found that the natural process does not always favour it. *Aristogeny,* he called the process, when it occurs. In a preponderant number of cases (confining his observation to the lower vertebrate and invertebrate forms) he found that the advantage lay with changes that represent no real progress in the organism but are superficial adaptive devices; and the process of breeding from these he called *dologeny.* Both are useful terms in this discussion, although neither has taken any great hold on the literature of selection; partly because there are so many gradations and types of selective values that cannot be included under either term: as, for instance, the variations noted by John Gulick in the species of Helix—no advantage either way, and no trick or device for protection, but merely the result of segregation, giving the tendency to vary full play. In the face of a multiplicity of forms, with so many and such varied kinds of survival values, the technical biologist is not likely to admit that there is any " best " but an arbitrary one, imposed by one class or another according as its interests are conserved. Of that position we have to take account.

There was, we easily see, a direct and Darwinian advantage favouring individuals of higher nervous organization—a natural aristogeny—when man was becoming expert and inventive in the use of tools. Now that the mass of mankind live as beneficiaries of such superior organization and intelligence, while slow wit

and the power to endure endless monotonous labour are at a premium for manning the machinery, it is not so clear that aristogeny holds good. Further, a preponderance of unintelligent consumers serves the purposes of the speculative élite ; and the democratic ideal holds the flag of approval over all. What can be better than the common man ? To what end should he be improved ?

One is tempted to think that dologeny rules ; that even in human matings the trickiest has the best chance. Certainly the modern usage in the matter of cosmetics is dologenic in the extreme. It was another generation, not the present one, that held an unhealthy complexion to be a disgrace. But perhaps the preference for the unreal and the function of " concealing coloration " has passed to a psychic stage, where the value is no longer a passive but an active one. We like to be deceived. So much for lip-stick and rouge ; they prevent the wearer—at least in the United States—from being distinguishable in a feminine crowd. It is interesting to reflect that the quality of fraud or artifice has been used by the lesser organisms from the earliest times ; and by such means those that are by no means either strongest or best have managed to live. There seems no reason to suppose that this resource has failed, or is failing, in the case of women and men. How shall we say that there is for human beings, any more than for animals or plants, any process that tends toward a *numerical* preponderance of the best ? Certainly the best are produced—but in the smallest numbers. The advantage of fecundity lay always with the lower types, the organisms that had the least to pass on to the individual by way of inheritance or social protection and care. It is one of the greatest (and least noticed) of the Darwinian laws. Its application is this : If you wish to reduce the numerical preponderance of a given race, educate the individuals and raise the social level of their lives. Automatically their progeny will decrease. The

garden-tilling coolie that is felt to be such a menace to the American West, loses his fecundity when " the laws of social capillarity " elevate him to a position of wealth. Conversely, persecute the inferior populations and they become veritable human weeds. As plants that survive in spite of every handicap have their waxes, resins, spines, scales, their glandular hairs, their poisons and, above all, their endless fecundity, so the offensive human types breed with a Malthusian fecundity in the situations that industrialism creates and would spread—thanks to a barbarian system of politics—over the entire Eastern world. It is easy to predict the result; but neither Malthus nor the economies based on his hypothesis offer any remedy for that disturbing end. There is a remedy, and it has been hinted above. We cannot throw the responsibility either upon Deity or upon Natural Selection. There is, however, something in the latter which we can use, just as there is something in our conception of the former that moves us to use it. Nature has a place for the best.

This principle is recognized by Mr. Julian Huxley in his chapter on biological progress, when he remarks that "*a certain fraction*" of the guiding force of Natural Selection will be felt in the direction of the progressive change, the fundamentally finer organization or more perfect functioning—in short, the selection of the best. In the same essay he calls attention to the fact that the "*upper level* of attainment" will be raised even though some of the changes that are selected for survival occur at right angles to or against the stream of progress. This is true. Applied to human evolution it means that "a certain fraction" of the force, for example, of sexual selection will be effective in the production of the better bred. It must be borne in upon even the most pessimistic of philosophers that a percentage, perhaps not negligible, of those finely endowed persons who appear from time to

time on the earth will form harmonic Mendelian attachments and some fine recessive traits be conserved.

The drift of the discussion just quoted is in favour of the recognition of a distinctive biological progress that is to include man as a part of its movement. Ignoring the historic period as too short to furnish data for or against the notion of progress, it finds a life movement that does inevitably produce what may fairly be called better forms; incidentally it contains a clear and admirable account of the part played by the *adjustor mechanism* in adaptive improvement—that mechanism having found its chance in embryonic nutrition in the placental mammal. On that chance our whole psychic evolution is certainly based. However, as Mr. Huxley himself points out, consciousness, having entered the field, *must* function if we are to reach any levels higher than the one that ushered it in. And if, as this writer has himself said in an earlier paper, "the level of independence is the measure of individuality's perfection in living things," then in consciousness of present and past—consciousness of the life of others as well as one's own—must be found the key to that social best which it was the object of this chapter to explore. Its attainment will be a non-Darwinian process: if you like, an arbitrary one: a difficult objective, in any case. How can we raise the "level of independence" and yet keep our social orientation intact?

The rationalization of this search for a social best is, one supposes, a part of the task of humanism. It is an involved and arduous work, which only those persons will feel like undertaking who feel that "a certain fraction" of the directive force of Natural Selection" is not adequate to social needs, and whose responsibilities have compelled them to feel the sag in standards of all kinds.

Granted, with the late Mr. T. E. Hulme, that perfectibility is a heresy for which the humanist has a

peculiar weakness: there must still be a direction of movement, which is neither backward nor down. It is a part of the charm as well as the perpetual tantalization of conscious life that we never reach the objectives toward which we aim. There is always the incentive to go on. This incentive, and the ground of it, is the distinctively human characteristic, the supra-moral nature that leads us to form ideals and break them, forming others instead. It is therefore the core of humanism, and to be distinguished from all those tendencies that crystallize about traditional moulds, in practice or in belief. Fixed ideals tend to produce conformists, and it will always be fashionable to pretend to conform. The popular "best" will therefore be letter-perfect, according to some social code; and that code will have no universal intent. But we shall learn to recognize another consciousness that carries its own principle of growth; has its own tropisms and is always alive. It fulfils the ancestral tradition, is not suppressed by it. It expresses the life-inheritance; is not inhibited by it. This is not romantic individualism, *it is the maturing in the form of personal consciousness, of generations of life.* This is the kind of consciousness that was meant when it was said that "love is the fulfilling of the law." But we have yet to liberate the conception of love from that of a contracted ethical function to a spontaneous impulse, warm toward all that is vital and significant and productive of æsthetic delight. When we have done that we shall have laid the foundation for an individual as well as a social "best."

The life of "the dead," as we call them—our ancestors—has to be fulfilled. It is the law. But they are many and we are one. We have to modulate their lives. Determinism is a philosophic bogey, effective only with those who can believe in it. All others are free. The impulse which, in our forbears, was murder, we dissipate by a look or a word. Other impulses we

school and develop, because we deem them to be socially fit. True, we have nothing but our impulses and our tissues, as an architect has his materials and his tools; but out of them, as he erects various possible buildings, we may build our choice of lives. Thus the field of natural selection has shifted to ourselves, and to the conscious plane. Behaviourism has nothing to say of self-determination, but has only to show us our tools. And this is an important function, because, by the misuse of a single tool or organ, a whole life plan may be marred.

The selection of the best, then, is not merely a concern of Eugenics, but also an affair of individual lives, and of society, so far as it is able to furnish inducements for a wise selection of impulses and lines of self-fulfilment. We seem to have got that far along the evolutionary road. Some, of course, must live in a stage of incompleteness, because they are not psychically matured. One feels this of certain populations in Southern Europe—that they are carrying a vast potential of human energy that may not, for many generations, be unlocked. Their best in life will be a very different one from that of the sensitive Westerner who is strongly psychic very soon after birth, and the more precocious of the Northern born. M. Stanislavsky, the distinguished director of the Moscow Art Theatre, wrote: "My ancestors came from the glebe filled with a strength that was the accumulation of centuries, and lived through their lives in an incomplete way, unable to take advantage of their natural endowments." This advantage he himself was able to take; but it required stimuli, which he found in an urban environment, out of which he selected those that were to his taste. In his autobiography much is made of the world of childish impressions—strains of music, the opera, dramatic productions. It is an instance of the evident truth that no individual is realizable as a unit apart; in and through

a social environment, by means of interactions, he develops and he *becomes* something more than "in the course of nature" he could ever have been. He efficiently realizes "one of the most excellent forms of 'life.'"

It is a common saying in competitive circles that "there is always room at the top." What I wish to point out here is that with every realization of the human best in an individual, room is made for the others just below. The real best never competes. The real best, however, may cease to breed its like. There was no reason why Jesus should have left a line of physical heredity. He became a social factor for elevating the status of man. Believers or disbelievers, we have to admit that his drawing influence has been felt by the crowd, and that until the principle of that magnetism is confused with *organization* the Christian "elect" do not compete with the secular groups for existence on the earth. Nor does any rational and social best. It is a confusion of thought to suppose that those persons who are to be social best of the future will have to survive by means of the elimination, by competitive means, of the less fit; or to suppose that the world would be better off if we were less humane, and more scientific, and found some means to exterminate the worst. The social best do not survive by means of a Darwinian fitness, nor are they necessarily the finest genetic types. The category of quality, so generally neglected, lies, as Mackenzie remarked (in the lectures quoted) at the basis of the humanistic point of view, and it is characteristic of the humane quality that it tolerates the imperfect and the incomplete types with whom it comes in contact, and refuses either to compete with them or to use them as tools.

There is no prevailing process of aristogeny. The true aristocracy do not form a competitive best, or survive by displacing inferior groups. Proletarianism

mistakes all aristocracies for evil ones, and so abolishes spiritual symbolism along with the insignia of caste. Its measure of satisfactions being purely quantitative, it is blind to the *quality* of humanity—which alone counts. That is why a philosophy of humanism, and one that is grounded on science, must penetrate every level of education if we are to promote the emergence of life's most excellent forms, raising the level for all life.

Women Too Proud

THEY pass me by, women too proud to speak
To such a thing as I ; beneath their brows
Their eyes neglect me as a thing too weak
For them to care what pangs and dreams they rouse.

They pass me with the steadfast scorn of ships
Driven full-sail beneath the sun's wide eye,
Turning with arrogant sway of throat and hips,
Scorning my pangs and dreams as they pass by.

My mind, a hapless gull, flies in their wake,
Beating behind them for a crumb back-thrown,
Drawn by desires I cannot overtake,
And tossed by winds never to be outflown.

They pass, and they alone know whence or where,
Shrines of a hopeless hope which never dies,
Leaving a fearful fragrance in the air
And torturing memory of neglectful eyes.

GEOFFREY H. WELLS.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

An Anonymous Letter to the Editor

THE ABSOLUTE CHANGE.—I find the conception of the possibility of "an absolute change" in the human consciousness, hinted at in the article "Science and the Control of Life," valuable to me.

I am a parson, who elects to remain in the Church. (I am sure that there is more in the belief in God the Father than you have yet touched, or perhaps better, grasped.) I have been for many years, like many others of my cloth, preoccupied with an attempt to discover the real Jesus. I owe a great deal to Albert Schweitzer, whose work may be known to you. But Schweitzer leaves me unsatisfied. His attempt to make an absolute separation between the "eschatological" expectation of Jesus and his ethical teaching; his argument that obedience to ethical commands as it were "qualified" the disciple for entry into the Kingdom of God when it miraculously appeared, has always seemed to me *wrong*. The more wrong because I could not define its wrongness. With age I have become more and more convinced of an absolute unity between Jesus's preaching of the Kingdom and his teaching of individual morality.

This is where your conception of "an absolute change" in human consciousness seems to me extremely helpful. As I say, you merely hint at it. And I may be wrong in my interpretation of your brief sentence. But in reading it, it suddenly struck me that here was a solution of my difficulty. First, because such "an absolute change," though difficult in the extreme to conceive, is surely possible. At some point in the evolutionary process, the human consciousness appeared. That surely was "an absolute change."

At all events, I can attach no real meaning to a *gradual* change from the animal to the human consciousness: bring the animal as near to the human, and the human as near to the animal as you will, there is still an abyss between them. From which I conclude that an absolute change has been, and may be again.

Now, suppose that this second change not only may be, but has been already. Suppose not merely that Jesus, as you say, "was able to conceive an absolute change in human life," but that he had himself experienced it: that he was, in fact, *a new kind of man*. (That is what most of us feel, however obscurely: but suppose it literally and, as it were, scientifically true.) Now I think I see that it would follow, necessarily, that Jesus must believe that what had happened to him must be on the point of happening to all men. It would—would it not?—be impossible for him to believe that he was alone. Only bitter experience could teach him that he was, in fact, a freak or a sport. At the beginning of his ministry he would simply be full of "the *glad* news" that the Kingdom of God was at hand—the Kingdom of God being the universal attainment of this new consciousness, or new condition, which he knew and in which he lived.

Is that clear? If it is, may we not suppose, are we not compelled to suppose, that the supreme fact of the new consciousness was a consciousness of the Fatherhood of God? You cannot *understand* that, neither can I: but that is because "the absolute change" has not occurred in us. But suppose "the absolute change" itself *consists* in the knowledge of the Fatherhood of God? As I read the story of the synoptics, it was in something of the kind that Jesus's crucial experience did consist when he came up from being baptized by John. If that were so, what wonder that neither you nor I nor most men can understand the Fatherhood of God? We belong to the old order; and the words

"Except ye be born again, ye can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of God" do literally apply to us.

Then it would follow—would it not?—that there can be no valid appeal to human experience to deny the Fatherhood of God. We judge our experience by the old consciousness; it might be utterly different if we could judge it by the new. Simply: if the Fatherhood of God were a real fact of our consciousness, would it not give a wholly different quality to our pains and catastrophes? We should *know* that there was a meaning in them. It is the apparent meaninglessness of our disasters that makes it impossible for us really to believe in the Fatherhood of God. *But if we really believed in it that apparent meaninglessness would no longer exist.*

Further, it follows—does it not?—that you cannot appeal even to *Eloi, Eloi* to invalidate God's Fatherhood. It is surely possible, nay, even probable, that Jesus himself did not wholly know the Father's purposes. All that you could fairly argue from that cry is that something which Jesus expected to happen did not happen: that some extreme of bodily agony was not spared him, or that some miraculous translation did not occur. Yes, surely *he felt* that his God had forsaken him. I would not mitigate or shirk that for one moment. But how could that invalidate his former knowledge? Not to have known the Father's purpose to the depth—how can that disprove his knowledge of the Father? It can disprove it only if you appeal to the old consciousness.

One step further and I have done. Does not the mere fact that you, after all your wanderings in the wilderness, stand staring at the Cross, with the conviction that everything depends upon your answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?"—strike you as in some sort an indication that God's purpose was indeed supremely revealed *in* the Crucifixion. Here, you feel—your article on "Christ and Christianity"

proves it—is the key to the mystery. I remember clearly some words of yours written when you began the ADELPHI magazine, concerning "the secret harmony and high design that lie within all human discomfiture." Is that, I wonder, anything else than an unconscious confession of the Fatherhood of God, which your consciousness denies? May you not be hovering between the old consciousness and the new? There is more to say than you have said: and perhaps you may yet be called upon to say it.

I do not wish to occupy your space further: only to remind you that I have been dragging out the implications of *your own words*. If my ideas and deductions are correct there is not much point in arguing whether Jesus was human or divine. He was, literally, *more than human*: of what "divine" may mean, I have no idea. But I find a profound truth in both his great titles: Son of Man and Son of God. And since I try to believe, and at moments do verily believe, in what he knew, I can and do say, "I believe in the God the Father Almighty" with an absolute conviction of my own honesty. Nay, I feel that then only am I truly honest when I do say it. Therefore, I remain in the Church, though I would the Church were otherwise. —A PARSON.

THE "THING" OF MR. HARDY'S POETRY.—In the world of Mr. Hardy's poetry his conception of Deity is so dominant that it must be faced if there is to be an adequate and sympathetic understanding of his work. I know of no one other line equal to that from *The Dynasts,* which presents the Deity as a "purposive, unmotived, dominant Thing," for revealing the dark, lidless-eyed Omnipotence, everywhere oppressively evident. It is richly suggestive, recalling, as it does, a knowledge of the Wessex mind gained by a life-time's experience of the men and women whose county the

poet has so assuredly and sympathetically claimed for the Republic of Literature. Of course Wessex has the religion of its Churches. But the fact remains that the Church religion has either absorbed into itself the Wessex conception of Providence, or else has superimposed its own upon a philosophy and theology native to Wessex. In Wessex, Providence looks with cold, unwinking eyes on men and women who are but puppets. What will be, will be, however men and women act. Not their mightiest effort can alter their destiny, nor can it affect " one grief-groan, or pleasure-gleam." They do but work out what was set them before they were born. Is a man slain by lightning, it is Providence who strikes him down. It is Providence who compasses a man's end at some level crossing. But the Wessex man does not regard his view of Providence as distinct from the Church's ; and would probably accept no proof that it is.

Mr. Hardy's mind has led him into apparent opposition to orthodox and organized religion. I say apparent, advisedly, for his antagonism is no more than apparent. Fundamentally there is no opposition. The real antagonism is to accidentals. And the " dominant Thing " is the cause of that. That conception originates in a revolt against the popular conception of God which did not agree with the poet's experience of life, or with his interpretation of that experience. In Wessex, Providence is conceived as a dominant Person ; and Mr. Hardy has stripped off its anthropomorphic garments and exposed the naked Thing which plays haphazard with Wessex loves, hopes, and lives. And the result of this very natural revolt against that tyranny is that he has circled back to the fundamental orthodoxy of Wessex. It is the poet who sees that the Deity—

> heaves through space, and moulds the times,
> With mortals for its fingers. . . .

It is the Wessex mind that is the abode of the " pur-

posive, unmotived, dominant Thing." And the distinction between the poet's heterodoxy and the orthodoxy of Wessex is the distinction between Person and Thing.

It is probable that few people are at home with a de-personalized God. To my feeling, the poet himself, though he rises superior to It in so many ways, is no exception, but is perplexed and oppressed by that dominant Thing. It is an obsession. That this is so, one certainly feels when one enters Mr. Hardy's world. And the reason why one so certainly knows it for an obsession is probably (I think certainly) found in the poet's frequent use of words for their logical meaning alone. The number of prose lines, though the artist so often disguises them by strict metrical pattern, is the probable explanation of a pronounced philosophical-theological element. At any rate there the element is and may not be ignored. To be exact, the poet's interpretation of life and his conception of Deity seem excessively materialistic only because they and the feelings aroused by them, are in many instances only partially transmuted, and in some others are not transmuted at all. Consequently the atmosphere of Mr. Hardy's poetic world is charged with the ominous influence of the Thing. Where we meet with compassion, we know it is the poet's. His Deity has none; for compassion is of person and not of Thing. And neither could it be looked for in a Deity, "a Clairvoyancy that knows not what it knows, yet works therewith."

How fundamental the Thing concept is to Mr. Hardy's poetic world is most conveniently illustrated by examining one poem. One of the most recent is "On the portrait of a woman about to be hanged." It is at once a protest against the Thing and an appeal to It. The poet asks why "It sent a worm to madden Its handiwork, when it might well not have assayed you." In this poem, as everywhere in his poetic world, Mr. Hardy refers the evils he sees to a First Cause,

As in the earlier thought of the Old Testament, of which much of the poet's thought is reminiscent, so here, there seems to be no place for secondary causes. Here too is the poet one with his Wessex. It is the Lord who hardens Pharaoh's heart. And the poem illustrates, what other poems show explicitly or implicitly, how Mr. Hardy "attempts to explain or excuse the presence of evil and the incongruity of penalising the irresponsible." The creature is but a puppet and therefore irresponsible. But is this true outside the poet's world? Is there no such thing as secondary cause? Some of the best minds of our time propose to us that there are secondary causes, that the individual is a responsible being; and if that be true, what of this poem? Granted choice (however limited) the structure falls and the motive fails. The emotion aroused by the contemplation of apparent injustice holds good; but except for Mr. Hardy's obsession with the Thing, its expression would have been different.

No one can read Mr. Hardy's poems, as they deserve to be read, and remain in ignorance of his handicap. It were easy to sing when one held—"God's in His heaven—All's right with the world." But weighed down as he is by consciousness of a "sense-bound" Thing "working evermore in his unweeting way," it is astonishing that he can sing at all. And the most astonishing fact (for me) about his poetry is that more than a Thing is apparently striving in him. His spirit is deeper than his philosophy or theology, and touches realities undreamed of by either.—J. A. HALL.

THEATRE AND CINEMA

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" (*Barnes Theatre*).

A most pleasing reflection is that the enthusiasm of both the actors and the audience of this production is a tribute to Mr. Hardy's genius. It may be late perhaps, but it is none the less sincere.

To style this play an adaptation of the novel seems incorrect. It exists in an inevitable dissociation; and a recognition of this fact is necessary for its proper apprehension. It is not intended to reproduce the richness of the Frome water-meadows, the haziness of the Blakemore Vale, or the searching quiet of the downs above Batcombe. Those are certain settings, wherein Mr. Hardy's characters may appear inextricably woven. And upon the removal of these things the question is left: are the lives, the emotions here presented so understood and moulded that they can stand alone, complete and essential? If dissociation be understood, there is but one answer, and that in the affirmative. That there should be a background of the novel in the mind is natural; indeed, there are lines which in some curious way speak suddenly of the Tess who has long since dwelt in the consciousness, but once the first realization is over the new Tess emerges. She may not be so graciously formed; that is not possible in three hours, but she is a vision for which one is truly grateful.

It is almost a commonplace to say that Mr. Hardy's attitude to life has been formed by his native earth. But anyone who has passed a time in his county must know that there are no two ways of expressing its subtle airs, its warmth, the most majestic indifference of its personal life. It gives its own firm impress to the characters; yet here, concealed, part removed, half-known, it leaves Tess more swiftly tragic than before. That third phase of her life, so full in Nature's seeming kindness, is almost non-existent. Yet given such characters, thrown

together fatefully, Mr. Hardy shows them vibrant, tuned the one to the other, until they are overwhelmed by the very life which courses so visibly in their veins. The final phase, that of a love passed beyond desire, is deeply and movingly portrayed. The whole stands, a true story, without need of a setting.—A. G.

"HAMLET" IN MODERN DRESS (Kingsway Theatre). —The production of *Hamlet* in modern costume is intended chiefly, Sir Barry Jackson explains in the official *News Letter* of his company, for the man in the street, that he may the more easily realize "Shakespeare's nearness to himself." Through the removal of the barriers of traditional mounting, the dim, bare rooms of Elsinore, the remote dress, the unnatural music of versified speech, it is intended to afford him "a real conflict of credible human beings"; and perhaps a new angle of appreciation to the scholar.

As an experiment, whose every step is capable of awakening an interest in the real Shakespeare, it is fully justified, but each aspect of the presentation appears to announce that Sir Barry Jackson has either misread his man in the street, both in his constitution and in his requirements of dramatic art, or has not yet found the means of reaching his mind. Yet, even so, if it only slightly pierces the core of faithful, romantic, apathetic acceptance of Shakespeare in the average man it will have performed a signal service.

It is upon contact with this core, which is harder and greater than the traditions of Shakespearean production, that the experiment wavers—the conservatism of the man in the street for Shakespeare's method. He knows or does not know that Shakespeare wrote in blank verse for a reason, chose an historical setting for his tragedy with a reason, and was deeply aware of the significance of costume, as Oscar Wilde pointed out in *Intentions*; but he does know, in some curious fashion,

that these are methods by whose operation the play is lifted into the highest realms of human achievement. Generally he is well content at their use, and to lose his play as too dear for possessing; now he is given the plot, wearing thin to syncopated music, and the characters, of slurring, hurried speech, once woven to it in the poet's insight.

Thus he has either to accept this as Shakespeare's tragedy—truly it can be easily accepted so—or to satisfy his conscience by stepping over it to the fuller, beautiful conception in the music of blank verse. He is not usually troubled by his conscience, however, and it becomes doubtful if the experiment will precipitate an understanding in him with which he will feel bound to make further tests. It has this capacity, for the play stands strong as ever with its profound problem; but the reactions seem too delicate. Shakespeare is not allowed, by his "nearness," to lift the whole work into the complete beauty into which he projected it, any more than would Goethe if his *Faust,* even in its traffic with essentials, were robbed of its mediæval setting.—A. G.

"THE GOLD RUSH" (*Tivoli Theatre*).—Once again Mr. Chaplin has appeared before a world sodden with the "photo-play." He brings a contribution which is but one more definite, confirming indication of life in the cinema. Unlike the Germans, whose true ability in this art cannot be questioned, he brings the aspect of the little, intimate, tiresome life of the overwhelming commonplace. Nothing is presented but that which is credible to the poor imagination.

It is his old self, graduated from the slight infirmity of the curate's garb in "The Pilgrim," shown in the midst of brutality and senselessness in Alaska. It is a treasure which shines with some of the old tricks, and a surprising number of new ones. Yet told with a

technique which neither he, nor anyone else, has yet equalled.

That is perhaps the most surprising aspect of the film. However the humour is derived, logically or intuitively, it all conforms to a remarkable technical skill, each fragment being adjusted into delicate balance. And it seems that it is just as possible for each part to fall into pure fun, as into heart-searching sympathy. Such a definite bond is established from the very first, when he is seen pursuing a lonely but cheerful way into the snowfields, that it is impossible to disregard his dangers, although one is glad of them. One knows that he will triumph, but each conquest, so near complete failure, is achieved so unexpectedly, so shrewdly, so accidentally that in some way it seems the very behaviour and substance of life. Each action is intensely related. The sharing of his boot, as the only edible substance, with a fat, ravenous prospector, is no passing joke. Its complexities overtake him, and require profound attention on many occasions. Upon the loss of a braces button hangs the romance of his poor, solitary life ; and such worn, haphazard threads as supported it are symbolic of his later joys.—A. G.

ON BEING A CLASSIC

By The Journeyman

I had often wondered what it would mean to be a classic. If Shakespeare were alive to-day—and who knows? (I said to myself) he may be somewhere about, smiling at the mess we have made of things since his time, cutting his lawn with a blunt mower of an evening, and waiting patiently for the day when he can write another play with a chance of getting it produced. At all events, after that sentence, he was alive enough for me to ask him what he makes out of it.

" Enough to rub along with, thank you," said Shakespeare. " About a thousand a year.

" That's very little, you think? You forget: my plays don't run for very long in England. I suppose they aren't such good plays as I thought them."

" The world's great playwright? Is that so? That's very kind of them. I have heard that I do rather better abroad. I remember some of our fellows made a fair thing out of a tour in Holland and Germany. But I don't get anything out of that. You forget there was no Continental copyright in my day."

" Mr. S—— makes twenty thousand? What a lot of money! But you forget. I am a classic: he is not. You mustn't judge my income by non-classical standards. I assure you I do very well. A thousand a year —it's a great deal of money. And I don't pay income-tax."

" Why ever not? Not for want of trying, I assure you. But when the income-tax came in—that's rather

before your time, I imagine—I wrote on the form: *William Shakespeare, gentleman, player and playwright,* and the inspector sent me another, and said I was liable for a fine of £20 for giving false information. I filled up the other: *William Shaxper, armiger, histrio et fabulator.* He sent me another, saying I was liable to a fine of £30 for using a foreign language. I filled up the third, *William Shakespere, author of 'Hamlet.'* (You have heard of it, I daresay. It always went well: I don't know why.) The inspector did not trouble me again. Things have changed since my time—

> the insolence of office and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

I could *write*: don't you think?"

"Oh, you're one of the Shakespeariolaters, are you? And that's why you think I should have more than £1,000 a year. Bless you, boy. It's kind of you to think that. And you are one of those who write kind things about me, I'm sure. People are very kind: but I sometimes wish they would read me before writing about me. But I suppose it shows a good heart."

"A million! Good heavens, boy—forgive me, but you are a good deal younger than I, aren't you?—what on earth should I do with a million? I am independent, and a gentleman. I never asked for more."

"You think it strange I should have asked so much? I suppose I had to prove to myself the world was not a dream—not altogether. But I say that, now, looking back. I did not think like that when I began. I had to pull myself out of the gutter, the veritable gutter. So you've heard the story of my holding horses for twopence? It's true. 'Put money in thy purse.' Money! It's terribly important. It gives a man whereon to stand. Money enough to stand on—no more—but that I slaved for. They can't understand that? I'm afraid they don't understand many things, even

now. They don't understand that there is a difference in kind between the man who has known poverty, and the man who has never known it. They're like Lazarus and Dives on the painted cloth : between me and thee is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot ; neither can they pass to us that would come from thence."

" They call me a snob ? I think the people who call me that belong to Dives' company. When you are in the gutter, you fight your way out of it, or you die. A good many of our fellows died. Hardly a snob, I fancy. I don't like well-to-do writers. A writer must never lose sight of the gutter, never forget that how thin is the ground on which he treads."

" Yes, they come to see me sometimes. I like the young ones best—Keats and Chatterton are my favourites. I think they're happy in the garden here, above all in the evening."

" What do we talk about ? Oh, nothing much. When you grow older, when you've learned a little more, you'll understand that at the last there's nothing much to *say*. We dream and hope and believe. There are a great many flowers in the garden here, you know, sweet-smelling evening flowers. Sometimes a nightingale sings. I'm glad of that, for Keats' sake. One evening he told me a poem, as though it had been a dream. Oh, you know it ? I'm glad of that. Even I never wrote a poem like that one. Have you ever thought what it meant that a *boy* should have written that ? Terrible, terrible ; but wonderful, wonderful. You have ? Well, I am glad. So you do really think about us sometimes. Love us ? Ah, that is the word. But don't waste it on me, boy. Love them. They suffered much for you. And yet—perhaps your love of me is not wholly wasted. No true love is. It keeps your own heart sweet, if nothing more."

" That's hard ? There is nothing harder, boy : nor

anything more precious. A sweet heart alone can know that it is not all in vain."

"You would like to come and listen? You are truly young; you still think there is a secret somewhere that we might speak and you might hear? No, no! All that we could *say*, we have said, even the youngest of us. You would be disappointed, boy,—you are young—to hear us say: 'These are good apples,' or 'The sky is red to-night.'"

You are still looking for a sign. You remember: An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and no sign shall be given it. Oh, no; I did not mean it for you. But there's a tinge of the old Adam still, isn't there? It's the hardest thing of all to learn: that there are no signs, because everything is a sign.

Prospero? Was I Prospero? No, you shouldn't ask such questions; you should know that I cannot answer them. Not that I would not, but simply that I cannot. Shall I say 'Yes,' when I made Prospero? Can I say 'No,' when he was of my making?

You love Miranda? Well, so did I. You knew it, did you? Why not? I couldn't keep it out—"The fringèd curtains of thine eyes advance, And say what thou seest yond." You know what those words have in them. And Perdita. I made things lovely for her to see:

O Proserpina,
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! Daffodils
That came before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids. . . .

Yes, that is lovely. "Behold, I make all things new."

Perdita, the lost one; Miranda, the one to be wondered at.

Why did I make a new woman, and not a new man? Boy, you press your questions home. Why? I wonder. It happened so. I loved women. And the new man must be *born*. The woman who should see loveliness, her I knew: but the man who shall do loveliness, he is yet to come.

"Take these," he said suddenly, filling my pockets with apples from a dish. "These are good apples." And he smiled.

I understood his meaning, and went my way.

BOOKS TO READ

CARLYLE ON CROMWELL AND OTHERS (1837-48). By David Alec Wilson. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul.) 15s. net.

Mr. Wilson has reached the period when Carlyle, now a celebrity, is lecturing in London. The breezes of "Northern pulpit" eloquence are at their strongest. Mr. Wilson's weakness lies in his lack of the critical sense; his indiscriminate acceptance of all Carlyle's philosophizings; his failure to envisage or estimate his subject *intellectually*. He has a brisk, direct style and a dry humour of his own; and his arrangement in short chapters heightens the effect of a vivid yet thorough presentation. The most brilliant figures of the age throng these rapid scenes, and whether or not one shares Mr. Wilson's view of the hero, interest cannot flag. Very notable is the evident domestic happiness of Carlyle and his wife at this time. Yes, the latest and longest biography (over-eulogized though it has been) is worth while. But we cannot help wondering more and more what Froude would think about it all!

A GRAMMAR OF POLITICS. By Harold J. Laski. (Allen & Unwin.) 18s. net.

It is difficult, in an essay of such vague and unlimited scope as this, to avoid the impression of sometimes o'erleaping oneself. But Mr. Laski has given us a careful and exhaustive work, in which the very fundamentals of the social order, as well as the present question of reconstruction, are dealt with and no feeling of superficiality is left. He has an *international* training in politics and economics, yet neither obtrudes nor abuses it. He is a singularly unbiassed economist, and this negatives the effect of that political *arrière-pensée* which one has come by experience to look for in every writer on practical themes. He is an *obvious* Liberal, and does not exploit his science to propagandist ends. "We have to make a world by deliberate plan" is his assumption and, broadly, the impression he leaves with us. The alternative is disaster. Mr. Laski is optimistic; especially about the unity of nations and the potentialities of education. On his favourite theme of sovereignty he is particularly good; and though he is by inclination a theorist some of his practical suggestions seem to be excellent—and workable.

A HISTORY OF THE PHARAOHS. Vol. I. By Arthur Weigall. (Thornton Butterworth.) 21s. net.

This opening volume covers the first eleven Dynasties. Mr. Weigall aims to steer a middle course between esotericism and too "popular" exposition; an obviously desirable method which most Egyptologists have ignored. He has unusual synthetic power. His new chronology is illuminating and is likely to affect practically all future work on the period. He is of the "Babylonian" persuasion; and he does not fully stress the unique sacerdotal prestige of the earliest monarchy really known to history. We await with interest the conclusion of his labours, in which Mr. Carter's discoveries will be utilized and the whole subject be seen in fuller perspective.

SOME HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES OF THE CONSTITUTION. By Kenneth Pickthorn. (Philip Allan.) 3s. 6d. net.

A workmanlike enunciation of the fundamentals of British governance. The unexpectedness of developments in constitutional progress is shown to be out of keeping with the traditional idea that the Constitution has simply grown. Some recent happenings that affect constitutional practice are clearly treated; and the chapter on "Crown and Empire," touching on Britain's relation to her Colonies, opens a wide field for thought.. The book is brief and compact; its style lucid and pleasing.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS OF SOME GREAT THINKERS OF THE RENAISSANCE AND THE REFORMATION. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Harrap.) 7s. 6d. net.

A useful series of studies, by competent historians, of representative thinkers of the time—Nicolas of Cusa, Fortescue, Machiavelli, More, Erasmus, Luther, and Calvin. The editor's introduction, though inevitably a trifle oracular, makes a good background. Of these his own essay on Machiavelli deserves particular mention. There is something strangely familiar to us in this picture of the disillusioned diplomat of San Casciano, avowing his final faith in the force of arms, and proclaiming the "princely" qualities of violence and fraud as the only effective instruments of political salvation. Verily, a perverted doctrine! But it was, nevertheless, the fruit of pondered conviction; a cynicism distilled from long and bitter experience. And however sinister it may be, can we say that it is yet dead? If Metternich, Bismarck, and Cavour lie behind us, have we not Mussolini in our midst?

THE LAWS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND: FROM EDMUND TO HENRY I. Edited by A. J. Robertson. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 25s. net.

The *biblion-abiblion* is difficult to criticize broadly. Miss Robertson has translated from the Anglo-Saxon and Latin the extant royal laws from 940 to 1150, making accessible some useful historical material. Besides adapting Liebermann and Schmid she has utilized research of her own. The chief law-givers of the period were Aethelred, Canute, William the Conqueror, and Henry. Interesting light is cast upon the—theoretical—status of the conquered Saxons. Scholars will feel indebted to this careful work.

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By Benedetto Croce. Authorised translation by Arthur Livingston. (Harrap.) 7s. 6d. net.

These papers first appeared in 1915, in *La Critica*. They are not, however, intended to supply a systematic treatise on morals. Instead, they offer us "sidelights on practical problems of conduct," the mature reflections of a shrewd and subtle thinker on some of the thousand and one concrete questions that face us in daily life. At times Croce can display a rare insight that seems to transform the baffling problems and lead us to an unexpected solution. Yet *only* at times, for the illumination is far from uniform, and too often the brilliant flash of paradox flickers out in a feeble platitude. Indeed, the quality of this work is disappointingly unequal. Some of the arguments, if not plain sophistries, are at any rate (to use his own phrase) more ingenious than profound. Nevertheless, Croce's views as a whole are much too interesting to be neglected; and in the present case they have the advantage of appearing in a translation which, despite an occasional jar, is eminently readable.

BOOKS TO READ—*continued.*

FIVE STAGES OF GREEK RELIGION. By Gilbert Murray. (Oxford University Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

Professor Murray presents in a concise and interesting manner the development of Greek religious thought. It is a pity, however, that he ignores so largely the tremendous influence of Minoan and Mycenaean cults upon the later religions of Greece. Is it not a matter for criticism, too, that, in his otherwise excellent analysis of the fourth century, he should apply an Englishman's idea of what the Greek *should* have thought rather than make an abstract constatation of a morality that prevailed? Students will appreciate his summaries of information; and scholars will admire the clarity and carefulness of his philosophic differentiations.

THE IDEA OF GREAT POETRY. By Lascelles Abercrombie. (Secker.) 6s. net.

This series of lectures by one of our finest theoretical critics of literature is a valuable attempt to make clear the distinction between true poetry that is simply lyrical or personal, and great poetry. Professor Abercrombie's point is that the *scope* of a great poem intensifies, by cumulative force, each separate perception that it includes. This conflicts with Croce's "lyrical" theory of art; and the author (who has already justified the existence of the Epic, as a true æsthetic kind, to modern criticism) seems to us to refute a very widespread heresy, and to affirm an opposing truth of great value. His closely packed argument will repay careful reading—though it is not always felicitously worded. Among the illustrations there is an especially good incidental estimate of Wordsworth; and the only thing that definitely gives us pause is an over-confident, rather scornful vindication of the Witches in *Macbeth*, where the author does not quite make out his case.

WHAT IS RHYTHM? By E. A. Sonnenschein. (Blackwell.) 10s. 6d. net.

The echoes answer, What? There is about prosodic theory a curious inconclusiveness. Professor Sonnenschein, whose book seems to us rather more heavy and involved than it need be, is a modernist and a liberal: his work, almost necessarily, lacks finality. He regards rhythm as essentially a balance of duration, in which a measure of disproportion is inherent; thus discrediting both quantity and mere duration as metric criteria. Some of his aural illustrations are suggestive; as are also the Appendices on syllable-measurement in which he has collaborated with phonetic experts.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF ARCHITECTURE. By Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Sir Reginald Blomfield's collection of articles and addresses reprinted under the title of *The Touchstone of Architecture*, illustrates an old but very curious phenomenon in criticism. This phenomenon is usually misinterpreted to the effect that a man who practises any one art is thereby disabled from delivering rational criticism in that art. The truth is that criticism to-day tends increasingly to explain its subjects instead of judging them; as Sainte Beuve says somewhere, it understands everything, but it comes to no conclusions. Now the architect may, or may not, be able to explain buildings; that depends upon his equipment as a theorist and writer. He will, however, if he is a good architect, in all probability prove a good judge of buildings. Sir Reginald Blomfield is both the one and the other, but hardly ever both at once, and this is where his book (apart from its other merits, which are great) is so instructive. When dealing with those kinds of architecture which are germane to that produced by himself, his historical reflections become dry and sharp and are everywhere interspersed with praise or recrimination. On page 160 we read: "The Greeks were ignorant of the principle of . . .," "such clumsy expedients," "they built well"; indeed, words such as "mistake" and "clumsy" occur on almost every page of this particular essay. A clear contrast with this kind of writing is found in the paper identifying architectural with ethnological movements. Here the mood is tentative, demure, almost apologetic, so conscious is the author himself of the new manner of approach. It is a rare thing to find both manners used in the same volume, and rarer still to see them as sharply differentiated as they are throughout Sir Reginald Blomfield's essays.

VOICES OF THE STONES. By A. E. (Macmillan.) 3s. 6d. net.

The poet who is a mystic lives dangerously. What brings these (as nearly all of A. E.'s) poems among the most impressive of our day is the unusual depth and sufficiency of his mystical vision. He is so completely "brother to grass and stones," his emotional life is so fully liberated in the abstract world of his own natural perceptions, that only when his inspiration relaxes does one pause to reflect how tenuous is the human element in his work. Great poetry has a closer contact with life, and so a more tangible and concrete imagery: these poems have not that greatness, but few of them fall short of perfection in their kind.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE PERSON OF CHRIST. By Sydney Cave, D.D. (Duckworth.) 5s. net.

This is a good, as well as a brilliant, book. It is ostensibly a succinct history of the evolution of the dogma of the person of Christ from the earliest times; but it is written by one to whom the forms of this dogma have real meaning, as expressions of Christian experience, so that in his narrative we follow the successive attempts to formulate intellectually the life-giving power of the central Christian verity. To this task Dr. Cave brings unusual qualities, of which perhaps the most striking is an intimate knowledge, gained by missionary experience in India, of the difficulties felt by other minds than the Western European of *conceiving* the Christian mystery. To have given the reader a sense of the living reality of two thousand years of theological debate is no small achievement.

THE MYSTERY OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD. By Albert Schweitzer. (A. and C. Black.) 6s. net.

A somewhat belated translation—even the excellent introductory essay is dated 1913—of Schweitzer's first statement, 1901, of his extreme "eschatological" position. To ourselves, we confess, Schweitzer's work, though stimulating, is on the whole quite as unsatisfactory as that of the "liberals" whom he derides. That very derision is characteristic of the quality we deplore, for there is something profoundly non-Christian in the slickness and logical precision of his attitude, as though the earthly career of Jesus were governed by clockwork. Schweitzer's assumption, that the life and teaching of Jesus can be wholly related to the eschatological conceptions current in his way, is in every way as arbitrary as the "liberal" assumption that he was essentially a modern liberal. If one thing is certain it is that Jesus was at least as greatly in advance of his own times as he is in advance of ours. Schweitzer will have done his work, however, when it is realized that an "eschatological" Jesus is merely another projection of his real mystery.

A DEFENCE OF RYME. By Samuel Daniel; and OBSERVATIONS IN THE ART OF ENGLISH POESIE. By Thomas Campion. (The Bodley Head.) 2s. 6d. net. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

From the handy "Bodley Head Quartos." We venture to remind our readers that this controversy is one of the "tit-bits" of early English criticism. Campion's views on metre and kindred questions have never quite lost their freshness.

AXEL. By Jean Marie Matthias Philippe Auguste, Count Villiers de l'Isle Adam. Tr. by H. P. R. Finberg. (Jarrolds.) £3 3s. net.

The intensely austere, intellectual, haughty spirit of Villiers the magnificent found probably its freest and most impressive utterance in *Axel*; and there is a kind of fitness in its enshrining in this luxurious and exotic form. His work belongs to a tradition of feeling that has long passed; and found only a faint reflection in England in more or less "decadent" movements. But, with all his aloofness, Villiers revealed in his art a genuine and exalted spirituality: "l'amour, épuré, s'allume sur l'autel: tout ce qu'il y a d'humain à ce feu s'évapore." Narrowness there is and a kind of unreality: but the reader is awed more than he is repelled. Mr. Yeats' Preface is simple and reassuring; and Mr. Finberg's Introduction more impeccable than his translation. The whole volume is suggestive of the choicest caviare: but as regards Mr. Sturge Moore's symbolic designs and textual decorations we fear we must be ranked with "the general."

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Little Tiger. By Anthony Hope. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

A rather good but rather limited book; showing close observation of life but little perception of any underlying quality in life. The characterization is admirable—Little Tiger herself, for one, is a masterly study of a "whole loaf" temperament—but the construction is less so. A superficial world, not created by strong imagination. Sir Anthony has done better things; but few could do this so well as he. His attitude remains surprisingly youthful.

The Vintage. By Nora Kent. (Holden.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Kent's art has advanced, but still shows immaturity and rough edges. This Sussex novel is commendable for its sincerity and carefulness. It shows simply the "vintage," to three generations, of a disastrous marriage. It opens most readably but deteriorates, being hampered by too obvious a conception of things.

Girl or Boy. By John North. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. North, who writes with a felicity and fluency not often met with in a first novel, has produced an amusing skit on publicity, sensationism, and popular gullibility as seen in this great city of London to-day. An insignificant advertisement canvasser is sacked, and retrieves his fortunes by the unscrupulous "discovery" hinted at in the title: his adventures, though farcical, are told with piquancy, humour, and even a flash of pathos.

The Way Home. By H. H. Richardson. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

A sequel; in which the very human Mahonys, home from Australia and back again, still interest us through a series of rather uninteresting experiences. Mr. Richardson is a sincere and pleasant writer despite his rambling presentation: the slight historical effort of setting his tale in the 'sixties is a wholesome literary exercise, conducing to an agreeable prose style.

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The theme is tragic enough; but Mrs. Soskice does not—perhaps could not—avoid making it sordid. The woman is not a sympathetic figure, and the story is crude and even somewhat lurid; which is disappointing from a kinswoman of the Rossettis whose reminiscence[illegible]t with a much finer literary perception, were of great charm and i[illegible]w.

Noah's Ark. By Amabel Williams-Ellis. (Cape.) [illegible]d. net.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis's cleverness and sophisticated humour appear shallow on close examination. Her thesis is that marriage, even between a painfully self-conscious young couple, can actually be a success! The characterization is generally unreal. The wife's nine-months' chronicle is unusually intimate; but has more to do with pathology than with literature—an art which Mrs. Williams-Ellis could serve better were she content to be natural.

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Miss Kent's art has advanced, but still shows immaturity and rough edges. This Sussex novel is commendable for its sincerity and carefulness. It shows simply the "vintage," to three generations, of a disastrous marriage. It opens most readably but deteriorates, being hampered by too obvious a conception of things.

Girl or Boy. By John North. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. North, who writes with a felicity and fluency not often met with in a first novel, has produced an amusing skit on publicity, sensationalism, and popular gullibility as seen in this great city of London to-day. An insignificant advertisement canvasser is sacked, and retrieves his fortunes by the unscrupulous "discovery" hinted at in the title: his adventures, though farcical, are told with piquancy, humour, and even a flash of pathos.

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The Adelphi

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A SIMPLE CREED

By John Middleton Murry

IT is as I feared: that once embarked upon this ocean, the voyage would never be done. Whatever I write upon this subject, so soon as the words are in cold print, appears to me altogether insufficient; and I dare not leave it there.

In the two previous papers I have tried to convey two attitudes of mine towards Christ and Christianity. I hold these attitudes simultaneously, knowing well that they are contradictory. I make no apology for that, because I believe that a religious *truth* is, by nature, incapable of being formulated save by means of contradictions. As Keyserling says, " Remote truths in particular can only be represented in powerful contrapuntal opposition."* And as though immediately to prove the truth of that statement, I must qualify it by saying that the remotest truths are always the nearest of all. We reach them by long and tortuous journeyings; but at the last we see them face to face: closer than that—for the final realization is that the truth is

* I beg my readers to obtain, by hook or by crook, Keyserling's " Travel Diary of a Philosopher " (Cape). It is expensive, 36s. net for the two volumes. But they should insist on their various libraries supplying it. For this is one of the few *necessary* books for a modern man, outside the domain of pure literature.

ourselves and in ourselves. To know what we are is the end of all the search for religion and for wisdom—the end; not merely the beginning, as the old Greek said.

I have tried in these papers to follow the spontaneous movement of my mind in its effort to extract a real meaning for itself out of the contemplation of Christ and Christianity. I have found my mind working—in a manner now familiar to me—by means of contradictions, such as that the completeness of Jesus' triumph is apprehensible only through a realization of the completeness of his defeat. The choice is between contradictions and silence. Perhaps if I were older and wiser than I am, I should have chosen silence.

The contradiction in my last two papers may be summed up, in personal terms, thus. On the one hand, a contemplation of the life and death of Jesus makes absolutely impossible a belief in the existence of God the Father Almighty; on the other hand, the life and death of Jesus are the supreme revelation of a loving God. To those two assertions in their fullness, and in the fullness of their opposition, I adhere.

The life and death of Jesus reveal the love of a loving *God*. There is the emphasis. The love of God is not as the love of man. We have a blinding glimpse of its nature in the perfection of the Crucifixion, which is the archetype of the perfection of all true tragedy. In the Christian conception of God as the Almighty Father, a human love is ascribed to God. That conception is to me utterly impossible. I do not even desire it. The extreme of human love was manifested once for all, as it must be manifested, in a man. Him I worship. A man can worship a man. God he can only know.

The worship of Jesus, as the perfect exemplar of human love, and the knowledge of God as revealed by his life and death are two utterly different things; they belong to different orders. What is inacceptable in the

Christianity of the Church is that these two distinct things have been somehow fused into one, to produce an amalgam—a divine Christ, a loving God the Father Almighty—in which few if any professing Christians really believe, if their lives be regarded (as they must) as the test of the reality of their faith.

I think the time is past for these half-beliefs: they stick in my throat, and they stand in the way. We have, as modern Europeans, to accept ourselves for what we are. We can think, and we can think more clearly than our forefathers. Let us think, therefore. But, precisely because we can think, let us not be cockawhoop about our thinking. Simply because the old statements of the Christian verity are empty, were in fact emptied four hundred years ago, let us not imagine that Christ or Christianity is out of date. The old statements are useless to us. The "intellectual" *convert* to Catholicism to-day is a renegade to humanity. By his works ye shall know him: and there is always something rotten in his works. The man who is born and bred a Catholic, on the contrary, may well achieve within his religion, as final a knowledge as any man outside it. The Protestant is in a different case. His business is to follow the Protestant spirit to the bitter end, and on his journey thither to restate frankly, in a manner that admits of no equivocation, the Christian verity for to-day.

What I believe to be that verity I have tried to show. But I will state it again. God exists. The cardinal revelation of his nature *for a Western European* is in the life and death of Jesus, considered and pondered as credible historical fact. It was so in the past; it remains so to-day. What has changed is the method of conceiving historical fact. We do not have, for instance, to complete Jesus' life by a bodily resurrection: simply because we can resurrect him in our own way by striving to understand him. To the early Christian the

mighty fact about Jesus was not what he said or did, not that he died, but that he rose bodily from the tomb. To us the mighty fact is that he said what he said, and did what he did and died with a loud cry on the Cross. But, so far as the religious verity is concerned, the early Christian belief in his bodily resurrection, and ours in his bodily extinction, have the same potency and value. They are both means to a knowledge of that which is beyond both life and death—of God. The difference is really on the side of the subject, not of the object: we no longer need to distort facts to make them symbols of the divine. To us facts themselves, if we have eyes to see them, are divine—"the garment we see Him by."

God exists: Jesus existed. The further question is whether and to what extent we shall follow the man Jesus along the road which he declared—the road of universal love. This again is a question to be pondered by men as men. There are clear-sighted and deep-thinking men who do not believe at all in the gospel of love. They envisage the history of mankind very much in the same way as I do, as necessary, inevitable, and beautiful; but, they say, as wars have been, so they must be: the pattern changes, but the elements are the same. Evil and pain are necessary.

Here, it may be, I confess my limitation, and prove myself no philosopher. But I cannot and will not accept this. Though I fully and freely accept the fact that "truth on one side of the Alps is falsehood on the other," that Christianity is the professed religion of but a portion of the world, that to men of other climates a different revelation of the nature of God and man from our own is and probably will always be necessary,—still I know that I am, in my own sense, a Christian. Christian culture is in my blood, and, I hope, a spark not to be quenched of Christian love in my soul. I cannot see the universe as the Moslem sees it, I cannot

know God or myself as the Hindu knows them. I belong to my race: no more than the Ethiopian can I change my skin. For this race to which I belong, the very constituents of whose blood have been altered by two thousand years of Christianity, Jesus remains the prophetic man. Its problems are not the problems of the Moslem and the Hindu. It is travelling along a different path into the unknown future: the woods, the trees, the rivers, the sky, the joys, the dangers—all are different.

In other words I am a European, and I believe that the conceptions, the habit of feeling, the spiritual atmosphere of Christianity is, and will for ever remain, an essential part of the European consciousness. I am not merely a European, but an Englishman: therefore the Christianity which is native to me is a Protestant Christianity. That is to say: I am not vitally concerned any more with the great Catholic tradition. I am the heir of a long succession of rebels against spiritual *authority*. Christianity is for me simply what I can find in it that is of use to me in my effort to live my own practical and spiritual life. I am, by nature and by consideration, opposed to the Catholic ideal. It has served its turn; I recognise that it was a great ideal—once. But my forebears abandoned it centuries ago: I am glad they did, and I am convinced that any movement of return is a movement backwards.

Whether or not Protestantism will move forward to a religion of personal loyalty to the man Jesus, is of course beyond my power to prophesy. I hope it will. For that is the least incomprehensible way I can find to describe the only path I see of escape from the abyss that suddenly yawned under our feet in the war. The morality of Jesus is the morality we can follow with some faint hope of achievement. I do not mean that we should follow the Sermon on the Mount literally: a great deal of it depends upon a belief in God as a loving

father which, in spite of all professions, not one man in a million truly holds. Not one man in a million *can* hold it.

Not Jesus as son of God but Jesus as son of Man—in the non-eschatological meaning of the phrase—is our ideal perfection. And we have the right and the duty to distinguish between his own native morality, that which made him what he was, and the morality that sprang from the combination of his native morality with his God-consciousness. When we have learned to love as Jesus loved, then it will be time for us to talk of our loving God, or of God's loving us. By that time he very likely will.

For, though it may sound a queer proposition, I hold that we humans have it in us to make God what we desire. If we truly desire a loving God, we can have him—at the price. What we do, God does. If we could get that primary truth into our souls, perhaps a new illumination would come to us. Then we should see quite simply why and how God the Father was Jesus' own creation. If we also want God to be our Father, then we must follow Jesus, the living man, implicitly, not as a pattern, but by our own spontaneous impulse, though the impulse may have been kindled by him. The existence of God the Father depends absolutely upon the number of his veritable sons.

For my own part I do not desire God to be a father. I am too conscious of the price; and I am by no means a hero. But I love my fellow-men sufficiently to desire actively that God should be a good deal more like a father than he actually is. So I am prepared to do something towards making God what I want him to be. The method of God-creation is simple: you have only to remember the simple fact that what you do, God does; what you are, God is. Even to the uttermost: if you disbelieve in God, then God *pro tanto* disbelieves in himself. Every man has the responsibility for God upon his shoulders.

That is my creed. Until this moment, strangely enough, it never entered my head to express it to myself in this simple fashion. It is a red-letter day to me that I have said something so clearly to myself as this: What I do, God does: what I am God is. Perhaps it may give others something of the simple satisfaction it gives me.

I am afraid it will not sound very logical. What I am to-day differs greatly from what I was three years ago: therefore God is greatly different from what he was three years ago. Well, why not? My part of him, his whole of me, is greatly different from what it was. I am content. I am not offering a faith for everybody, though it is one that everybody can hold. This creed of mine is meant only for those whom it suffices: I aim at no proselytes.

Yet it might be a good thing if this simple creed were to gain adherents? It is pleasant to imagine that the landlord of a slum-tenement who has kept the place in a foul and filthy condition should suddenly realize, when praying with the rest of his respectable fellows in church on Sunday, that what he is, God is: and that he should have a sudden sight of the heavenly mansion reserved for him, without a sink or a privy. Or that the fire-eating journalist who will not rest till he has done his part in creating another war, should see his God with a bayonet sticking in his vitals. There is room for laughter in this religion.

But, above all, it is a practical creed. It adjusts itself to every issue in a man's life. If he wants to find God, then God wants to find himself also. The unfortunate thing is that the simple truth of the matter will not have dawned upon him in that condition; nor will it greatly pain a man who disbelieves in God to be told that God disbelieves in himself. I do not think it would have greatly pained me ten years ago. Which serves me as a reminder how great is the distance I have gone

—hopping, skipping, jumping, wriggling—ever since I began my *confessio fidei* in these pages; how innumerable have been my attempts to formulate to myself the one reality of whose existence I have long been convinced, how desperate my efforts to avoid being committed to a formulation I could not accept, how close I have seemed, even to myself, to come to Christianity, how certain nevertheless I have been that that haven was not mine. Perhaps I have found my resting-place.

A resting-place in my own creed: a fit end for an individualist. A resting-place which has no rest in it: which is what I have always desired. *What I am, God is: what I do, God does.* Yes, I think that will last me my time. And now that I have it, and read it, and stare at it, I wonder whether it can mean to any other soul, what it means to me, whether indeed for another it can have aught of meaning at all. For I think I can see some of the ways in which it can be misunderstood: I can imagine the lifted eyebrow of disdain for the complete romantic, who believes that the divine endorsement descends upon all he is and does.

That is not what my creed means; it is, indeed, the very opposite of what it means. Yet I look at the words: *What I am, God is; what I do, God does.* What other meaning can they bear?

I do not know that I can explain, or even that I care to try to explain. But I may put the difference as simply as I can in this way.

The obvious meanings of my creed are two. One is, that I put the responsibility for myself upon God; the other is, that I take the responsibility for God upon myself. The second is the meaning which my creed has for me. But what inclines me to believe that there is more in this creed than I can ever explain is that both these interpretations are true. Only the first belongs to one phase of growth, the second to another; or, again, the first belongs to one kind of perception, the second to

another. Any man can say, and say truly, God is responsible for all he is and all he does. God *is* responsible. If he be a liar, or a coward, or a lecher, or a doer of cruel deeds, God is what he is, by the same necessity whereby if he be the servant of the truth, or a hero, or a man who will die for his friends, God is what *he* is. But there is this—and the mystery and the simplicity of the mystery lies here—that if a man can truly say to himself: "What I am, God is"—then from that moment he will cease to be a liar, or a coward, or a lecher, or a doer of cruel deeds.

But, by going on in this strain, I may only add confusion to a simple thing. I do not want to defend my creed; though I should be happy to think that anyone had derived from it a fraction of the peace it has brought to me. I am prepared, I shall be delighted, to be told that it is obvious—after all, a creed that is obvious would be a welcome change—or that many men have thought of it before me. In this matter I have no desire to be original; nor have I any overwhelming anxiety even to be understood. Those who are fated to understand me, will understand, in their own good time: and in them the meaning of the title of this magazine (which I did not choose) will have its justification.

Now, with this simple and unforeseen conclusion, let me put the matter finally behind me. I am not concerned any more to describe or define the God in whom I believe. If anyone is still concerned about my belief—for I did not embark on this last providential voyage at my own desire—he will be referred back to this sequence of papers, wherein I have said as much as I could say. It might have been said better, I do not doubt. But in waiting to say it better, I should have lost the desire to say it at all.

Therefore, in future, by the terms of my creed, all that I can say about the nature of God, and much more than I could *say*, will be found under totally different

rubrics, and by other hands than mine, in the pages of this magazine. Just as any other magazine, just as the commercial press, it is—if my readers understand me—one of God's voices: the only difference that I can at this moment see is that it will be a little more aware of its responsibility than some of the others are.

That, alas! sounds solemn and almost pharisaical. It is a pity: for solemnity is very far from me at this moment. I should like rather to crack a huge joke—an enormous joke, in commemoration of this attainment of the *gay sçavoir*. Unfortunately the best I could do in that kind, at this moment, would be like the smile of the patient who has recovered after an operation—a good smile, a true smile, but a weary one.

So there is bound to come the period of convalescence in which I live myself into my creed: I shall try to occupy it by surveying the new world before me. I am become a friend to the universe. It has no mysteries; or it is altogether a mystery, as I am myself. It comes to the same thing in the end.

But one thing it seems to me I can surmise: the telegraph-pole I's with which my discourses have been streaked may largely disappear. They have been ascribed to egotism and vainglory: in fact they were due to a genuine scrupulousness. I had, for honesty's sake, to remain rigidly within my own ego: he was my one chance of salvation. Now he has served his turn, and a faint butterfly fans his wings over the broken shards. He may be an I; he may be a we; he can make no promises.

A LEADER OF FASHION

By Thomas Hardy

NEVER has she known
The way a robin will skip and come,
With an eye half bold, half timorsome,
To the table's edge for a breakfast crumb :

Nor has she seen
A streak of roseate gently drawn
Across the east, that means the dawn,
When, up and out, she foots it on :

Nor has she heard
The rustle of the sparrow's tread
To roost in roof-holes near her head
When dusk bids her, too, seek her bed :

Nor has she watched
Amid a stormy eve's turmoil
The pipkin slowly come to boil,
In readiness for one at toil :

Nor has she hearkened
Through the long night-time, lone and numb,
For sounds of sent-for help to come
Ere the swift-sinking life succumb :

Nor has she ever
Held the loved-lost one on her arm,
Attired with care his straightened form,
As if he were alive and warm :

Yea, never has she
Known, seen, heard, felt, such things as these,
Haps of so many in their degrees
Throughout their count of calvaries !

NIGHT AND DAY IN THE BIG WARD

By Martin Gilkes

LAST night they told me that I must sleep in the Big Ward and moved my bed from the little room where I had been alone. It was my first experience of the Big Ward and one not easily forgotten. A long room, like a vaulted cave, lit by one shaded light in the centre, at the far end it seemed to melt away in shadows; the middle of it filled with tables, bearing bottles like the windows of a chemist's shop, that somehow manage to convey a sinister suggestion. On either side, running away into darkness, the orderly lines of beds, each with its blanket: a study in scarlet, a symphony in red. Red is a cheerful colour by day, but see it in the half-light, it seems as if the whole place has just run with blood. It is the good colour in a hospital, too; the bad is black. Later on in the night I remember waking and in the semi-darkness thinking that my blanket was black, and how my heart had what the nurses call a turn. For they put black blankets on those who die, to mark them for carrying to the mortuary shed. . . .

The nurses come and go, walking tip-toe, talking in whispers, so as to avoid disturbing the patients perhaps; but a whisper penetrates the whole big ward like winter wind in a chimney. And sometimes they laugh, softly, of course. And one wears shoes that have the faintest creak.

But after a while these things cease to trouble. It is the human freight this long room carries that absorbs one. How it groans! How it sighs! Some keep up

a steady moaning, inarticulate like dumb bewildered beasts: others cry aloud, seemingly determined that if they can't sleep, no one else shall. And whilst they had their way, I lay and listened; how different, I thought, from a hospital in the war! Once I lay at Béthune beside a man whose legs and arm had been shot away. Not a single moan. I travelled in a train cheek by jowl with a boy whose stomach was a seething cauldron of shrapnel. He might have been peacefully lying in his bed at home: only he was not. But these men fresh from civilian homes take their troubles like children. (I had almost said "like women," but a nurse from the women's ward told me that the women bear their pain far better than the men.)

It is not always those in the most pain that groan the loudest. The man on my right has a silver tube passing down into his vitals. He has too the certain knowledge that he will not recover. When he stirs, the tube bites him, just as the fox bit the Spartan boy. He said to me this morning:

"It fair made me holler all night!"

And yet I had never heard a whisper from him. I told him so.

"Not through my lips, but inside!" he answered with a fierce gush of scorn and pride.

But my neighbour on the left! He has a simple fester. Yet every time he hears a nurse's step, "Nurse! Nurse!" in the voice of a drowning man; and when she comes, he tells her that his mouth is dry.

§

You may take your fill of humanity in the Big Ward.

At ten they brought in from the theatre a motor accident, just beginning to come round. By twelve he was in full cry. A nurse sat by his side to prevent his climbing out of bed. "Seventh lap! only three more to go . . . give her more gas, you—we'll get the prize

nd then retire . . . never no more. . . . God, what bump! Who are you? Why, nurse! You're a urse. . . . . You've ridden a ride as has never been dden before. . . . No, that's wrong! Nurse, kiss ie, nurse . . . ouch!" (I presume she didn't, but ie ether took him again by the throat) " ouch! I feel ck!"

A racing motorist, I thought, from Brooklands, but iis morning I found that he is a clerk in the local bank. Ierely the ruling passion slipping out of the unconscious iind!

He is quiet after one, sheer exhaustion locks his ingue, but a new voice takes up the solo, dominating ie general chorus. I can just distinguish him across ie way, a white face lying back on a heap of pillows, ie mouth fallen open, making a great round O, like ome gigantic megaphone. From it come fearful ster-rous breaths, "Ah—ah——ah—ah—ah"—an human noise that if it resembles anything, resembles ie bellowing of tortured cattle. It would not be so id if it came at regular intervals or continuously with-it pause. A man can sleep through the ticking of a ock, but this intermittent roaring, sometimes breaking f altogether, sometimes coming in groups of three or ur or five, is rest-and-soul-destroying. It is heavy den with such a weight of agony: every breath pro-aims itself for what it is: the last fight, the last flicker efore that which still lives and lingers in him can shake self free from the tormented flesh.

And how it lingers! Everywhere in the ward, I iow, men trying themselves to forget their pain in eep, are praying that he may die; and after an hour it I find myself too praying the same prayer. I try persuade myself that I pray for him to find peace, it the humiliating thought is with me that it is for yself, to find some sleep before morning comes. So e lie, and the longest of long nights passes.

As a matter of fact, he died (no man in the ward but heard him), just when the false dawn came and the nurses began to wake the ward to the abominable duty of rousing and washing at five o'clock.

§

Morning in the ward comes in with a whirlwind, long before true morning outside. Everyone has fallen at last into a troubled slumber, some perhaps only five minutes ago; but at the hour of five we are awakened as effectually as the last Trump wakes the dead. We waken to wash and say good-bye to sleep. At least I do. For I find that water and sponge do banish sleep: and if they did not, the voices of the nurses would, that cry "Sleep no more," and breakfast and bedmaking and cleaning of the ward. By nine o'clock we seem to have been awake for years.

But the day-time has its compensations. At least it is not the time when sick men dream. What at night were moaning, crying shadows, by day become shapes or shapelessnesses, neatly blanketed in beds. They talk a little, from bed to bed. One sees that they are human, with minds and feelings of their own. There is the hour of exercise when such as are allowed may wheel about the ward in chairs, and thus one has the little excitement of a round of visits.

Bed number three is due for an operation this afternoon. Two friends came in to see him yesterday, to cheer him up. They did their work only too well.

"Operation?" they said, "what's an operation? One touch of the anaesthetic and there you were."

"Yes, but where?" (Bed number three is not yet eighteen.) "Does it hurt? Can you feel?" They laughed. (Queer how visitors can be so light of heart and smile so easily!) "Feel?" they answered. "Not you—but you can see. Nice to watch them carving you up and never feel anything at all!"

Bed number three spent the night in seeing and feeling too: in the way in which we feel all our keenest pains, in the imagination, in the mind. So he came to his breakfast—it was only milk—sick, and he could not drink it; and most unluckily, to extract a crumb of comfort, took to reading his medical sheet that hung above his bed.

I found him, literally chattering with apprehension, and I told him how an anaesthetic really worked: "Like sleep," I encouraged him. "You know nothing. . . ."

"Ay, but that's worse! I'm for it, I am," and reaching up he took down the medical sheet. We read it together, until his trembling finger came to rest at the last entry. "Nepenthe," it read: then a scrawl of cabalistic signs: then, "S.O.S."

"S.O.S.," he whispered. "What they put on ships. Sinkin'! That's what it means. Sinkin'. O my God, I'm a-going to die!"

I nearly laughed, but the sight of his face stopped me in time. "Nonsense, man," I said. "Don't you know what S.O.S. in a hospital means? If there's need. It's Latin. *Si opus sit.*"

"Sea-what?" he asked, out of his own thoughts, his mind still running on ships in trouble on the sea.

"No, no, *si opus sit,*" I said again. "To be given only if there's need. They don't waste sleeping draughts on patients for nothing. . . ."

But he would not listen and went to his operation still muttering, "Sinkin', sinkin'. . . ."

§

There are so many old
-dly healthy, some
-rm somewhere at

phalanx of ills that lie in wait when he shall have crossed the threshold of old age.

Here they lie.

This one, venerable, white-bearded, might be a bishop : he has the pastoral eye ; a black embroidered skull cap on his head, a relic of home, I think, that lends a touch of colour and of something else perhaps to the nakedness of the ward. He lies very still, his eyes looking back into the pleasant days of youth, as old people's eyes always do ; but every now and then pain takes him and he shrieks aloud like a little child. Strange contrast between the stern agony we know he suffers and the mindless cries he utters ! It seems as if God were using a hammer to crush a fly.

And this one, thin and sullen, with a high cheek-bone from lack of flesh, has eyes that have the wicked helpless look of a rat in a trap. He has been under two operations and to-morrow he will have a third. He is caught fast between the teeth of the gin ; for he lies in bed too weak now to move a finger. But he thinks. His eyes tell you that, though his lips tell nothing. He thinks, but of what? *Dulces reminiscitur Argos?* Surely not. One has only to look at his eyes.

All these old men are "Daddy" to the nurses. Some like it : others, to judge by their faces, must hate it. I believe the nurses think of them as children. Certainly they treat them so. They like them too. Their old bodies make no protest : they are light to lift : half their time they lie quite quiet, and quiet men in hospital are presumed to be asleep.

We have ten old men in the ward. I can lie in the daytime and see them all. They are so beautifully quiet, as if they had no desire any more to be out and see the sun. And as I look round, I feel inclined to say, "God grant that I may do nothing to bring upon myself such sufferings as they suffer in order to live

Bed number three spent the night in seeing and feeling too: in the way in which we feel all our keenest pains, in the imagination, in the mind. So he came to his breakfast—it was only milk—sick, and he could not drink it; and most unluckily, to extract a crumb of comfort, took to reading his medical sheet that hung above his bed.

I found him, literally chattering with apprehension, and I told him how an anaesthetic really worked: "Like sleep," I encouraged him. "You know nothing. . . ."

"Ay, but that's worse! I'm for it, I am," and reaching up he took down the medical sheet. We read it together, until his trembling finger came to rest at the last entry. "Nepenthe," it read: then a scrawl of cabalistic signs: then, "S.O.S."

"S.O.S.," he whispered. "What they put on ships. Sinkin'! That's what it means. Sinkin'. O my God, I'm a-going to die!"

I nearly laughed, but the sight of his face stopped me in time. "Nonsense, man," I said. "Don't you know what S.O.S. in a hospital means? If there's need. It's Latin. *Si opus sit.*"

"Sea-what?" he asked, out of his own thoughts, his mind still running on ships in trouble on the sea.

"No, no, *si opus sit,*" I said again. "To be given only if there's need. They don't waste sleeping draughts on patients for nothing. . . ."

But he would not listen and went to his operation still muttering, "Sinkin', sinkin'. . . ."

§

The ward makes one think. There are so many old men. Some ruddy and outwardly healthy, some drained and sapless, but all have a worm somewhere at the core. It makes a man think of the innumerable

phalanx of ills that lie in wait when he shall have crossed the threshold of old age.

Here they lie.

This one, venerable, white-bearded, might be a bishop : he has the pastoral eye ; a black embroidered skull cap on his head, a relic of home, I think, that lends a touch of colour and of something else perhaps to the nakedness of the ward. He lies very still, his eyes looking back into the pleasant days of youth, as old people's eyes always do ; but every now and then pain takes him and he shrieks aloud like a little child. Strange contrast between the stern agony we know he suffers and the mindless cries he utters ! It seems as if God were using a hammer to crush a fly.

And this one, thin and sullen, with a high cheek-bone from lack of flesh, has eyes that have the wicked helpless look of a rat in a trap. He has been under two operations and to-morrow he will have a third. He is caught fast between the teeth of the gin ; for he lies in bed too weak now to move a finger. But he thinks. His eyes tell you that, though his lips tell nothing. He thinks, but of what? *Dulces reminiscitur Argos?* Surely not. One has only to look at his eyes.

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We have ten old men in the ward. I can lie in the daytime and see them all. They are so beautifully quiet, as if they had no desire any more to be out and see the sun. And as I look round, I feel inclined to say, "God grant that I may do nothing to bring upon myself such sufferings as they suffer in order to live

painfully three or four more years in the land that Thou hast given them!"

Vainest of prayers! For when I ask of doctors or of nurses how these old fellows came by their troubles, they have but one answer, "Oh, old age—just old age"; as if it were the most natural and inevitable thing in the world; as indeed it is.

§

They brought a stretcher case into the ward. We had just a glimpse of his face; it was of the colour to which we have grown so accustomed, and it bled sullenly from nose and ears. Motor accident, we said: a bad one too. For the house surgeon behind the screens was an unconscionably long time working over him, whilst we speculated as to what he had to do. It made a kind of morbid diversion, as we lay in bed. Then he came out, like a white ferret out of a burrow, biting his underlip with a long front tooth. He was hardly gone before he was back: with him one of the bigger doctors and the opening in the screens swallowed them up. Then came another and another doctor. "Where the carcase is" . . . one could not help thinking of the quotation. A long time later they all left in a swarm.

"Pretty bad smash," we said to the nurses.

"No smash at all," they answered. "But what's the matter with him no one knows."

The aristocracy of the ward are those who are dangerously ill. Whether you will or no, you come to regard them almost with admiration; but a man suffering from something quite unknown wears a sort of halo. So we used to look at the screens round his bed, peering through when we got the chance, much as savages look at a wooden idol. He had the look too of a wooden idol, as he lay back rigid on his pillows: his face had no more expression, his eyes might have been glass.

I began to think over all the diseases that I know and wonder which of them was his; or it might be something I had never heard of, even something absolutely new and strange. When one lies in bed all day, a little thing becomes a mountain, and it astonishes me now to think how I came to fret over the answer to that question.

It would be answered, of course, in time. That became clearer every day. For, "How is he?" we would ask, and "Can't last, poor fellow," was the invariable reply.

It was merely a question of time, but what a time! Three days, four days he fought. He might have been dead already, the nurses said, but for the thin breath he laboured so to draw.

That evening the doctor, having time on his hands, came and sat by my bed.

"'But haven't you," I asked him, "an idea of what's the matter?"

"Not the faintest shadow! And he's too bad to be put on the table. Funny how excited one gets, waiting for a chap like that to die! Sounds callous, doesn't it? The scientific mind! It's like a collector after some rare animal that's got to come to his hand at last. You don't know how keen I am to get that fellow to a post-mortem, just to know, to be certain. . . ."

But I did. The doctor's fever was our fever in the ward, but we had less honourable reasons. It fretted and consumed us. We scarcely liked to sleep, even the little time we could, at night. Whilst we slept, the question might be answered for us. One could never tell. But still he put it off. If one had had thoughts for it, there was something magnificent about the fight that he put up. But for myself (to my shame I confess it), all other thoughts were drowned in curiosity. . . .

He did not die until the sixth day, and as I saw him being wheeled away to the mortuary shed, I remember

saying to myself, "Now soon, very soon, we shall know!" But that very afternoon, whilst the doctors were at work upon him, they gave me my discharge. And somehow with the order of release my mind was filled with thoughts of home and the great question ceased to be of importance any more. So I never knew after all.

Death

I FEAR not death, for death can but deprive
My soul of things that torture me alive:
The sadness of a body drawing breath
May well find faith and friendliness in death.

I flutter for a little while alone,
A bird far out to sea by tempest blown:
And then, I dip once more, and touch the sea,
And share forthwith that immortality.

Come sleep! Come death! Forgiveness come to me!
My wings grow weary: solemn smiles the sea,
As smiles a nurse who lulls her babe to rest,
I stoop to join my shadow on thy breast.

JOHN STILL.

THE ARCHANGEL GABRIEL'S CHAFING DISH

By Vsevolod Ivanoff

BETWEEN the Ural Mountains and Turkestan there lie thousands and thousands of versts, and all the way there are quicksands—deep as the height of a man. Depths.

Yet one-eyed Cosmo, with the pock-marked face, mouthed : " I am going to the town Verny ; it has fallen through the earth, so they say, and a lake has swelled there, and in the lake there are thousands of ducks. And round the lake the bullrushes are gigantic—each noddle weighs five pounds. . . ."

Cosmo was the district tailor and stitched pea-jackets and pants after the Austrian fashion, with pockets as large as carts and buttons as big as wheels. But in the district people argued : " Cosmo is a rotten tailor but a wonderful shot—with a charmed eye : he strikes true and to death." And more faith was put in his cartridge than in his needle.

It happened that in the days of Koltchak the moujiks summoned Cosmo and expounded :

" Take a rifle ! "

And Cosmo asked :

" Where to ? "

" To thrash the Whites ; the Whites are marching on our district and are hanging Christians up to the sixth generation on the cedar trees."

He took up his rifle and went.

" Shoot ! " they said. They showed him whom.—One.—Another.—Five. He picked them off the

ground, as buttons are snipped off clothes, and went off hunting into the *taiga*.*

After that, no more Whites ventured on the march, and the Bolshevist regiments beat them hollow on yonder side of the Urmán.

And Cosmo went about, stitched pea-jackets and boasted :

" I am off to the town Verny that floats under water."

Semilujki† lies amongst the cedars—its huts are of five walls with beams as thick as a cow's carcase, but the Chapel of All Saints is as small as a cedar seed. On the left side of the altar stands the ikon of St. Gabriel, who holds a candle and a mirror. The latter means " God sees your soul, as in a looking-glass " ; as regards the candle no one pondered, and it burned in his hand no one knew why.

No, Cosmo did not like St. Gabriel ! Now, take the Archistrategus Michael, for instance—the warrior, exterminator of miscreants, or Nicholas the Saint—the bearded Saint ; but this one . . . puny of body, beardless, and charged with unsavoury mission to the Mother of God on Lady Day. . . .

Yet Cosmo kept his thoughts to himself ; they stirred deep within him, midst warmth and sultriness, and therefore probably loomed large and impenetrable as a winter's night in the *tundras*. Only the one thought of the wondrous town Verny struggled out to the surface, and he believed in it fiercely.

So, on the eve of St. Gabriel's day, when the bark of the cedar trees was bursting, the trees sweating, the giant roots curving the earth underfoot into humps, and the resin running on to the cedar leaf carpet, spreading a joyful scent, Cosmo was winding his way along the track through the *taiga*.

* Vast marshy forest land in Siberia.

† A village (literally, " Seven puddles ").

He thought of to-morrow's festival, covered the Saint with abuse, and raged at himself for not having laid in a supply of *samogonka.**

"With good Saints galore, to do obeisance to such trash!"

There was a close and joyous smell of cedar tree roots, which crept headstrong and shaggy, ruthlessly heaving up the turf. At the top—the branches entangled the wind, and tossed it whistling from summit to summit.

Said Cosmo,

"There's some irreverence in me anyhow!"

He spat, and cast his only eye up and along the footway.

And lo! there—on the path—was a puny moujik, turned up God knows from where. . . . His clothes—rag upon rag. On one foot—a bast shoe, on the other—some hay tied on with string. As for his eye . . . quite an incomprehensible eye! Half an *archine* one from the other, and on different sides of the face—just as if there were two eyes, and just as if there were more than a dozen, hidden up there—in the hair . . . craftily.

"It's up to Semilujki that this road will be?"

Cosmo replied:

"It will. . . ."

"I am going there for the day of Gabriel, the All Wise, that is the Saint too.—I have heard that he is high enthroned there."

Cosmo said:

"Well?"

"I am faring from the Turkestan lands—from the town Verny. . . ."

"I hear tell. . . ."

"It has, brother. Fallen through the sands it has, only one Mussulman mosque has been left behind, because its Mullah, so they tell, was a traitor; and

* Home distilled vodka, usually wood spirit.

generally . . . there's a lake there and all as it should be. . . ."

"It's not known why?"

"Why it's gone—eh?"

"Well?"

"It bores me, it said, to look at you and no more bones about it.—It vanished; I am witness to it, and have taken five hundred oaths on it!"

"At that rate all Russia will go. . . ."

"Not our business that, brother, not ours. . . . My craft is to paint ikons and Archangel Gabriel is held in great esteem by me. . . ."

He turned up the path. On his back—a cloth bag . . . a metallic rattling in it.

Over the footpath—a mist, and out of that mist jumps at Cosmo's eye a strip of torn coat on the scraggy back of the stranger, his body showing through the rent. A voice as thin as autumn grass . . . and so weird.

Cosmo quaked,—his feet cleaved to the earth. "God," says he. "Whence and wherefore?"

And darkling, the mist crept into his chest, and then along his cheek bones—into his skull. Sweat broke out on his jaws and Cosmo passed his hand along them, and his hand was wet, and the hair on it was sleek—had stuck to the skin.

"God," he says, "what for?"

The sluggards' footpath runs deep into the taiga—does not hurry amidst the cedar trees, and along it the moujik of the twenty eyes is disappearing.

§

In the cloth bag—a pinch of tobacco, tiny paint brushes, newspaper for rolling cigarettes, and a rolled-up towel—with a metallic rattling in it.

"Here it is!" says the moujik.—"The Archangel's chafing dish."

"What for?" asks Cosmo bewildered.

"For mixing paints to renew ikons, I tell you. The paints are most sacred, and the chafing dish is Archangel Gabriel's—so it's called. Many generations of ikon-painters have handled it, and it's full of saintliness, brother!"

He unrolled the towel. In it—a chafing dish, like any other: the brand obliterated, one handle broken off. . . .

The stranger is sitting by the window—in the shadow, in silence; and his face is as dim as the chafing dish, and eyeless. . . . Cosmo waits. A tremor passes from his bowels through the room, along his clothes, not to mention his body. . . . Now—presently—a miracle will happen before his eyes.

The stranger is silent; he has unwound the linen strips from his legs, preparing for sleep.

Outside—it is night, and in the hut too.

The stranger has started to snore—so plaintively, as if on purpose. His leg has twitched, and from the wooden bench on to the floor cockroaches have fallen down—heavily. Cosmo is lying on the sleeping shelf above the stove—all of a tremble, and waiting. . . . He lifts his head, glances down: the moon is shining in the yard, through the window; and on to the table too—hard, quadrangular—and in that moon—a chafing dish, and a thin stick and a piece of nibbled bread. . . .

Nothing at all.—Mist again; a forest path is discernible. . . . The pungent smell of cedar. . . . Terror overwhelms Cosmo at the presence of the vagrant man, at the thought of his outlandish words. . . .

§

Early in the morning rose the moujik. Cosmo took to cleaning his gun.

"I am off!" said the moujik.

"Where?"

"To do my craft, brother,—around and abou Gabriel the Archangel. Our community has sent me that's how it is. Your folk are rich—love majesti saints. . . . Their saints should be fat, fleshy!"

"Blasphemer, you!"

The moujik pulled up his trousers, glanced intc Cosmo's only eye and piped:

"Don't you get crusty—You'll get paid for the fooc all right! Do you understand? My name's Silas—and my family name is Odoinikoff. Good family name—what?"

The moujik has gone up the village road and is poking around the huts; his scanty beard is like moss under the trees, first sombre—then light . . . indefinite. He spouts a great deal—enough for all. . . . Quite a strange man, and by his strangeness—incomprehensible.

For ten years the roof had not been thatched—it had gone awry; and the earth, among the rotting straw, had burst forth into grass. Cosmo mended it. He bricked up the chimney too, then ate two dinners. . . . But no! . . . It won't go! Something aches near the heart—gnaws, burns. . . . And the folk are celebrating St. Gabriel's Day.

It was difficult to say on what was founded the especial renown of the ikon of Gabriel at Semilujki; but—as for the celebrations—why not celebrate a bit? The feast may make the belly ache, but what is the belly there for, if not to ache?

Crude vodka is drunk, songs are sung—and all is as it should be.

Cosmo threaded his way along the village road, and his thoughts were steady, but as apprehensive as during the insurrection—yet the people were sauntering about and didn't complain.

Near the little chapel stood Silas with the chafing

dish behind his back, addressing the moujiks in a piping voice, waving flimsily with his hand in the air.—

"To fashion ikons—requires intelligence! One takes for the paints—the ashes of the *likhvan* grass; then—a wifeless man, in three pairs of pants, must pluck the leaves of the Wayfaring-tree on St. John's Eve. . . . And then, brothers, on my chafing dish—the Archangel's that is,—a brew is made from the yolks of eggs that come from hens about which even *I* had better not speak. . . . So I'll go—let us say—into the *taiga* now, and will look all night long for the *likhvan* grass—and will find it at dawn, and will be all over sweat, that's certain. . . ."

And hitching up his sack he went towards the *taiga*.

Whilst the peasants looked at the chapel, then at the *taiga* and praised Silas:

"A clever fellow . . . and all's well."—

But Cosmo winds his way carefully alongside the forest path—fast on the trail of the moujik. And Silas is strutting, brushing away the mosquitoes with a branch of bird-cherry tree and all the mystery has fled from his face. A fellow, like any fellow—a cleft nose, a shaggy beard, and above the mouth, of course—a moustache. And then, Cosmo watched to see how Silas would go about it—looking for *likhvan* grass; and he would like to observe something else on his face. And Cosmo's only eye is large like two eyes and he winds his way like a wild beast—not noticing the trees.

But the moujik is not hurrying—is not searching; is intent upon himself; has lit a pipe. And his gait—is like that of a woman: mincing, springy with a jerk . . . and hence probably the rattling in the bag.

And fear and sadness comes over Cosmo—Surely, the other will turn round presently, and ask:

"And you—Where are you going?"

But no,—he still goes on puffing at his pipe. There!

—He plucks a branch off a Wayfaring-tree ; puts it into his bag, and then some moss and some bilberry leaves !

Thinks Cosmo :

" Ah—that is the *likhvan* grass ! "

Behold !—the moujik has gone up to the cedar tree and has scraped the bark—in all likelihood from boredom ; then—picks another twig off a Wayfaring-tree.

Thinks Cosmo :

" Aha, that is the other stuff ! "

He is close upon him now—and is waiting. . . . The path has dropped to the river, has lost itself in the sand.

Silas has stopped ; has cast down his bag, cast off his clothes—and has gone into the water to bathe.

And as he started to splash in the water—Cosmo stretched out his hand for his gun. No gun—he has left it at home ! He picks a branch off a fir tree, breaks it in his hand so that the pitch glues the skin.

Whilst the other is snorting—disturbing the water, giggling sofly, " Hi . . . hi . . . hi. . . ." Is beating the water with his arms. . . . Clearly the man can't bear unruffled water !

Above the stream a sweet briar is hesitating—is stretching its branches to the water. The sand is eluding the water. It smells of the herbs of the forest. . . . Depths—aromatic.

§

Long did Silas pray before celebrating the day of St. Gabriel—so the folk said in the village. And to reward such piety the inhabitants of Semilujki decided that he should paint an ikon of the Archistrategus Michael—of all saints the most formidable.

But Silas refused.

" I fear," said he, " to paint such saints : I respect soft hearts, birds' hearts, I might say——"

And he held forth about the Turkestan lands, about the town Verny, which had fled from torments. . . .

But Cosmo roamed about three days in the *taiga*—hunting for a beast : to drown his anguish, his anger in its blood. But there were no beasts. No beast took pity on the man.

And as for Silas—it was as if he had forgotten all about Cosmo and—one must say—he scarcely left the chapel. With a wise expression and drunken look he would rush out on to the porch and gaze at the sun with his many eyes.

And it was as if he alone saw what should be transferred from the sun to the visage of the saint for it to be bright as the orb of day, and what to do for the luminary to be reflected in the mirror.

In the evening Cosmo met Semionovna, an ancient woman who hankered after truth.

" And our stranger," said she, " has made himself drunk—and says that that town Verny truly exists and stands on its place—has never stirred ; bless it ! "

" It's gone—Verny—it has ! " said Cosmo.

" It can't, friend—it can't have gone ! Where is it to go to ?—Where is one to go to from this world ? "

And the old woman was pleased.

Said Cosmo to Silas severely :

" Why do you lie about the town Verny ? "

" You—hold your tongue ! I know what I am talking about and will take the blame ! Go away !—I should really have to lose my temper with you, but—as I am doing saintly work I have only the right to scream at you—Go away ! "

A drunken man's word is a true word—the moujik believes this with all his heart As Silas had said—let slip—about Verny, so the villagers believed ; and no one referred to the town any more. If it stands—God bless it !—there are not a few towns that do.

And at Cosmo fun was poked—" If he believes—let

him believe!—the man of unknown Bolshevist faiths!"

And again Semionovna, who hankered after truth, said to Cosmo:

"Come and drink tea with me. I will brew some China tea for you—for your torments. For you were preparing to go a long journey and now—there is nowhere for you to go. Who, tell me, would take that lightly?"

And Cosmo got blind drunk, shouted and beat the table with his fist—to have his say and that all should believe it.

"It *has* fallen through, I say! . . ."

In the pen—moaned a calf, which had just been weaned; it lowed in a thick animal voice and no one understood, no one lent an ear either to the calf or to Cosmo.

At the end of the village—the chapel stands, amidst the cedar trees. Whiffs of damp resin come from the *taiga.*

The sandy streets are overgrown with weeds—dark green, lush. . . .

Cosmo leans right out of the window and bellows with all his might:

"It has fallen through, I say! it has!!"

A red-tailed cock flew off the fence and hurried along the grass, jauntily jerking his comb. He had a drunken gait this cock, and a thick voice like the calf's. So they screamed all three—two from anguish and the third not knowing why, until they fell asleep.

§

Cosmo woke late. His dream was heavy, clammy—and endlessly long.

In the dream—Silas rattled his chafing dish, the earth burnt with a greenish flame and it was straight. . . .

"Aha!" said Cosmo. "You roam while all Russia is at Mass—who are you to do so? I ask you—well?"

He pulled on his patched-up trousers, slipped his bare feet into a pair of heelless slippers, snatched the gun from the wall and loaded it with a bullet.

The little bitch with a bushy tail, seeing the gun, yelped joyfully. Cosmo kicked her in the ribs—It is not right to send a dog on the trail of a man.

He went through the fields, behind the village backyards, to the little church, trying to alter his step, but it was as if he were on the track of a beast—the heel rose and the body rested on the toes.

Behind the yellow sunflowers stand the dark sheds for cattle and beyond them man had also built sheds for himself from cedar wood. They were taller sheds, but also dark—and they exhaled acrid animal smells.

And Cosmo was saying with fury:

"I will teach you, you will learn what it means—to deceive folk. . . ."

He wanted to say bitter, offensive words, but they came empty—futile. . . .

He grew silent.

The chapel of All Saints lies amidst the cedars, and is older perhaps than the trees; it is greenish-black all over, as the earth is in the early spring, and its porch is overgrown with moss, as land near a bog. The door is narrow and the crosses on the cupolas are eaten away by mould.

Softly, Cosmo walked up the steps; pulled gently at the handle—locked! No lock this side—the door must be locked from the other. He started descending the steps and heard his own footfall—soft, catlike; just the seams of his shoes, probably, scraping against the wood and tapping like claws.

Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he scrambled up a cedar to a window.

The window is open—seemingly the chapel is being

aired. On the lattice work a tomtit is perched and is wagging his tail. There is a smell of incense and bees-wax. Inside—it is darksome; and in the obscurity . . . a man is dashing to and fro waving his hands about before him—without apparent meaning. On the canvas bag—a chafing dish, and in it—gold ikon settings, a broken collecting box, and further away—ikons: put together like boards. And Cosmo saw here—that the figure dashing about with the hammer and chisel . . . was Silas. A yellow face, yellow hands and the eyes as if covered with dust—indiscernible.

Something struck him inside like a shot in the night—and his body drooped down, bereft of its strength, on to the cedar branch.

"A thief!" said Cosmo—and did not hear his own voice.

He seized the lattice work with his hands, struck it with the barrel of his gun and yelled,

"Hey!"

Flop, went Silas on his knees. Up again he jumped—dashing with a scream to the wall. He stared at the window, bowed his head to the floor, concealing his face in his hands—

"Brother—it's from hunger. . . . Brats, seven souls, no food. . . . Brother, the brats—naked—their bellies like water melons . . . a louse couldn't fasten itself on them. . . . I'm from Semionsky district, brother, I heard. . . . I heard . . . they said there was gold here, silver, they said, on the chasubles—masses! I was lured by it, brother . . . for the first time—by God! Cousia—friend, chuck the gun. . . . Cousia! Well?—What?—Cousia——?"

Slowly downwards came Cosmo, uncocked his gun, slung it on his back—and went towards the *taiga*.

Again the resin is breathing. . . . Forest herbs. The cedars are straining towards the sky—the earth can't hold back their roots.

Says Cosmo :

" Perhaps truly it hasn't fallen through—and perhaps there is no such town at all as Verny—just that people have imagined it for their own consolation——"

The cedars are silent, are intent upon themselves. . . . Well, so there are no miracles in this world, and the most terrible thing is to live and to believe this.

(*Translated by S. M. Kazarine.*)

BATTALION IN REST, JULY, 1917

Some found an owl's nest in the hollow skull
Of the first pollard from the malthouse wall,
Some hurried through the swarming sedge
About the ballast-pond's bright edge
And flashed through sunny deeps like boys from school,
All was discovery, love and laughter all.

The girls along the dykes of those moist miles
Went on raft boats to take their cows afield,
And eyes from many an English farm
Saw and owned the mode had charm ;
One well might mark the silence and the smiles—
With such sweet balms, our wounds must soon be
healed.

The jovial sun got up as bright each day
As fancy's sun could be, and climbed, heaven's youth,
To make the marching mornings cheat
Still-hectoring Mars of his receipt :
Who cannot hear the songs that led the way,
See the trim companies with their eyes on truth ?

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He seized the lattice work with his hands, struck it with the barrel of his gun and yelled,

"Hey!"

Flop, went Silas on his knees. Up again he jumped—dashing with a scream to the wall. He stared at the window, bowed his head to the floor, concealing his face in his hands—

"Brother—it's from hunger. . . . Brats, seven souls, no food. . . . Brother, the brats—naked—their bellies like water melons . . . a louse couldn't fasten itself on them. . . . I'm from Semionsky district, brother, I heard. . . . I heard . . . they said there was gold here, silver, they said, on the chasubles—masses! I was lured by it, brother . . . for the first time—by God! Cousia—friend, chuck the gun. . . . Cousia! Well?—What?—Cousia——?"

Slowly downwards came Cosmo, uncocked his gun, slung it on his back—and went towards the *taiga*.

Again the resin is breathing. . . . Forest herbs. The cedars are straining towards the sky—the earth can't hold back their roots.

Says Cosmo:

"Perhaps truly it hasn't fallen through—and perhaps there is no such town at all as Verny—just that people have imagined it for their own consolation——"

The cedars are silent, are intent upon themselves. . . . Well, so there are no miracles in this world, and the most terrible thing is to live and to believe this.

(*Translated by S. M. Kazarine.*)

BATTALION IN REST, JULY, 1917

Some found an owl's nest in the hollow skull
Of the first pollard from the malthouse wall,
Some hurried through the swarming sedge
About the ballast-pond's bright edge
And flashed through sunny deeps like boys from school,
All was discovery, love and laughter all.

The girls along the dykes of those moist miles
Went on raft boats to take their cows afield,
And eyes from many an English farm
Saw and owned the mode had charm;
One well might mark the silence and the smiles—
With such sweet balms, our wounds must soon be healed.

The jovial sun got up as bright each day
As fancy's sun could be, and climbed, heaven's youth,
To make the marching mornings cheat
Still-hectoring Mars of his receipt:
Who cannot hear the songs that led the way,
See the trim companies with their eyes on truth?

At evening, by the lonely white-walled house,
Where "Que C'est Drôle" and "Mon Dieu" stole
to glance,
One bold platoon all turned to players
With masquerade and strumming airs,
The short clown darted nimble as a mouse,
The tambourine tapped out the stiff-stepped dance.

A shadowed comer suddenly took voice
As in the dusk I passed; it bade me stay.
The bottle to my lips was raised—
God help us, sergeant, I was mazed
By that sharp fire your wine—but I rejoice!
Could I but meet you again at the end o' the day!

Not seldom, fast by meadows deep in dew,
Another lit my soul with his calm shine.
There were cadences and whispers
In his ways that made my vespers,
A night-piece fitting well that temple blue
Where stars new trembled with delight's design.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THREE MEN

The Fears of Bing

LIKE all persons of sedentary habits I find that my waist line, as the years go by, has a tendency to do anything but decrease. Having read of the difficulties that pugilists experience in reducing to a limited weight, I naturally inferred that they must be thoroughly familiar with the most drastic ways of removing flesh. As these people are often indigent, it was not difficult to find one willing to undertake the job. I shall call him Bing Hinkey, for his real or fighting name was not dissimilar.

His system, I found, comprised the usual routine of callisthenics and road work followed by a vigorous rub down. This in itself would have been a bore if it had not been for Bing's personality, for he fairly radiated cheerfulness. A more modest man would have been difficult to find. His own account of how close he came to winning the championship was not even dramatic. He is small, but his flattened nose and cauliflower ear proclaim his profession. The reason for his coming to Paris was that, his career being finished in America, he had thought that "the French boys would prove easy picking." One stiff workout had convinced him of his error, and he had resigned himself to the title of ex-prizefighter.

His method of pronouncing French was so original that I was astonished one day when he told me that he had acted as a guide to a lady that morning. "She had a book called *Paris in Seven Days*," he said, "and I was trying to show her the sights in it." "We was

walking, see? and I turns the wrong way when we comes to that island where Not-re Dame is." "I gets lost in them small streets and had to confess I was stumped." "I finally tells her so, and we takes a cab to get to this here Saint Germin." "While we was in the cab she gets madder and madder, and then she turns on me and says, Why, you dumb little runt, you black Irish Catholic, you pig-headed fool, you always was pig-headed and you'll always be pig-headed."

At this point I must have looked the amazement I felt, for he saw fit to add, "You see, we was brought up as kids together and knowed each other all our lives." "In fact," he explained, "she used to be my wife!" "Do you know," he continued, "that when she started talkin' like that it seemed like old times, and I just wanted to jump out of that-er cab and get away as far as possible."

I sympathized with him, for I felt that no man was safe in such a contingency. Nevertheless I reflected that his failure to win the championship was due to the lack of bull-dog bravery that would have enabled him to counter-attack in this fierce skirmish. But, after all, are there many men who would have dared?

Another day, burdened with heavy sweaters, we were running through the gardens of The Luxembourg. Lack of breath prevented me from being in a conversational mood, but nothing ever prevents Bing from talking. "I hates to see them French girls running round with them niggers over here, don't you?" he asked. "Woof," was the only comment I could gasp out. This seemed to satisfy him, for he continued, "The other day I was talkin' to that-er coloured fellow who shines shoes in the basement of that American bank." "He tells me he's just as good as any white man, and I asks him if he thinks he has the right to go anywhere a white man can, and he says yes." "Then I says if the President of the United States asked you

to eat with him, would you accept?" "And he says certainly." (I was still too winded to refresh Bing's memory on the case of Booker T. Washington.) "I told him," continued Bing, "that he was a fool, and he'd better not talk that way in America, and he says, This is not America."

This remark must have struck home, for Bing's tone had then become slightly conciliatory. "You're not such a bad chap in your way," he had said, "and I wouldn't mind going round the corner with you alone and takin' a drink." The negro's gratitude for this broad-minded point of view could not have satisfied Bing, for his tone now became belligerent as he told me of the end of the conversation. "I then tells him," said Bing, "that if I was alone in a restaurant with my wife and daughter (that is if I had one), and there were two empty seats at my table, and you came in with a white woman and sat down on those seats, why I'd spit right in your eye." The negro's retort had been even more drastic, for he had told Bing that in that case he would go straight home, get his gun, and come back and get him cold. Bing turned to me with a rueful smile, and said, "And I believe he would at that, he was a crazy sort of nigger."

Bing's tone had indicated that his own belligerency had cooled considerably on hearing the negro's threat. I wondered if this also indicated why he had only been a near champion.

Bing likes to moralize and I was not surprised to have him follow up the tale of the "bad nigger" with one about the "good nigger." The latter it appeared was a uniformed porter stationed at the entrance of a large American steamship line. "I saw a man come out that door the other day," said Bing, "and give that nigger a tip and say, Here's two francs, mister." "The nigger turns to him and grins and says, Don't call me mister; just say, here's two francs, nigger, here's two francs,

nigger." "And do you know," finished Bing, "that chap's worth all kinds of money to-day and everybody likes him."

Having no knowledge of the gentleman's financial status I could not contradict Bing's statement, but I thought the price he was paying for his affluence rather high. On the whole, however, I had a feeling that in the long run he would prove to be a more comfortable companion than the other negro.

Having been through one unfortunate matrimonial experience it seems sad that Bing meets others of that sex who remind him of the disposition of his former wife. It appears that he has a friend who is a Spanish lady. Her husband having returned to Spain for an indefinite length of time, she has apparently consoled herself with the society of Bing. They were watching a parade the other day and Bing, always the gentleman, had provided her with a box to stand on. This box was placed near a lamp-post to which a man was clinging. The man on the lamp-post, to steady himself, had placed one foot on the box on which the lady was standing. Unfortunately he not only placed it on the box but also on the foot of the Spanish lady. From what I could judge that individual had complained not only shrilly but also with invectives. The gentleman of the lamp-post had then merely remarked, "Ah, a lady of the boulevards."

There must have been something about this remark that further irritated the lady, for her hot Spanish blood had been aroused and she had hit him over the head with her handbag. A crowd had gathered and the participants of the quarrel had withdrawn. All the way home the Spanish lady had berated Bing because he had not hit the man of the lamp-post. She had called him a coward many times. "Do you know," Bing told me, "it was just the way my ex-wife used to talk, she'd get into a row and then ball me out for not hitting the

guy." "Why if I had hit that guy on the lamp-post them French would have torn me to pieces."

And yet I know that Bing knocked out a man who shortly afterwards became champion and who ever afterwards refused to meet him. What did this fear of women, fear of negroes, and fear of mobs signify? Did it mean that after all none of us are without fears? And as Bing violently attempted to rub away a portion of my increasing waist line I realized that the fear of being fat had chilled my heart.—RICHARD DYER.

The Minor Poet as Lecturer

I could never, despite the encouragement of supposedly fastidious critics, find much pleasure in his verses. They lacked, I thought, both clarity and colour, and their emotion, like its expression, was wholly conventional; their sole merit lay in a certain vigour of line and rhyme, a quality which together with a constant wilful obscurity, assured me that the author must be still young. The promise of these poems, I told myself, like their faults—their egotism, their repeated discovery of the commonplace—was the promise of youth; youth alone could carry them off successfully.

So that when he, as lecturer now, stood before me for the first time, my primary feeling was one of amazement at the gulf between the conception and the reality; I tried to believe that some mistake had been made. I had imagined him as a (probably) good-looking young man, asserting himself as poet with a touch of arrogance, still boy enough to believe that if the world did not care for his verses it was the world's loss more than his. He was, instead, almost pathetically elderly, and his long thin frame seemed incapable of vigour; his eyes, magnified possibly by his gold-rimmed spectacles—they sat his small pinched nose a little askew—were mild and amiable and apologetic. His shoulders were rounded,

the long neck and small head almost fleshless ; his height even, owing to his extreme thinness, lacked any element of impressiveness and, instead, became absurd. He was clothed in black, a rusty black relieved only by a grey tie which seemed, like his grey moustache, like the greying touches in his dark hair, rather a fading than a deliberate difference.

He read his lecture from beginning to end, making no attempt to conceal the fact, at times bending short-sightedly over the papers on the table till the slight baldness at the back of his head was revealed. But mostly he stood upright, severe in his tight high-buttoned coat, so severe that one saw with surprise how loosely and irrelevantly, beneath the table, his long legs crossed and uncrossed. At first he read carefully and with a clear articulation ; at certain words his lips drew back over his large teeth, yellow like a horse's. As he proceeded his pronunciation grew less certain, and, particularly when he was quoting from "the poets," his enthusiasm swayed him from side to side like a frail tree in a high and gusty wind and he would wave a stiff gesticulating hand, a hand ugly with swollen knuckles and veins. Then he would pause to defer to his audience—"If it will not tire you . . . if you will bear with me. . . ."

He had, it became apparent, nothing to tell anyone who knew even the alphabet of the subject ; his facts were all known commonly, and the greater part of his lecture consisted of quotation in amplification or illustration of those facts. His generalizations, when they were not obvious, were absurd, for he seemed to have a number of indefatigable hobby-horses which had only to be mounted to gallop him away to utterly false conclusions. The exact nature of these steeds was never clearly defined ; their rider, one felt, had only the vaguest conceptions. It became necessary to remind oneself that this man was represented to us as a poet.

Above all things I had expected from a poet a certain critical faculty, a certain precision and fastidiousness in the choice and use of words, in the expression of a certain definite meaning. He had nothing of all this; only an appreciation which he could not define, a belief he had not resolved, a hope he could not fulfil. It seemed incredibly wrong and foolish, immoral almost, that so poor a thing should be sent about the country lecturing with such a pretence of authority upon subjects beyond the grasp of his power of expression.

And then, quite suddenly and inexplicably, I began to like him. He, personally, appealed to me in his thin austerity; he was so amiable and so anxious to please and so incompetent, he loved his subject and he could say nothing worthy of it, he meant so well and he did so badly. There was, I was sure, no touch of vice or even of intolerance in him, the worst of his faults a temperamental negativeness; he had such vast enthusiasm for poetry, for the people, for education, for everything that was right and just—he wanted to do so much, he had the power to do so little. He seemed to me like a man striving to smash open a prison gate with an axe of indiarubber. I found him—without any intended touch of patronage, without any reference whatsoever to my own capacities—extraordinarily pitiful.

But it would be impossible for me to return to his verses now.—GEOFFREY H. WELLS.

Clatworthy

SEEING Clatworthy in Angel Court after all these years is rather a feat. The honours, if any, are about equal. To Clatworthy a cake of size is due for being caught still running round for cheques after two decades in the City. Stock jobber's cheques, in sooth! As for me—mine was a timely shot of memory. I have a vermilion-

and-gold edition of "*The Ingoldsby Legends*" in very much the same condition as I found Clatworthy. When the children have quite finished with that book I shall know it again I hope—with surprising suddenness.

Never mind what my business was at the moment. Perhaps I felt as out-of-place in Angel Court as Clatworthy ought to have felt. I wish he could realize his misfit: but with him it has become root rather than routine. I was "a foreigner in Temple Gardens," awed in freshness, with the great advantage over Clatworthy that I had the leisure to take thought. The byways of Throgmorton Street on Pay Days fret with footsteps of youth in a sort of scared preoccupation, having a lot to do in a short space of time. They all go home a little earlier on Pay Days. The strain of estimating life by results reaches too fine a point after hearing that all is safely cleared at the bank. Besides, the contending racket of Settlement is terrific. Clatworthy would be a useful fellow at collecting cheques. Anyone paying *his* firm one hundred pounds short could be sure of a chatty enlightenment on the subject in two senses. He had charm of expression where it was least wanted, but never when it was expected of him. He talked and held his tongue in the wrong places. In the other sense he knew the business backwards, and might come away with the disputed hundred without references. A triumphant time-saver, he could not see that he was wasting his own. If Clatworthy could for once talk as brightly to his employer at unexpected moments as he did in office carte and tierce—— But those were his dumb periods. These and his appearance were against him, even in cheap reach-me-downs. Barter was too-too everything to the owner of that wistful countenance. Yet, while barter remains the adventure it is, much more could be made of—and out of—Clatworthy. He is worth what he accepts—to a penny. He will remain, despite opportunity, for ever what he is.

Twenty years hence, a spirit of contentment and a collector of cheques, it seems I could waylay him on any given Pay Day.

My concern for the man was born with my instant recognition as we passed. I believe he saw me first—and knew me. His voluble surprise was a full minute or years too late—an assumption foreign to him. And is it servitude that tricks a man out of his manner of speech? In his haste, I could see he was nervous, but—he would have passed on! Not unruffled, I should think, after our ancient intimate association! My concern for the man, I say, was instant. It was the wrong end of the City for such forlorn garments as he wore, such shoddy footwear. Hatless in a hatless crowd, his hair flew in all directions. He had been up and downstairs, in and out of offices in the prevailing public wake, and I had surprised my vermilion-and-gold Clatworthy of old perspiring and so set upon chasing other people's cheques that our meeting was an unwelcome incident. For aught I know, that occupation was important and pressing; it was not his matter but his manner that set me a teaser in contrast. Where was the leisurely debonair Clatworthy? Hurry was as foreign to him as his assumption of surprise. Flurry was his pet prejudice in days when he would stroll up to a wicket and stem an adverse situation. Was this the Clatworthy who annoyed an effete Examiner with "a certain literary precocity"? And was it possible that this nervous, unkempt cheque collector kept, stored in the same brain-cells, the memory of an incisive essay on "The Virtue of Patience"?

Our converse was bald but revealing.

"You seem busy," I said, looking at the long list of names he showed me.

"You're right—first time! There's been a lot doing this Account. And I'm not the only one. There

are six other fellows and two messenger boys with lists like this."

"Have you had lunch?"

"In the office. Sandwiches—and stuff."

"You mean 'and beer,' I suppose?"

"No time for a considered feed on Pay Days. All these cheques have to be accounted for and paid in before half-past three."

"Well, how about this evening?"

"I'm meeting the wife in Green Park. It's beautiful in Green Park these evenings."

"I didn't know you were married."

"I've been married six years. Got a boy five years old." He paused and we searched each other's eyes for five seconds. In that look, I was appalled at the distance which had come between us. Perhaps he felt this, for he tore off a corner of his list paper and gave it to me.

"Our telephone number. Any time you'd like to ring me up, you know! Glad to have seen you!" And he was off into the next building—without shaking hands.

That lingering, smiling courtesy of his I must somehow reclaim. But Clatworthy is, after all, of the sort who get into a rut by accident and follow it—a besetting capability and far harder to bear than the short sharp struggle that lifts to the honest green turf. Someone ought to guide these Clatworthys!

I am reserving a mental note of recognition for Life itself in the honours of bringing us together. Even in Angel Court, Life sets the stage for these things, playing the fairy—or the deuce—with men.—JOHN THORNTON.

THE ANCIENT TRACK

By M. Robinson

" 'Tis mute, the word they went to hear on high Dodona mountain."

ANTLIKE, we crawl on the world, intent on our own concerns: to us so vast, to the sun that lights us on our way so infinitely small. Each a pin-point of colour in the intricate design, we see very little beyond that pin-point; meanwhile the shifting, changing pattern flows around and with us, in stately curves, and colours rich beyond our imagining. It is well at times to withdraw from the physical body, and on the wings of the mind to fly to a distance, there to turn and look out at the limitless horizon. Then, as the whirling planets rush past us, we see our own, a little spinning ball, go by; no longer so fast that it cannot be moved, but in a state of flux. Continents rise above the waters, and float there for a little space, to be submerged again. And so with the human procession; only here the continents are the great movements in religion, art, and philosophy, dawning and setting to rise again elsewhere; their mountain peaks the leaders of human thought. And then, for all their differences, we see that throughout there is a unifying principle. Diverse as they may appear, they are so only in their process; one desire moves them all, and that is a longing to escape from the consuming restlessness that shakes individual man, even as it shakes universes in the making; and to find a passage to the land of perpetual calms that, somewhere, must lie.

Alas, neither religion, nor art, nor philosophy can place in our hands a sure map for that dark and difficult journey; that painful pilgrimage Everyman must tread

solitary, as solitary he lives and dies. No man can guide another; at most he can say; "That treacherous river is not impassable, since I have forded it; I fought my way across the frozen passes; and from yonder height I caught a fleeting glimpse of the promised land." And this must be my apology.

My earliest life was a continual conflict; myself, though hardly conscious of it, the battle-ground. On the one hand it had ideal surroundings; until I was eight years old I lived almost entirely amongst mountains of eternal snow, where beauty and austerity in nature walk hand in hand through the solitudes. Every child of that age is awake only to the physical consciousness; but that unvarying majesty of the mountains has its appeal, like Shakespeare, to every stage of consciousness, and it filled me even then with ecstasy and awe. In array against these influences stood the somewhat stern religion in which I was brought up. I was taught to believe in a God who was infinite wisdom, power and love; yet everywhere inconsistencies were apparent. He could not control the world of his own making; and his justice seemed to be capricious and at times vindictive. The discrepancy made itself clear to me even at that early age. I proudly asserted on one occasion that I could do anything, even to making some past event never to have happened; I was rebuked for frivolous untruthfulness. Again I made the assertion, and again I was rebuked, yet more sternly. Then with proud assurance I was prepared to prove my statement: God could do anything, and moreover never failed to fulfil a request; so that I need only ask him to expunge the event in question, and it would cease to have been. And then I was told that not even God himself could undo what had already been done; the record stood for eternity. And now, where had vanished infinite power? My faith in the dogmas was shaken for the first time.

School-time followed; still all was physical consciousness. I remember being stirred to the depths of my being by the sudden revelation of the winter sun, a red ball behind barren branches that barred the sky. And as far back as I can remember poetry and music stirred me in a similar way, though pictures for some reason did not. But now, with the beginning of adolescence, my mind began to wake. I found myself standing before a curtain, and knew that I must find out what lay behind it if peace were to be found. The knowledge of another consciousness, the intellectual, began to stir within me, and I struggled with might and main to penetrate the physical envelope and to find out what lay beyond. It was a time of volcanic disturbances, and I was miserable. Unpopular with my fellows, and still more unpopular with myself, I also found those in authority rebuking me (with perfect justice, since with youthful arrogance the whole horizon for me was filled with myself), for a colossal conceit. Perhaps they handled me wrongly too, to some extent. Brought up in the solitude of the mountains, such solitude was now denied to me; solitude either of mind or of body was made impossible by the fact that at school every minute had its place and its occupation; and at home, with plenty of bodily freedom, my soul was guarded with ever increasing watchfulness and anxiety. Harried on every side; at home deprived of mental freedom, unable to adapt myself at school, I cried with Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty or give me death." But neither came my way. The worst was that my troubles were not augmented by wanton cruelty, but by the very intensity of the affection and sense of duty of those who ruled my life. At last I realized that it was useless to struggle against fate; I must settle down to a barren level of misery until the advance of years brought release. Meanwhile I preserved as far as possible an equable and docile surface, while below, the turmoil of

my mind surged and heaved, and I desperately clutched at every straw that might bring peace or enlightenment.

Religion went through the usual stages; the pieces of the puzzle failed to fit, but the shadow of authority still lay strong on my mind, and I bowed to it. Meanwhile I grew older and with every month entered more fully into the mental consciousness. One incident is typical. At school I was taken with others to see an exhibition of pictures by some modern painter. They meant nothing to me, and I came away empty as I went, feeling nothing beyond an ignorant contempt for the crude shade of green used by the painter to indicate grass in sunlight under trees. But later, as we discussed the paintings, I put forward my sense of this absurdity; and one of us said that it had appeared so to her too, at the time; but that later, walking in the woods, she had studied the question, and had found to her amazement that it was as he had expressed it, and that there was in fact something in the colour of grass of which she had hitherto been unconscious. I was out in the woods myself that afternoon, and I, too, looked; and I, too, found that he was right and I was wrong. In fact, for the first time I looked at the world with my mind as well as with my eyes.

And now school was over, and the question of earning a living arose. It was decided that I should, as a first step, read for a degree; and as the older universities were beyond what my family could afford, I went to a very modern University College, where sexes and classes of society were both equally mixed.

To that place I can never be sufficiently grateful. Here for the first time I was treated as a human being. There is a tendency to depreciate these new schools as being raw and lacking in tradition. But in this one at any rate I found that courteous patience of age towards youth that serves better than anything else to form minds and manners in the melting pot. When a

professor of obvious learning actually asked a student his opinion of a difficult passage, I was incredulous; it must be sarcasm; and then it slowly burst upon me that the wise have no need for sarcasm; that it is only the neophyte who has no more to learn; and that the professor knew so much that he knew that even the opinion of a callow student might throw fresh light on an ancient problem. At school I had grown accustomed to being treated as a fool, even by people who were obviously my inferiors in intelligence if not in knowledge. Now we were treated with a tolerant deference; amongst us there might be a Shakespeare. It was a new experience, and it completed my conquest of the mental consciousness—of my own, that is, and not of mental consciousness in general. There is a limit to the amount of water that a bucket will hold.

By this time—my first year at college—I had, in my own mind, definitely taken the step of throwing off my childhood's religion. If God there were, he must be wiser and more patient than I; and the God in whom I had been taught to believe was neither. But so far there was nothing to take its place. I read copiously, in the hope of discovering something; Myers's *Human Personality* in particular gave me furiously to think. I had long been aware of some overseeing power that let me know without mistake what my next step in any direction ought to be; but what it was I did not know. Now I learned that it was my under-mind directing me; and I began to think that the world held no mysteries at all. At the same time I felt the need of something larger than this; if my unseen mentor turned out to be only my own mind, or part of the general mind, I still needed something stronger, more stable, on which to lean. My whole being was in a tumult.

My last year at college was the first of the war; and

it completed my overthrow. Colossal wrongs ranged themselves, and right seemed to melt away in littleness. People called the men who were fighting and dying "heroes." But to me, heroes or no, it was the men with whom I had walked and talked in youthful light-heartedness who were suddenly torn from life; those of my own age, and in my own family. Blow after blow fell; the world was shattered; justice and reason had left the universe. I had nothing to sustain me; and, far more shattering than my own unimportant griefs, the whole agonized world seemed to have nothing left to which it might cling. Sometimes in my despair I contemplated throwing reason overboard and returning blindly to the old creeds. But faith was gone, and I could not afford to let my honesty, which seemed to be all that remained, go too.

About the second year of the war, I went abroad. The how and why are irrelevant. Although in one sense my mind was still in a state of turmoil, my inward monitor, which had insisted on my going with a vehemence that overthrew all obstacles, also insisted that the time had come to wait patiently for a revelation that was even now on the way. I waited; it would have been harder but that I lived in a crowded world of new sights and experiences.

All this time I was becoming increasingly aware of a certain fact. There *did* exist what the Bible described as "a peace which passeth all understanding"; and there were people who had attained it, and who walked thenceforth "with inward glory crowned." I had first realized this in my college town, where there was a large Quaker community. I often went on Sundays to the Friends' Meeting House, and there experienced that "Quaker Silence," which so impressed Charles Lamb. It calmed me, too, for the moment; but instinct told me that this was not my rest. In the East I met a woman, a Parsi, from whom it shone gloriously, so

that although I never spoke to her, and saw her only once, her face remains with me to this day. I also came across the same thing in one or two Christian Scientists; but in all these cases I felt that though such formal religions might suit some people, their finality and their mutual exclusions destroyed their value for me.

At last, after several years, when the world was beginning to lean back towards its normal course, I was again uprooted, and this time found myself in one of the more remote colonies.

I had looked forward without fear to the prospect of being my own general servant after the colonial fashion, though I had never done work of that kind before. There was in me no distaste for manual toil to be overcome, and there was no reason to suppose that I should fail to settle down without discomfort to washing, cooking, and sweeping. But in a very short time I discovered that here was not only no hardship, but a tremendous gain. To my surprise I found that for the first time in my life I had time to think. Up to that period, without realizing it, I had suffered from mental indigestion. I had read books on books and had imagined that I had thought about them; but it had been something very different from the slow, unhurrying meditation that I could now indulge in while my hands were busy. I had burst out of the physical envelope into the mental consciousness with considerable disturbance, which had continued long after; now I filtered through the mental envelope into the spiritual consciousness without pain, but with that gradual and balanced rhythm that marks the year changing through the seasons. Day after day I pondered as to the basis of that peace which I so ardently desired. The good things of life, materially as mentally, seemed on the one hand to be divided with hopeless unfairness; on the other there must be some reason for that sense of

justice and equality which is so strong in man. How were these facts to be reconciled? There could be only one explanation: those things must be things that did not matter; there was something else that did matter, and it must be within the reach of everybody, rich or poor, ignorant or learned. Now I had something to go upon, since I had met, in books and art and real life, with people who had acquired it—at least, who had acquired something beside which the rest of the world became a shadow. Socrates had found it in philosophy; the martyr Stephen had found it in religion, so that even as they stoned him his enemies "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel"; Shakespeare attained it, and thenceforth saw the solid globe to be "such stuff as dreams are made on"; Michael Angelo had it, and Popes bowed before him; Columbus had it, and it led him through all difficulties to America. Clearly, religion, art and all the rest were not the thing itself; but they all served as a means by which it could be attained; and art, at its highest, managed in some measure to express it. And all this while the spiritual significance of the high mountains at the head of our narrow valley; and the great tree-ferns in the bush; and the clear air; and the running brooks on the hillside—was falling, very softly, like snow upon my soul. I can point to no sudden moment of illumination; but gradually as spring the world was transformed, and I became aware that I, too, had found the secret security. Two years have passed since then; but for me time has stood still. I live in time no longer; I roam eternity.

So much for the process; but the proof must after all lie in the result. "What," the world naturally asks, "is the effect upon your life? Does this new knowledge really help you to live?" It is significant that this question at first found me inclined to say "I cannot tell yet—it has not had to stand any strain." And yet, when I think it over, the last two years have been

stormy enough, with at least two serious financial crises. In the first case, as months passed, and the looked-for remittance never came, and money grew short, I can truthfully say I remained indifferent. Here was my vast world a mere speck of cosmic dust, and could it matter what happened to me, a creeping, tiny creature upon it? I felt that I could not concern myself with such a triviality. This sounds an affectation, but it is the literal truth. The other case was harder, in that it was brought about by human dishonesty where there had been trust. One black night on this occasion there was; but after that the six weeks of suspense that followed were a time of unbroken peace and calm.

However, most of us, like Mrs. Gaskell's Cynthia, are moral kangaroos, and find it easier to rise to occasional heights of heroism, than to sustain a daily level of unobtrusive goodness. It is the every-day frame of mind, the question of unfailing content with shadow as with light, that must be the real test. I think it stands. My life would seem dull to some people; getting up before six to cook breakfast, the day spent in cooking, washing-up, making beds, scrubbing floors, chopping wood, digging, and so on, with little leisure and less society. I am supremely happy. A clear light shining does away with the weight of labour and makes it a daily discovery, a constant new delight. Further, whereas both at the stage of physical and of mental consciousness I was obsessed with a desire to know what happens to us at death, that curiosity has now altogether left me. I walk already in the eternal pathways; what could it profit me further to know exactly what will happen to me and those I care for when we shall finally break out of the physical envelope? They are secure as I am, whether they know it or not. It may be that later we shall throw off the intellectual covering, and then the spiritual, impersonal then, to dissolve into the impersonal whole. But that

is not our present concern. And last, best gift of all, this new light fills the whole world around. Trees, birds, beasts, flowers, even snakes and insects are not merely my brothers; they are I, and I they. At times the dividing line comes so near to vanishing that it is a distinct shock to find oneself after all still enclosed in a human form. Autumn, once to me in blindness a season of inexpressible melancholy, is now a time of still brooding, awaiting certainty. I *feel* what before I only *knew* with my mind: that it is an essential part of the eternal cycle revolving through time with its own unaltering rhythm.

Everywhere this new spiritual consciousness flows in to explain and to reveal. You enter a third-class railway carriage; two youths in a corner are giggling over *Tit-Bits*; opposite sits a drab woman who looks as if her chief distraction were the weekly meeting of the Band of Hope. The light falls; the rays shift, and are still. That joke to you would be the weariest commonplace; to them it is exquisite humour. The spirit of exquisite humour distils in their laughter, and you laugh with them. The clothes that drab spinster wears are dreary enough; yet she bought them once in a glow of innocent excitement; they seemed beautiful to her then; they become so to you, too, with the spiritual beauty of that flying moment that can never die. The brave new world is yours, since you have found the truth, and the truth has made you free.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MAX BEERBOHM AS PROPHET.—As most people interested in the theatre know, Max Beerbohm, besides being a brilliant caricaturist, parodist, and essayist, was one of our finest dramatic critics during the few years he practised. It is not often that the English theatre is fortunate enough to receive the consistent attention of a cultivated mind as wise and as witty as Beerbohm's. When it does receive this attention it cannot be accused of taking much notice of it. Despite, however, the theatre's lack of interest in, even positive contempt for, the comparatively few men of intelligence who have bothered themselves with it (few compared to the number who have devoted themselves to the study of the other arts), the strictures and more particularly the smiles of a G. H. Lewes, a Bernard Shaw, a Max Beerbohm, do have some effect. There were other critics of course during and between the reigns of these three men; but this brilliant trio most particularly benefited the drama by directing the gaze of intelligent and artistic people, whose interest had been alienated by the general worthlessness, vulgarity, and inanity of London theatrical productions, to the appalling state into which the English theatre had fallen; and by making these people realise the potential beauty and value of the stage.

For several years, in the pages of the "Saturday Review," "Max" tapped the current drama with his delicate quill, and listened with great disapproval to the hollow sounds that came from it. Without raising his voice, often with a quite disdainful smile, but always sincerely and truthfully, "Max" analyzed some hundreds of London productions; and inevitably, as must any man of taste have done, in most cases he turned down his thumb. But he did not merely turn down his thumb. With admirable patience he pointed

out the salient faults and mistakes of the managers and playwrights which were responsible for the degradation of the theatre; he diagnosed the many diseases which were afflicting and which still afflict the stage, and offered many suggestions as means of curing them; suggestions which, whenever they have been followed, have proved remedial.

Because of his inimitable manner, "Max" was often accused of flippancy, as, in his time, was G. H. Lewes. He sometimes frolicked up and down the page: but in these moments the sensible will only find a man who, never liable to hallelujahs or loud-voiced comminations, sometimes tried to save himself from madness by treating the tenth consecutive bad play as a joke. But always his fundamental sincerity is obvious. Several things he was always having to say, unfortunately, would still have to say were he still writing about the theatre, though the standard of plays is undoubtedly higher to-day. Some of these points may be summarized. Though the theatre is dependent for its existence on the patronage of the multitude, the worst and the best tastes of the people are not the same thing; but that the majority of theatre managers, like some newspaper owners and publishers, pander to the lowest average of taste, thereby degrading both the stage and the audience. That this policy, together with the unnecessarily elaborate construction of fashionable plays, frightened away most of the best intelligence and artistic talent which felt drawn to the theatre, leaving it to men who, if they devoted to any other kind of writing such intellect and knowledge of life and sense of style as they possess, would fall somewhere between the twentieth and the twenty-fifth rank. That many of the dramatic critics, like the papers in which they write, are men who in no sense are such leaders of public taste as, by their office, they ought to be; but are content, merely to express the opinions of their readers.

That these critics are therefore accessories before and after the crimes against intelligence and culture which are committed daily on the English stage. That audiences, being always eager for the obvious, are always ready to encourage players and dramatists to measure dramatic force rather by its disturbance than by its significance; and that the players and dramatists are much too willing to be blinded to the truth that pregnancy of action is of more importance than its barren effect, however astounding; and therefore that to put a knife into one's pocket may have in it more of drama than putting it into a man.

Many more fine and interesting diagnoses this wise and witty critic made; too many to be summarised here. He pointed out the main directions in which the stage was moving, along which the stage has undoubtedly travelled as if, obediently, it had followed his pointing finger. One of his prophecies I came across the other day, and it is so apt to the moment, has just been fulfilled so nearly to the letter by the knickerbocker production of "Hamlet" at the Kingsway, that his prophetic soul must be quoted at length. He is reviewing H. B. Irving's "Hamlet" at the Adelphi, April, 1905:—

> ". . . In the past twenty years or so, the tendency in performing 'Hamlet' has been, ever more and more, to present a sensible, realistic modern drama of psychology, and to let the poetry shift for itself. The Ghost, as being a sort of detached figure, is still allowed to drag poetry in, speaking his lines sonorously and with rhythm. But the days of his privilege are surely numbered. . . . Perhaps the First Player will always be allowed to recite rhythmically and sonorously the turgid lines of 'Aeneas' tale to Dido'—just to show us how foolish a thing poetry is, and what fools the old actors were, and how well we are rid of them. And, maybe, one or two benighted souls in the audience will clutch fondly at the one straw not blown away by the tempest of modernity. . . . Queen Gertrude talks in an easy conversational style, exactly as though she were

gossiping across a teacup . . . poetry, tragedy, queenliness are quite out of it. . . . One would not be surprised if, at any moment, Ophelia entered springing off a bicylcle. . . ."

Indeed most of this long notice might be used as a criticism of the Kingsway production. But, to paraphrase some of it, for the sake of brevity : This passion for naturalness leads to sheer nonsense in those places where Shakespeare allows himself, to our eternal gain, to become purely poetical. Shakespeare did not intend that Ophelia's mad scenes should be painful. They are put in, as is the Queen's account of Ophelia's death, just for beauty's sake. What could be more absurd than to hear an agonised lady talking about "cornflowers, nettles, and long purples," with tragic gasps and violent gestures of woe? But elsewhere the realistic method merely deprives the play of beauty and tragic dignity. "Just because," concludes Max, "I might at any corner collide with this Hamlet, I cannot claim this Hamlet as ideal—cannot even accept it as satisfactory. . . . A Hamlet who breaks up his sentences into prose, with no reference at all to their rhythm, a Hamlet, in fact, without style—this is not the Hamlet for me. I crave, first of all, for the beauty which Mr. Irving sacrifices to exact realism. Next to that, I crave the tone of tragedy. . . . In the final scene he behaves just like any other young man in a fencing club. We cannot believe that he and all those other persons are going to die. Our æsthetic sense of tragedy is banished, and consequently, the various deaths, when they occur, seem violently out of place, seem absurd. In 1924, perhaps, these deaths will be omitted, and the whole play trimmed into a comedy. Modern audiences shrink from tragedy. One of the reasons for the great popularity of Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet was that he so notably brightened up the play. Mr. Irving's Hamlet is as much brighter

as it is less beautiful than Mr. Forbes Robertson's. I am sure that in 1924 the last vestiges of gloom will have been swept out of Elsinore. . . ."

Is not this a prophecy fulfilled almost to the letter and to time? Yes; I think that with perfect propriety we may hand "Max" a golden aureole, what time we bow our foreheads in the dust.—JOHN SHAND.

A NOVEL OF JEWRY.—Mr. Louis Golding's *Day of Atonement* (Chatto & Windus, 7s. 6d. net) is a remarkable novel. It is true that its style is a little too feverish (the general pulse of it is galloping), the subject-matter sometimes so condensed and the transitions so sudden that, now and again, one gets the impression of a narrative that is a little skippy or disconnected. Style and matter, perhaps, are not sufficiently well blended. Moreover, Mr. Golding, at times, figures rather too prominently as a sort of glorified Max Pemberton (I refer to the *manner* of his writing); while the Epilogue reveals showy self-conscious work that bears about as much relation to actual fine writing as the porter-artist's craft (admirable though this may be) to the masterpieces in the National Gallery. And (to continue the quest of flies in the pot of jam) he even makes use of the cheapest of cheap stock phrases such as "for all the world like." But the novel at its best (and its best is very frequent) will induce a reader to think of Dostoevski and D. H. Lawrence; and even (despite its tendency to plunge into hectic sensationalism) of Thomas Hardy. Against all adverse criticism the book stands on its own legs as an individual and original piece of work. And it is passionately written, and full of the broodings and clear-cut consciousness of a keenly sensitive and thoughtful mind.

Full of light were these days that followed, and like water that has found level meadows after steep adventures in the gaunt, craggy places. Luminous and passionless days. As

> if there is light without passion, passion without light. Yet there is a passion which flares suddenly like a lighted brand, and how disastrously. There is a passion which fills the sky with a sweet, gradual light, like the loveliness preceding the moon throughout the wide heavens whilst there is no moon.

Divested of its peacock clothing and steeplechase tactics there are dozens of telling passages in it, as fine as that. It is written by a poet (a true poet) and it has a soul.

The story is about a young, scholarly Jew and his wife, and about the sorrows, virtues, and sins of the Jews—first in Russia, afterwards in an English North Country factory town. The delineation and development of character of the woman Leah is really finely done. She is the elemental female of a race, not a common type in herself, but that culmination (perhaps even to distortion) of a common type which manifests itself in certain individuals—strong, unlettered, stupid, fanatical, passionate, chaste, affectionate, exceedingly pious. She does everything by extremes, reacting from the stupidest and uncleanest of desires when a young maiden to the most austere and dismal repentance—even to cutting off her long hair. Mr. Golding, however, makes plain that the morbid intensity of her disposition has something quite lunatic in it. And it is largely the result of many centuries of Aryan thwarting and Christian persecution—that also is shown clear. The book makes copious use of appropriate symbolism, some of it a little violent, but a good deal that is more subtly interwoven.

Nearly everything and everybody in the book is an emblem, attribute, or signpost. Leah is as piteous and terrible a figure as Shylock—and probably as true to life. Finally she murders her sainted Jewish husband because he renounces Judaism and falls in love with Jesus Christ. The son of Reuben rejects both Judaism and Christianity,—Jehovah and Christ, they are each

the same to him, revolting deities exacting excessive ritual, revenge, or martyrdom. Moreover, they make uncompromising fanatics of their followers when these happen to be intense or sincere people. That is how the son sees it. But he cannot live and breathe without a religion, and so (with the evident approval of Mr. Golding) he embraces the religion of Apollo. Actually Mr. Golding is in error; for the religion of Christ, rightly understood, embraces the religion of Apollo without obliterating a single sane feature of it. Moreover, if you are going to rear the temples of Apollo in England's "green and pleasant land" you will have to sweat to do it, be slighted, scorned, and persecuted in its furtherance, perhaps even die at the end—and that is Christianity. Even Apollo has no use for half-hearted and timid followers.

Judaism at any rate has little in common with Christianity, while the religion of Apollo has very much. Mr. Golding knows the Jews intimately, even to their bastard German language called "Yiddish," and he shows them as he knows them, a cliquish, prejudiced, clever, thrifty, and not too pleasant people, pitifully harried and misunderstood, and in their turn pitifully misunderstanding. His novel is packed with the conscience of the uncompromising truth-teller as well as with that of the good artist—though such an assertion is perhaps almost a paradox, for the really good artist, according to his lights, is always an uncompromising truth-teller. Finally, the novel is dedicated, most gallantly and appreciatively dedicated, to that great educationist John Lewis Paton, a headmaster of Manchester Grammar School.—HERBERT E. PALMER.

"TWELFTH NIGHT."—Has the essential difference —as it seems to me—between "Twelfth Night" and all the other comedies of Shakespeare ever been sufficiently emphasised? In the earlier comedies, such

as "As You Like It" and "Much Ado," you find a world complete in itself, a world where human happiness is felt to be the natural object of desire and where there is nothing but accidental misfortune to disturb the pursuit of it. In these plays the curtain falls on an ending obviously meant to be entirely satisfactory. In "Twelfth Night" the curtain falls on a very different sort of scene: on what is really a beginning, not an ending at all.

"Twelfth Night" opens as an enchanting romantic comedy: Shakespeare's humour, his characterization, his sense of the theatre, his power of pure poetic writing—all these gifts are now fully matured and active in perfect harmony within him. What happens? At first it is Olivia, Orsino, Viola, Sebastian, who are the solid life-like people: the Fool is an elf-like shadow and Malvolio a figure of fun. But by the end of the play the real people are Malvolio, the man who, whatever his weaknesses, has suffered in the dark prison; and the Fool, who is left out of all the marriage ceremonies, is never quite grown up, and yet is the one to hear the wind and the rain. The other people are dissolved into an exquisite unreality; and when, as is sometimes done, they go off the stage with an air of moving to a slow graceful dance you feel that this is exactly right, that the world which seemed so solid in "As You Like It" and "Much Ado" has dissolved into an exquisitely beautiful measure—the measure of youthful joy—now destined to fade, though never to be forgotten, within the to be author's mind. A world of new experience is beginning to darken and sustain his thoughts.

The Fool is left alone on the stage, and I believe that as he sings his queer wandering song the stage should gradually darken, and there might even be a suggestion of the wind and the rain. In some productions, the Fool is shown to be in love with Olivia; and this, again,

accords with Shakespeare's unconscious purpose, if not with the definite intention of the Fool's love songs. He cannot take the present hour ; Olivia is not for such as he. " Twelfth Night " is Shakespeare's farewell to joy ; the wind and rain on which the curtain falls are the first breath of the storm on the heath, the first invasion of that *something else* which destroys the world of " As You Like It," that other sort of experience which has nothing to do with happiness but which, once felt, has to be followed to the end, perhaps to the complete blackness of physical death, or, if there is enough strength and endurance, to the sea-coast of Bohemia and Prospero's uncharted island. It is on the start of this journey that the curtain of " Twelfth Night " falls, leaving nothing but an approaching sound of wind and rain and the figure of the Fool, the man of childlike mind.—C. B. DAVY.

THE WISDOM OF TCHEHOV

By The Journeyman

TCHEHOV is coming into his own in this country. *The Cherry Orchard* has been a success: now we are promised *The Sea-Gull*. Previous to this last successful attempt to lodge *The Cherry Orchard* in London, I remember two performances—one before the war, the other in 1920: and I have a vivid memory of the smiles of polite incomprehension and the sniggers of downright misunderstanding with which it was greeted on both occasions. I was indignant, furious, mortally outraged. Ever since the day when I first read *The Cherry Orchard* in George Calderon's translation—peace be to his shade in the fields of Elysium: he deserved well of the republic for that alone—it had become an infinitely precious thing to me—the most perfect creation of beauty these modern times could show. I was too young to understand its *wisdom*; but its beauty I did not mistake. And I hated, with the deadly hatred of youthful idealism, the smilers and the sniggerers. If I remember rightly, on the first performance there was not one good word said for the play in all the London Press.

By 1920, things had changed a little. Mr. Walkley was still positive it was nonsense; Mr. Baughan that it was rubbish. But the wind was veering. The general attitude was not unlike that taken by Mr. Shaw towards the play in the preface to *Heartbreak House*, which has always seemed to me one of the most convincing proofs that Mr. Shaw is insensible to that highest significance of literature which can be vaguely called "poetic." In

The Cherry Orchard Tchehov, according to Mr. Shaw, was holding up to exquisite ridicule a generation of wasters; and he himself proceeded, in *Heartbreak House,* to follow what he conceived to be Tchehov's example. It was a queer piece of self-revelation. I am afraid Mr. Shaw is not the man to understand a wisdom greater than his own.

Perhaps, if Mr. Shaw had read Tchehov's letters, he would have come to a different conclusion concerning Tchehov's play. And yet, on second thoughts, I doubt it. For Tchehov's letters are of one piece with the rest of his writings. If you miss the beauty of the stories, you will be blind to the wisdom of the letters. (There is, incidentally, no back-stairs way to the understanding of a real author: his letters and confessions can only corroborate what you find in his actual creation. It is a great mistake to imagine that if we had a few trunks-full of Shakespeare's private correspondence, we should understand his plays any better than we do. Shakespeare could not have explained *Macbeth* or *Antony.* Literary creations of that order are their own sole explanation; that is why they are great.) Still—to return to Tchehov—a passage from his letters like the following might have suggested to Mr. Shaw that he was on the wrong track in supposing that Tchehov had the faintest interest in holding wasters up to ridicule.

We are staying in Nice on the sea-front (he wrote to his brother Mihail). The sun is shining, it is warm, green and fragrant, but windy. An hour's journey from Nice is the famous Monaco. There is Monte Carlo, where roulette is played. Imagine the rooms of the Hall of Nobility but handsomer, loftier and larger. There are big tables, and on the tables roulette—which I will describe to you when I get home. The day before yesterday I went there, played and lost. The game is fearfully fascinating. After losing, Suvorin *fils* and I fell to thinking it over, and thought out a system which would ensure one's winning. We went yesterday, taking 500 francs each; at the first turn I won two gold pieces, then again and again; my waistcoat pockets bulged with gold. I had in hand French money even

of the year 1808, as well as Belgian, Italian, Greek and Austrian coins. . . . I have never before seen so much gold and silver. I began playing at five o'clock, and by ten I had not a single franc in my pocket, and the only thing left me was the satisfaction of knowing that I had my return ticket to Nice. So there it is, my friends! You will say, of course: "What a mean thing to do! We are so poor, while out there he plays roulette." Perfectly just, and I give you permission to slay me. But I personally am very pleased with myself. Anyway, now I can tell my grandchildren that I have played roulette, and know the feeling that is excited by gambling.

Tchehov was no reformer in Mr. Shaw's sense; and the Tchehov that Mr. Shaw sees is a Tchehov after his own image, which is not the reality at all. Tchehov had no belief in reform; like all wise men, he was a conservative. All men with a touch of the deeper vision are, fundamentally, conservative: from Jesus with his "Render unto Cæsar" to Shakespeare with his acceptance of royal authority. Yet Tchehov, slight and frail, undertook a fearful journey across Siberia (before the days of the railway) to report to the world upon the horrible conditions of the criminals on Sakhalin. Tchehov, at any time, would have given up his life for the love of his fellowmen. But his was a wise love; it knew well that though all men are equal in the sight of God, there is diversity of gifts, and God's equality will never be attained save by the recognition of each individual man that he has his allotted part to play in the great scheme of things.

Oh, the man was wise, and with a wisdom we are very far from yet. Listen to him, when he was thirty:

It is essential in this world to be indifferent. Only those who are indifferent are able to see things clearly, to be just, and to work. Of course I am only speaking of intelligent people of fine natures: the empty and the selfish are indifferent enough anyway.

Cold comfort, you may say. Then you have still much to learn. The wise man's indifference is a positive thing: to him nothing matters, because everything

matters. But indeed there is no explaining it. The wise man becomes, for himself, a part of nature; his rebellious consciousness sinks back into harmony with that from which it sprang. But this sinking is a great soaring. He knows then that his business is not to cry to heaven, but to get on with his job. It may be a very little job, but the universe depends upon his doing it. True indifference is reintegration into unity.

Tchehov's letters, for those who know how to read them, contain the deepest wisdom of the ages expressed in the language of to-day. Every time that I come back to them, with a few more years' or a few more months' experience between me and my last reading, I find more and more of the simplicity of the profoundest truth in them; and I am glad with all my heart that when they first appeared in English I, in reviewing them, spoke more truth than I knew and publicly declared them to be the letters of "the greatest hero of our time." That, and nothing less, was Anton Tçhehov. He is *our* co-eval and spokesman, *our* artist; and the best of us are still like children beside him.

Certain of his brief sentences have stood by me like words of Scripture. Some sound veritably like words of Scripture: "And all things are forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive." From that sentence I first caught a Pisgah-sight of the land of true attainment. I have lived with it, and it has lived with me, for many years: it has never failed me yet, and I do not think it ever will. Others are less obviously radiant with the beauty that is truth; they are oddly unobtrusive; yet they have meant the world to me. "We are concerned with pluses alone." Six commonplace words, yet they have the secret of what men miscall happiness within them. I would give much to have written them, more to have had the power always to live up to them. And again:

Pharisaism, stupidity and despotism reign not in bourgeois houses and prisons alone. I see them in science, in literature, in the younger generation. . . . That is why I have no preference either for gendarmes, or for butchers, or for scientists, or for writers, or for the younger generation. I regard trademarks and labels as a superstition. My holy of holies is the human body, health, intelligence, talent, inspiration, love and the most absolute freedom—freedom from violence and lying, whatever forms they may take.

"Absolute freedom"—you see what that cant phrase means to a wise man: freedom *in himself* from violence and lying. It is the only freedom worth having, and it is more worth than all the riches in the world. And it was Tchehov's true freedom, painfully won, that gave him the power continually to be saying true things. Here is one that I never forget.

Alas! I shall never be a Tolstoyan. In women I love beauty before all things; and in the history of mankind, culture, expressed in carpets, spring-carriages, and keenness of wit. Ach! To make haste and become an old man and sit at a big table. . . .

No one loved and admired Tolstoy more than Tchehov; but Tchehov saw that even Tolstoy had not won freedom.

Something in me protests: reason and justice tell me: that in the electricity and heat of love for man there is something greater than chastity and abstinence from meat. War is an evil, and legal justice is an evil, but it does not follow from that that I ought to wear bark shoes and sleep on the stove with the labourer and so on and so on. . . .

No, that was not the way for Tchehov; and it is not the way for us. There are no rules: the only thing that matters is that each man should come to his freedom by his own way. "I believe in individual people," he said, "I see salvation in individual personalities, scattered all over Russia—educated people or peasants: they have strength, though they are few."

That is the kind of wisdom I believe in; and that is

the kind of expression of wisdom in which I believe. I don't like the wisdom of clever men—not because I have any objection to cleverness in itself, but simply because cleverness is never wise. It is too concerned with making itself invulnerable : and it is anxious to be invulnerable because it is afraid. There is nothing to be afraid of in this world except one's own fears. As Tchehov said yet again : " God's world is a good place ! The one thing not good in it is we ! How little justice and humility there is in us ! "

Mr. Shaw's Tchehov, who holds up wasters to ridicule in *The Cherry Orchard,* would have neither justice nor humility. Perhaps it is because Mr. Shaw himself is a little deficient in both those qualities. But Mr. Shaw's Tchehov is not Tchehov, nor anything like him.

P.S.—As I pass this proof yet another selection of Tchehov's letters (" Letters on Literature " : Geoffrey Bles, 12s. 6d. net) comes to hand. It is admirably conceived, for Tchehov's literary criticism is the subtlest I know. The book should be a *vade mecum* for every modern writer. A sentence strikes my eye, written in 1891 : if so-and-so " had sweated the Asiatic out of himself." Precisely in this lies Tchehov's difference from all other Russians, even the greatest. As a fifth-form schoolboy he had made his choice, and become a European. " Why do you call yourself," he wrote to his brother Mihail, " ' your worthless and insignificant brother ' ? You recognize your insignificance. . . . Recognize it before God ; perhaps, too, in the presence of beauty, wisdom, nature, but not before men. Among men you must be conscious of your dignity and worth." The hardest thing of all for a true Russian to learn, Tchehov had learned at seventeen : Dostoevsky never learned it at all.

BOOKS TO READ

BEN JONSON. Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Vols. 1 and 2. The Man and his Work. (Oxford University Press.) 42s. net.

A full appreciation of England's greatest comic writer requires ability to think in terms of a classical tradition; an act for which the modern mind is singularly unfitted. Hitherto only one contemporary (and he not English-born) has written of Jonson with real understanding; and we had not dared to hope that the Introductory volumes of the Oxford edition would be as good as they are. They form an adequate work, calling for very few reservations; much patient research has obviously gone to their making, and incidentally they are well produced. They reveal wide learning that has no tang of "specialization." The biography, written by a single hand, is admirable; the criticism—much more difficult—is equally so. The emphasis of Gifford is replaced by a calm estimate, very free from the usual apologetics or special pleading or air of protestation. It is a sheer intellectual pleasure, after working through the discussions of *Sejanus*, *Volpone*, and *Epicoene* to see just how *The Alchemist*, not Jonson's best play, was his best *ad saeculum*. Jonson was masterfully "of a piece"; without "inner conflicts" or "inner growth"; his "rarity" was relative and conditioned: "his limitations, like his powers, were not those most characteristic of his time." The editors are faithful to this perception of the core of Jonson; even his lyrical genius is not much slighted, and his critical position is justly if not fully expounded, with some recognition at last of his Dutch masters.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. By Frederick Niecks. (Dent.) 10s. 6d. net.

This (unhappily posthumous) work is, if undistinguished, both interesting and thorough; alike on the biographical and musical sides. It is "supplementary and corrective," and quite worthy to rank with the previous *Life of Chopin*. The later chapters are written, from Professor Niecks' notes, by his widow. Sir Alexander Mackenzie contributes an appreciative Preface.

WASHINGTON IRVING ESQUIRE: AMBASSADOR AT LARGE FROM THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD. By George S. Hellman. Illustrated. (Cape.) 16s. net.

Mr. Hellman's sprightliness may not be to everyone's liking, but he has given us an interesting, fluent and extremely circumstantial book. Its chief value is along the lines of the sub-title; it is too superficial and ex-parte to be first-rate biography. One could not gather from this bright account of a pleasing personality that Irving possessed a significant mind or was capable of real intellectual experience. Mr. Hellman supplements in places the defective works by P. Irving, Warner and Adams; and prints some new matter together with the dispatches Irving wrote as Minister at Madrid. We are astounded by the suggestion, unsupported by any evidence, that Mary Shelley loved Irving, and would gladly have become his wife or, failing that, his mistress.

MORE CHANGES, MORE CHANCES. By Henry W. Nevinson. (Nisbet.) 15s. net.

Mr. Nevinson's career has been remarkably full of adventures which, under all his present serenity, have been sensitively felt. He has always been distinguished by a genuine and courageous altruism; he has fought for many strange causes and been in the forefront of many battles. So able a journalist has, of course, made his memoirs interesting reading. He enables one to see a great number of famous events and personalities from an individual standpoint. But those who do not blindly admire every idealistic temperament cannot fail to detect in him a certain complacency or to see that his excellent impulses are at the mercy of a defective logical sense.

MEMOIRS. By Sir Almeric FitzRoy. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (Hutchinson.) 42s. net.

The Clerk to the Privy Council has a unique post of observation; and this Diary (which does *not* recall Charles Fulke Greville) is interesting and sometimes amusing. Sir Almeric is an experienced, knowledgable, and attractive man-of-the-world, whose very language suggests a tradition. In such a book one is always treading on contemporary toes; but Sir Almeric is downright rather than indiscreet, rarely malicious, and never malevolent. An honest record, in short: which leaves a more pleasant impression than do most recent and better-written socio-political memoirs. The author revered Lord Morley and the 8th Duke of Devonshire; he does not greatly revere Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Oxford and Asquith. He is able to conclude that "Forms are the fortress of liberty." A reference of Sir Almeric's to A. E.'s poetry is indexed under "Housman, A. E." !

THE RELIGION OF YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW. By Kirsopp Lake, D.D. (Christophers.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a book which promises and disappoints. Dr. Lake is, of course, a thorough-going Liberal, or as he prefers to call himself, an Experimentalist. "The recognition of Purpose as God will, I believe, be one of the foundations of the theology of to-morrow." We doubt it: indeed it is almost a contradiction in terms. And the sentence is characteristic of the quality of the book: it is honest, but jejune. The religion of the future, if there is one, will not be such a starve-crow affair. The real trouble is that Dr. Lake is not religious-minded. He is a Benthamite. His vision of philanthropy administered "by professionally trained social servants" and his rather commonplace notion that philanthropy in the past has been "biologically unsound," reveal him as ignorant of the true and perennial strength of the religion he wishes to liberalize into philanthropic radicalism—the nature of the man Jesus. But an honest book, in this realm, is a comfort.

COLLECTIVIST ECONOMICS. By J. Haldane Smith. (Routledge.) 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Smith holds that capitalistic private enterprise is the real source of "sickness" in the body politic, and that our only remedy lies in replacing it by *Collectivism;* by which he means, apparently, a system of State control operating mainly through guilds and designed to secure the abolition of all unearned income in the shape of rent, interest and profit, by the nationalization of industry. The book is clearly written and is marked by sanity of outlook and moral earnestness. Mr. Smith displays, perhaps, a too naïve confidence in the adequacy of his own solution. The weakness of his position seems to lie, however, not so much in the doubtfulness of its economics as in its failure to recognize that *no* economic change is in itself sufficient to establish a sound social order.

MIND AND MATTER. By C. E. M. Joad. (Nisbet & Co., Ltd.) 4s. 6d. net.

This little book attempts two things and succeeds in both: it is strenuously popular, and in theme and treatment unimpeachably *le dernier cri.* Beginning with the classical evolutionist theories and nineteenth-century mechanism, the author leads us, in smooth and exhilarating progress, through the difficult and dangerous regions of Absolutism, Relativity, and Psycho-analysis; inspires us with yet a newer version of the "New Ethics"; and finally reveals to us, in a few privileged glimpses, some of the secret purposes of the *life force.* It would be too much to say that the book has no defects: it is frequently vague, confused, and superficial, and it contains several downright mistakes. But its faults are, for the most part, the faults of over-simplification incident to works of its kind. Mr. Joad has provided what is, on the whole, an admirable bird's-eye view; and discerning readers will be grateful to him for its excellence none the less because they realize its limitations.

PSYCHE: THE CULT OF SOULS AND BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY AMONG THE GREEKS. By Erwin Rohde. (Kegan Paul.) 25s. net.

The translator and publishers are to be congratulated on rendering this standard treatise accessible to English readers. A pioneer work, distinguished by exact scholarship, wide and mature learning, and a scientific regard for the canons of evidence, *Psyche* remains still, despite the significant changes of critical opinion in the last thirty years, an authoritative contribution to the study of Greek religion. Though intended primarily for philologists, Rohde's book should prove of considerable value to philosophers, anthropologists, and all interested in the history of belief. The present version is well executed, and an attempt has been made in it to systematize the original modes of reference to classical sources. The latter are collected in extensive notes at the close of each chapter and in appendices at the end of the volume.

DIALOGUES IN LIMBO. By George Santayana. (Constable.) 10s. 6d. net.

These imaginary conversations rank higher as literature than as philosophy. Finely conceived and written, they obscure their author in dialectics. Mr. Santayana's highly rational materialism is half-revealed yet playfully depersonalized in the brilliant fantasia of Democritus upon the atomic theory; like the Stranger from the earth, we are impressed yet bewildered. The "dialogues" on modern theories of government between the latter and Socrates (not less sceptical from twenty centuries of vicarious experience), are inimitable. Had Mr. Santayana faced the great questioner with Democritus, we might have grown clearer about the Life of Reason. Instead, we are confronted with the shattering Neo-Aristotelianism of Avicenna. A brilliant, even profound work, yet of its nature inconclusive. In his world of shades, Mr. Santayana has not been willing to play Rhadamanthus.

Essays by Divers Hands: Being the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. Vol. 5. Edited by John Drinkwater. (Milford.) 7s. net.

These are calm waters. It is doubtful if the wider interests of literary conservatism are much furthered by this obvious preaching to the pious who alone come to church. The contributions are tolerably "sound" and interesting, if little more; and there are traces, ever so slight but disconcerting, of provincialism. Mr. Bailey's elegant address does not "place" Landor; shows what he was without true realization of what he was not, an unconscious over-praise. Mr. Granville Barker is, as always, an alert and suggestive contributor on the drama, speaking wisely of translation in its theatrical aspect. The motive of *si jeunesse savait* . . . persists throughout the book, but in a half-hearted manner.

Definitions. By H. S. Canby. Two Series. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net each.

The first of these "Series" is better than the second; and the section "On the American Tradition" conspicuously the most valuable. Mr. Canby's attitude to literature is sociological rather than critical, and the journalistic element is strong. Mr. Canby is eminently reasonable: he is almost the unprejudiced American. Though not profound, he is always interesting; and we hope he will be widely read over here. His interpretative virtues are many, and his actual critical sins very few. He really understands that literary America which is a puzzling phenomenon to most of us: a practised editor and lecturer, he unites in each capacity his experience as both.

Silhouettes. By Sir Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann.) 8s. 6d. net.

What new thing is there to say about Sir Edmund? Useless to pretend that one of these "sermons" is much better or worse than another: they are what 2,000 word articles for a Sunday newspaper should be, graceful, moderate, careful, urbane, lively and gently learned—but this is merely describing Sir Edmund again. He never goes deeply into critical problems, but we would not say of him as did the Dorking lady of his friend Andrew Lang, that "he is no serious seeker after truth"!

Ruminations. By Arthur McDowall. (Heinemann.) 6s. net.

Try as one may to accept him lightly, Mr. McDowall's pleasant essays on shoes and ships and sealing-wax give a slight hint of falling between two stools. His ruminations are more valuable than those of the professional ruminators, but they are less tangible; mere observation is secondary to a kind of *withheld* philosophy not organized to bring his reflections into a higher sphere. He exceeds his themes without unifying his underlying perceptions; that is, without realizing his full personality. Enough: he has charm and humour, and we enjoy them. The essays on Autobiography, on pre- and post-Romantic touring, and on a very odd cleric, are in his other vein.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Suspense. By Joseph Conrad. Introduction by Richard Curle. (Dent.) 7s. 6d. net.

Conrad died unexpectedly; but anyhow it is characteristic that his posthumous novel contains no "final statement": is not his *Tempest* or *Samson Agonistes.* It is not in his great manner; but has a good deal of richness and vigour. It does not seem to suffer much from its fragmentary nature; and may take a respectable place among his second-best works. We are not persuaded that its theme is well suited to his genius.

St. Mawr; together with **The Princess.** By D. H. Lawrence. (Martin Secker.) 7s. 6d. net.

St. Mawr is a story which grows. At first there is the sense that a writer so much absorbed in idea that he cannot pause to make his characters convincing ought to be writing an essay instead of a long short story. Only the horse, St. Mawr, who is, as it were, the embodiment of the idea, is real. But about half-way through the story, when the horse ceases to be the centre of interest, the human characters are given their chance. They come alive. At the same time everything becomes more clearly cut, more vivid. Towards the end of the story there are descriptive passages of poignant, effortless beauty.

NOTABLE NOVELS, etc.—continued

THE SMOKING LEG AND OTHER STORIES. By John Metcalfe. (Jarrolds.) 7s. 6d. net.

Almost all these stories have the quality of those rare, amazingly vivid dreams which seem to take us right into another world. We do not merely look on at another world—we are there. The uneasy wind breathes and mutters, the darkness falls, and there is fear, vague and supernatural, of the unknown. Even in the most "awake" story Picnic, there is still this same fear. It is an intrinsic part of Mr. Metcalfe's realization. But, particularly in this "awake" story, we feel that his realization is shining, as something beautiful, complete and new.

THE ELDER SISTER. By Frank Swinnerton. (Hutchinson.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Swinnerton has written a story of unusual power, about two sisters' love for an egoist, and its almost tragic—perhaps worse than tragic—consequences. He shows himself capable of a masterly detachment; delineating both young women with sombre insight and minute elaboration. This motive is more perfectly handled than are the later chapters in which things come to a head: the male characterization is rather incomplete than unconvincing: but the emotional economy is relaxed without heightening of the emotional communication.

CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER. By H. G. Wells. (Cape.) 7s. 6d.

This novel, amended to suit the views of various critics, would be deprived of Christina, and her father, and Mr. Wells. It would then demonstrate the value of contemporary literary criticism, but we should lose some drama which, in our view, is better than that of Mr. Kipps. In fact, this is one of the best books Mr. Wells has done. We put it with Mr. Polly. The fun is drier, even when the situation is as deliriously comic as that in which Mr. Polly fought with a dead eel, and the mockery of human folly is kinder; for this book, after all, is a serious survey of life by a master who is now in easier and happier control of his medium.

THE BAKER'S CART. By Gerald Bullett. (The Bodley Head.) 7s. 6d. net.

The Baker's Cart—need one say it contains thirteen stories?—is more to our liking than *Mr. Godly Beside Himself*. Only four times do we suffer Mr. Bullett's rather macabre supernaturalism: so grim a realist is an intractable denizen of fairyland. He has sensibility, wide and perceptive sympathy—especially with children; he leaves a distinct, though rarely lasting, impression. He is not a "big" writer, and at present his symbolism is rather too pronounced; but *The Sunflowers*, *Prentice* and *Summer's End* are achievements.

RACHEL MARR. By Morley Roberts. (Nash & Grayson.) 7s. 6d. net.

The publishers have done well to revive this novel after twenty-two years; for it has a great deal of power, sincerity, and elemental truth. It is an unusual story of great and futile passions, written in a semi-Biblical style which, however, grows wearisome. The book wants relief; it wants humour (in spite of Steve, the decayed preacher, who is an achievement); it wants variety. It is difficult to be convinced by characters, however impressive, who exist at such an abnormal emotional tension, or talk so rhetorically. In fact, life is not like this.

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SCIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE

By John Middleton Murry

A VALUABLE book has lately been published on the relations between science and religion.* It consists of essays, well planned and ably edited, by various eminent men of science—an anthropologist, a physicist, a psychologist, a biologist—indicating the position that may be occupied by the religious perception as a valid apprehension of reality without challenge from the sciences they practise. Not one of them is engaged in apologetics: what they have in common is a more or less definite surmise that there is another method of cognition, another kind of knowing, than the scientific.

It may be said that there is nothing new in this; and indeed there is not. But there is something new in the feeling which these men of science evidently share that it is their duty to forward a new synthesis of science and religion. Some people will hasten to call it a *rapprochement*. Reunion is in the air. Well-meaning people are pathetically anxious nowadays to reconcile irreconcilables; they press forward to sing, with the unconvincing voice of a curate at a beanfeast: "We all go the same way home."

There is, thank God, no such taint of *union sacrée*,

* *Science, Religion and Reality*. Edited by Joseph Needham. (Sheldon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

in this excellent book. And it was a stroke of inspiration to obtain a substantial epilogue from Dean Inge. I am not sure that I like Dean Inge : but he *is* something He has a first-rate mind and an admirable gift of expression ; he is not the man to humbug himself or to suffer others to humbug themselves, if he can help it. I am sometimes doubtful whether he possesses the proper share of " the one thing needful " to a Christian apostle. He is occasionally metallic where he should be gracious. But I am sure of this : that if Dean Inge is a little lacking in Christian *caritas,* he is not likely to mistake for it (as his opponents do) unction and woolliness. If Dean Inge could have his way the Church of England would become at least intellectually honest.

Instead of uttering a pious benediction, in the familiar archiepiscopal style, over the laudable efforts of the scientists to show that there is room for everything in a modern mind, Dean Inge keeps the debate on a slightly higher level of intellectual vigour than some of the men of science themselves. And in his brilliant epilogue he drives home the real moral of the book. There will be no facile reunion : science and the Christian religion *are* in conflict : they have been in conflict ever since the Renaissance. If there is to be a new union it must be a real union, between a science and a religion both adult, both truly conscious of their limitations, and both genuinely secure in their complementary validities. At the present moment it is " religion " which has to make the sacrifices, and make them not grudgingly, bargaining in the hope of an arrangement with its creditors, but honestly and with conviction.

What Dean Inge asks for, in short, is a gesture from the Church comparable in candour and clarity with the gesture of the scientific contributors to this volume. As Dean Inge puts it, " we must take religion seriously." To take religion seriously, at any rate for a grown man, is to face the fact that science and the

religion of the Church have been in ever-increasing conflict for four hundred years. Ideally, one might have supposed that the effect of the exploration of the physical universe which began with the Renaissance would have been a purification of religion. Actually, it was the reverse. Instead of the Church being prepared to hand over the physical realm to free inquiry, and consolidating her own possession of *meta*physical truth, she fought the new spirit at every turn. And the reason for her ugly and vindictive resistance was the secular reason for such conduct : she was insecure on her own ground. Where she should have been infallible, there the Church was weak : where she had scarcely the right even to an opinion, there she claimed infallibility.

It is easy to condemn the mistake of the Church ; but it is unfair : for it is asking that the Church should have been conscious of the distinction between physical and metaphysical which could only be established as the result of that very process of inquiry which she resisted. After all, the claim of the Church to be competent *de omni re scibili,* concerning all things knowable, was freely and universally admitted for many centuries. There were no martyrs of science in the middle ages : for the great mediæval theology was elastic enough to include all contemporary scientific inquiry. The God of religious apprehension could be intellectually apprehended as matter. The scientist (if such he could be called) did but investigate the mechanical modality of God.

One cannot help regretting that this pregnant synthesis could not maintain itself : for it is one to which humanity will be compelled to return. But it was inevitable that, when it came to details, scientific inquiry should come into conflict with religious dogma on two main points. Science was faced to deny the physical reality of the Christian cosmogony. That difference

might have been accommodated had it not been for the Reformation. Intellectually, the Reformed was far less liberal than the unreformed Church. The Catholic Church made Galileo recant: Calvin would have burned him. And it is at least probable that but for the fanaticism of the Continental Reformation the Church would have been more liberal still. But it could not afford to be outbid in the rigour of its orthodoxy by the heretics. The Reformation was in fact a curiously paradoxical movement. It was supremely unconscious of its own true significance. Its conception of the sacrosanctity of the word of Scripture was in itself far more stifling to the spirit of man than the Papal authority which it was used to undermine. Therefore it was impossible for a man of true enlightenment like Erasmus to be with the Reformers; he had to sit on the fence. But behind the appeal to the infallibility of Scripture lay concealed the veritable principle of free inquiry. That ugly and uncouth husk contained the seed of a freedom which has still to be fully achieved.

Only an uncomely soul can revere the Reformation. Its spirit was almost as unpleasant as Mr. Kensit's; a caricature of the spirit of Renaissance, with which it is so often confused. How could Shakespeare not have disliked the Puritans? He was bound to take the same attitude as Erasmus; he, like so many others, would have desired to remain a Catholic, *if*—but the if never has been, and never will be realized. The Church may let the old Christian cosmogony fade away; but on the question of miracle it cannot yield. The future (if it belongs to a Church at all) belongs to the Church which will yield ungrudgingly on the question of miracle. Yet how much has to be yielded with it! The resurrection of the body;* the very conception of God incarnate,

* Since so many priests of the Church of England forget what they have *bound* themselves to believe, I will quote the fourth

held as a physical reality. Yield these, and Christianity yields everything. Refuse to yield these, and there can never be a real synthesis of science and religion.

And yet of course by yielding these the Church would yield nothing—absolutely nothing—of what is eternal in herself. After all, her eternality lies wholly within the person and the teaching of Christ. It is this, and this alone, which has and will always have the power to *change* men and to make them new. But that is not what men ask from religion : in so far as they ask anything, they ask to be made comfortable, which is another matter. And there is something which makes for comfort of a certain kind in the very idea that science and religion are in conflict. The notion that the truth lies nowhere in particular gives a potent excuse for not looking for it : and unless they have looked for the truth pretty hard, with the conviction that their lives depended on their finding it, men never attain the capacity for belief in any truth at all. What passes for belief nowadays is chiefly the desire to be relieved of the trouble of finding one. As Dean Inge puts it, " The real sceptic does not write books on agnosticism ; he never thinks at all, which is the only way to be perfectly orthodox."

Dean Inge himself is an intellectual mystic ; he has a touch of Spinoza's *amor intellectualis dei*. Therefore on the positive side his epilogue fits well with the attitude generally taken by the scientific contributors

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article. They have bound themselves, moreover, " not to put their own sense or comment to be the meaning of the article, but shall take it in the literal and grammatical sense."

" IV. *Of the Resurrection of Christ.* Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of Man's nature : wherewith he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth, until he return to judge all Men at the last day."

to this book. Dr. Charles Singer concludes his essay with the words :—

> " There remain two religious points of view that can never be affected by any extension of the scientific realm. The one would completely separate internal experience from external experience. The man who does that is safe; he has fled, as have many before him, to a haven of peace down the mystic way. The second would regard man's soul not altogether as his own possession, but as part of a great world-soul. This combination of determinism and pantheism is a refuge, not infrequently sought in antiquity, to which many a student of science has turned in modern times, from the days of Spinoza onwards."

Dr. Singer is by no means at home in this region of thought and experience. He betrays his own unfamiliarity by his naïve conception of the " mystic " as " fleeing " and taking " refuge." One has a pretty clear vision of Dr. Singer forlornly holding a large bag of salt for a bird which has flown away. He would fain have caught the bird, and rather resents his airy-fairy vanishings. He grudgingly confesses that there is no getting at him. The attitude rather reminds one of Mr. Bertrand's famous chapter on " Mysticism and Logic." Mr. Russell also has a logical apprehension of what may be called the mystical possibility.

But, unfortunately, this logical apprehension is of little use, save to those who, having knowledge of the fact behind " mysticism," desire to make their position intellectually impregnable. The two points of view between which Dr. Singer professes to distinguish are in reality one and the same ; and his description of the second as " a combination of determinism and pantheism " must cause a smile in anyone who has some experience of the reality he is trying to describe from the outside. One may describe a rainbow as a combination of rain and light : but it is hardly a *valuable* description.*

* Perhaps in this simple example will be apparent the absolute distinction between two kinds of truth to which we return below.

For my own part I shrink from the word "mysticism." I have not the least objection to being described as a mystic, if I am one; just as I should have no objection to being called a Plymouth Brother, if I were one. But the word "mysticism" seems to me, every day, more misleading. It has a tinge of secrecy and occultism. The whole thing is very much simpler, far more open to the light of day. The real difficulty about the important truths of "mysticism" is not that they are mystical, but that they are too obvious. They have their root in a matter of everyday experience—the absolute distinction between the qualitative and quantitative judgments. The former are not, the latter are, capable of immediate verification. If you say to someone: "There is a pound of apples," and he disputes it, you don't argue: you go to the nearest scale. But if someone says to you: "Agnes is an angel, I am going to marry her," you can only say, "Don't be a fool: angels neither marry nor are given in marriage." You may be right, you may be wrong. There's no settling it for a year or two.

But the qualitative judgments are more important to a man's life than the quantitative ones. It is far better for the real business of living to develop one's sensitiveness to quality than to be a perfect whale with the micrometer. There is, of course, not the least reason why you should not be both. But the naked fact is that you do not *live* in the world of quantity, which is the world of science: nobody does. If you must make a choice it is better to become expert in the world of quality, which is the world of life.

"Mysticism," or the valuable part of it, is simply expertise in the world of quality. Ineffable communion with the One is too rare to be important in men's lives. The important part is to train yourself not to make mistakes in your judgments of quality. For though the logicians call these judgments sub-

jective, they happen, as any man may quickly find, to correspond to a reality. It is not in the least a matter of indifference that you should call someone an angel, while your friend calls her a devil. Disagreement of such a kind you must take most seriously of all. If your friend holds the moon is made of green cheese it doesn't really matter; but that he should say X is good, while you know him bad—your whole life may turn on this. These are the things that you have to go to the stake for.

All living life moves in the world of quality. It behoves you therefore to sharpen your awareness of it. You devote yourself to it. What happens? You find yourself pursuing a truth that is utterly unlike what most men hold for truth. Truth is for them ultimately a matter of the scales, or of pointer-readings, as Professor Eddington says. The truth you find yourself pursuing is quite different. It is a quality shared by human beings, and by yourself in loving them; by lines of poetry, and yourself in understanding them; by Beethoven sonatas and paintings by old Crome, and yourself in responding to them; by words of wise men and the beasts and flowers they are fond of talking about—shared in short by an extraordinary number of things which seem at first sight to have nothing in common. The intellect makes nothing of the apparent jumble. But an obstinate voice, which you unfortunately recognize for true, persists that this strange heterogeneous truth is one.

So off you go again: and it slowly begins to dawn upon you that all these things are perfect expressions of Something-or-Other. Something-or-Other shines through them, and yet is them. You cannot know this Something-or-Other save in them, and yet it is not them. And as you come to know them more fully, you find strangely enough, that a Something-or-Other is being created in you in order to know them. And

this Something-or-Other, as it gathers strength in you, begins gradually to take possession. You have to obey it; and in this obedience you find an utterly unfamiliar freedom. It goes on: you know more, and more knows you. Only by more knowing you, do you know more. It is all very odd. The more you find yourself becoming simply a vehicle, the more you find yourself a self. Till one day you wake to the amazing conjecture that you are coming *alive*.

That is indeed what is happening. Life is breaking through the barrier of consciousness. That Something-or-Other which you discerned in all those heterogeneous things and felt in yourself in responding to them was simply Life—organic, spontaneous, ineffable. Strictly ineffable: for it is not uttered, it utters itself. And at long last it is uttering itself through you. Now at last you can say you believe in Life: because you are Life.

Though the process thus vaguely indicated may appear highly mysterious, it is in reality very simple; but it is, by nature, incapable of description in terms of the scientific consciousness. The qualitative can have no quantitative equivalent. In the attempt to describe it, one is compelled to use words in senses which they do not usually bear. This Truth is not the truth of the intellect; nor is this Life what the intellect understands (if it understands anything) by life. In this world of quality Truth and Life are identical. Perhaps it can be explained, or a hint of explanation given, thus:—

There is a plain and immediately known sense in which an animal is *true*. Nothing it does is wrong; it is a perfect and complete expression of life.* Not so with human beings, save in infancy. They are corrupted: they no longer act from a living centre, out of

* I have no choice but to refer my readers to my own book *Keats and Shakespeare* for a demonstration in the life of what I am saying here. See the chapter: "Dying into Life."

wholeness : they become in a thousand different ways untrue : they are at best extremely imperfect expressions of life. *The cause of this discord and dissension is the domination of the intellectual consciousness, or the intellectual will. Because a man has the idea of justice, he believes he is just.* The possession of the idea of a state or quality is held to be the same as the possession of the state or quality itself. Pious (and sincere) professions are taken as real declarations of faith. People who talk Socialism are supposed to be Socialists. Religions and philosophies are wholly divorced from the living life : men's conscious motives are quite different from their real motives. Under one aspect or another the condition is familiar to everyone, and it is accepted as part of the inevitable human heritage. We do not look deeply into it, because it appears to us an ultimate. But the true diagnosis of this universal sickness is that knowing is divorced from being.

In the animal knowing and being are one. Therefore, the intellectualists say the animal does not know, and they talk of instinct as something sub-human. This is simply nonsense. The animal does know. Its very life is a knowing that is never divorced from being. The problem of human life is to reachieve the organic unity of knowing and being which exists in the animal and is lost in us. Some men who have seen this (Rousseau and Tolstoy, for example) have demanded that we should virtually return to the animal condition. That is impossible, retrograde and wrong. What we have to do is to regain the spontaneity of the animal or the child, and sacrifice nothing of our human faculties. *This can be done.* This is the eternal rebirth which is the secret of true mysticism, and of the teaching of Jesus himself. It and nothing else is "the mystery of the Kingdom of God."

I have attempted to describe the process in one of its many forms : but the form in which I have described

the one which is, I believe, the most natural to a
ern man. It can be, rather baldly, described as
loyal and unremitting cultivation of that knowing
h is an immediate function of being. In the
itative world knowledge is always immediately
ndent upon being: yet, no matter what the
ians say, it is always a true knowledge.* That is
ıy, it is not subjective illusion. Though nine
lred and ninety-nine out of a thousand may be
ly unaware of the truth-beauty (or Life) of *Antony
Cleopatra*, that truth-beauty (or Life) *objectively*
s. And objective existence is not diminished, but
defined by the fact that a certain fullness of Being
be achieved in order to know it. From this whole
n of objective but non-measurable reality, science is
lutely excluded by its own nature, and for the
le reason that in this realm the progress of knowing
ways an organic function of the process of being.
his realm the wise man is the perfect man; in the
d of science the genius *may* be a villain.

hen THE ADELPHI was begun, it was said in the
number that "this magazine is run by a belief in
' I confess I did not know what I meant; but I
ıt something, and that something, I knew, was of
ıtmost importance. Gradually I have worked my-
nto a full possession of my own meaning. Now I
to face the difficulty of expounding it. I believe
those who have managed to bear with me thus far
ıot be disappointed at the last. But I ask them to
me in this task of exposition by asking for eluci-
n of points where my words seem to be obscure
incomprehensible. It lies in the nature of the
ct that it should be incapable of formal exposition;

A true knowledge in the sense that it is a knowledge of a
y: not, of course, in the sense that no mistakes are
ble.

but I feel that with the collaboration of my readers some real communication of the essential meaning can be evolved.

This is important to me. I do not believe, I never have believed, in esotericism. The truth is there for any man to find, and for anyone who finds it to expound. But its exposition cannot be subordinated to a scheme. For, as I have said, this knowledge has at every moment to be lived. In a blind way I have been faithful to that dimly apprehended necessity ever since THE ADELPHI was begun. Now the reason of that necessity is perfectly clear to me. I shall obey it the more completely, with open eyes.

Finally, to return to the main theme. The facts are simple. All that part of "religion" which is conflict with true science is not religion at all. Essential religion *cannot* conflict with science. For essential religion is one valid, coherent, harmonious way of knowing reality; and science is another. Where they appear to be in conflict, there is error and misunderstanding; for conflict is only possible *in pari materia*.

But we have reached a point in human evolution where the name "religion" is itself misleading. To speak of religion nowadays is immediately to be misunderstood, or exploited in a sectarian sense. The religion of which we have need, the religion which is slowly evolving, can be most fitly described as *the knowledge of life*. Apprehend it thus, and the reason why a conflict with science is impossible is immediately apparent. Apprehend it thus, and you are not apprehending a *new* religion. All true religion has always had the science of life at its centre. But this has been disguised and overlaid. It is time that it appeared in its own supreme autonomy.

AFTER ALL

AN EXPERIENCE IN DYING

By C. C.

For years I had been afraid of death: quietly but horribly afraid. I use the phrase in its most ordinary sense. I had been myself afraid of dying. And this fear had steadily increased. With each birthday it had come steadily nearer, as if stalking me. And since my fortieth birthday it had taken up its abode with me.

I know that this is a common trouble. All that can be said is that some are more, some less, affected. In mid-youth we may be almost or wholly immune. It is chiefly a fear of childhood and of middle age, and in middle age it is the worse for being in some measure a reasoned fear. To know that at the best one can hardly expect to live on as long as one has lived already—so appallingly short a time! To know that one may now expect in the natural course to finish within the next twenty, ten, five years. And the act of dying to be gone through as well. Is it not enough to drive humanity mad? Strangely enough, one does not hear of human mania taking just that form. Nevertheless, a kind of intermittent madness of terror—dream-terrors of childhood, active, daylight terrors of middle-age—is, I am sure, responsible for many of our otherwise inexplicable human doings. We keep it very secret. For some reason we are ashamed of it. But it is there working in us, not for good. Faith, even faith in the resurrection of the body, is not a sovereign remedy. Both my parents were true believers of the orthodox kind, yet my father, a man of high physical courage who took many unnecessary risks during his life (such

as nursing cases of yellow fever and cholera) was fea ridden to the end, while my mother, bodily timid, wa scarcely troubled. In that sense it is a fear imperviou to reason. Hence it is equally common among us what ever our beliefs or unbeliefs. That is why I am abou to set down here as exactly as possible an experienc I had a year ago. For if there should be an encouraging word, or half a word, that one can speak to anothe about death, it seems in humanity it must be spoken. And this experience of mine has not merely quickened to an inexpressible degree my sense of life's preciousness and importance, but it has put into my hands a weapon with which I find I can now keep my fear of death at least at bay. It has, I believe, done more fo me as well, but these two results will serve my present purpose, and I shall try not to go beyond them. The whole incident, ridiculous and painful, would have been forgotten by now were it not for the difference which, at the end of twelve months, is still forcibly present in my life. It is a difference which has only to be challenged to make itself felt. I believe it will persist till my proper death.

I committed a silliness : one of those unaccountable sillinesses one commits from time to time, sometimes with consequences as trivial as themselves, at other times with a result of misery that seems exaggerated punishment, in this case leading to a personal revelation. Not that I don't often do silly things. I do. But this was the kind of folly that I have come, at my age, not to expect of myself.

To keep a promise made to my son, aged six, I had taken him one day to Wembley. Following up a failure to enjoy ourselves by missing our train home to the country, we found ourselves with an hour to wait. It was then I did the unpredictable thing by taking him unasked in the Giant Racer. And in dropping over one of its gulfs, while trying to keep

the child from banging his head on the iron hand-rail, I severely cricked my neck.

That night I could not for many hours lie any way so as to sleep. Since alighting from the Racer I had been in constant pain and unable to move my head. In that condition I had made a tiresome journey by train and jolting 'bus to our remote cottage, had washed and bedded the child, and cooked the supper. (We are not on the telephone, have no servant, and are four miles from a doctor.) My husband, when he arrived, had done what he could, and the bones at the back of my neck had clicked into place under his agonizing fingers. But there had been no lessening, rather an increase, of pain.

At length, some time after three o'clock, I slipped into an uneasy doze which must have lasted nearly an hour. It was from this I woke quite suddenly to the knowledge that I was dying. My whole being was possessed by the frightful nausea of dissolution. At the same time, I was preternaturally conscious of myself, of my life receding from me, of my near end, and of impending Hell.

In extremis I first cried to the God of my childhood. But even as I uttered that cry I knew that it was a mere automatic response to pressure, and that, as for long I had not believed in Him as I had been taught He was, I could not, did not, look for any answer. So my mechanical appeal dropped into the void. I now neither expected nor asked for help. I was for ever lost.

Four times in my life I have fainted, two of these times in faints of the "dead" variety, when I have stretched my length in public places, completely losing consciousness for at least a minute. And more than four times I have gone under anæsthetics, once remaining under for over an hour, and having to be restored with oxygen. But this was different. Emphatically

this was the first time I had faced the coming unconsciousness with the certainty that I was done for: the first time I had had to part knowingly with my life, had knowingly been forced to accept death.

It is commonly said that in such a moment—and, of course, a multitude of people, hurt, asphyxiated, or choked with water, have undergone such moments and returned later to life—one sees one's whole life pass before one, fleetingly but complete and vivid. Often I have wondered what was meant by that. In all my other lapses from consciousness my last thought had been of something either practical or quite irrelevant. But now I believe I understand. And I now understand too what is meant by the Day of Judgment, by Hell, and by Heaven. For in that instant I saw my life before me. Not my life like a scroll of incidents unrolled for me to read; but, following swift upon my certainty of doom, I saw *the sum of all my living,* as it was added up by some unknown, but incontrovertible hand.

It was not very much. It was lamentably little . . . in view of my coming end, lamentably deficient. Above all it had been sinfully misprized. *But*—it was added up; and it did add up to something. It was shown as somehow not, as a whole, futile. *And this was enough to give me peace.* For the first time I felt able to leave life decently. Because for the first time I perceived the real issue of my life, and that it had an issue, I could say with a certain blessed stoicism, "it is finished."

And what was the sum? What was the issue? This is a personal matter, different for each person, certainly different for a man and a woman, as it now seems to me. Yet if I am to tell my experience truly I must also tell what my life was shown to be. In that age-long moment (by the clock I suppose it must have been a couple of seconds) my entire existence was narrowed down to my husband and my son. They were

he flower and the fruit of my life. They were what counted up.

Here, it is true, was a fresh agony to be endured. Sharp with the revelation of what they meant came he certainty of parting from them for ever. And I knew that humanly speaking they needed me at least a while longer. I discovered fully not merely what hey were in my life but what I was in theirs. I knew, or example, with precision how my death would affect he development of the child. He would be all right, did not doubt, but in his body and in other ways, as circumstances were, he would not be so surely all right as if I could have lived on another ten, or even five, years. Of this and of so much more I was to my deep uffering informed. It was too bad. Or rather, as I want to make clear, it was bad, but no longer too bad o be borne. For, at the same time, I knew that for he two that mattered most I honestly had done my best. And that my best had been worth while. Perhaps I should record that I felt glad I had been what s known as "technically faithful" in my marriage. But the saving discovery was that I knew myself faithful to the real issue. How small, limited, smug, these phrases sound? Small and limited, yes; for it is merely the exerience of one woman in dying, and that myself. But not smug. Whatever one's faults in life, n the pains of death smugness has no place. When knew I had done my best, I felt not at all self-congratulatory. Simply I was saved.

The man asleep by my side, though one and the same as the husband in my Judgment Day account, seemed for the moment distinct from him. I woke him. And just before losing consciousness—"I do feel bad!" I said, sitting up. He told me afterwards hat I fell sideways away from him, knocking my head against the wall, that I looked like death, and that he hought I was, in fact, dead.

For perhaps three minutes I remained so, without dream, vision, or fantasy, dead. Everything, including myself, blackened out.

Till, somewhere not to be located, certainly not in my brain, rather in all parts of my body at once, I knew that life was coming back. With sadness, with sickness, with a heavy distaste for the renewed necessity for effort, I felt myself being reassembled to re-enter life. I cannot render in words the strangeness of that sensation. For it was pure sensation, without thought, without identification, without knowledge of myself or of the outside world; the mere regathering together of existence, not yet as an individual but as so much matter which has been dead and is becoming again alive.

Then the earliest bird notes came from the garden, and I heard, and hearing, recovered my lost self. I was then alone, my husband downstairs wildly hunting for restoratives and finding nothing but water. And the bird sang his phrase repeatedly, and I knew and remembered everything. I had died. I had appeared before the Judgment seat. I had seen my Heaven and escaped my Hell. And here I was alive again. And everything was the same, yet all was different.

The sapient physician who came next day said I might easily have died, indeed. Many a neck, he told us, had just so been broken, and mine was a delicate, rather too long neck, which had sustained slight dislocation, a condition readily inducing loss of consciousness. For some days I remained in pain, but I was at peace. I sat idle in the garden, hearing, seeing, breathing, feeling the air on my skin, grateful unspeakably for life, on new terms with death.

It is good to have lost one's fear of death. My greater fear now is not to do my new best with what I have. That and to fail in prizing highly enough what remains of life. For I know now that life cannot be

too highly prized. In my active living the result of my experience in dying has been at once a renewal and a relaxation of effort, the latter almost more vital than the former. In my contemplative life I know now that to die happy is Heaven, and to die unhappy Hell, and that in some way not to be explained, both these states are partakers in eternity. Hence it is well that I should go in dread of Hell as well as in lively hope of Heaven. Certainly to have endured one moment of Hell's immanence is to go in fear of it all one's days thenceforward. But this, unlike the fear of death, may be a fruitful terror.

Spiritual Clarity.—Never yet have spiritual understanding and its expression in the world of appearance been at the same height. At the beginning of the Christian era the former was exceedingly profound, but the level of outward culture very low ; to-day the latter immeasurably surpasses the former. That explains the unexampled horrors of the War. Everything depends upon understanding, not abstract, but living understanding, embodied in the whole man. Every clarification creates an inner decision which puts the problem of life anew and better : for then a certain large amount of what is right and true is immediately understood of itself, whereby the level of what is taken for granted is raised and new perspectives are revealed. It is true that not all impulses of clarity have been understood as such : rather the opposite holds good up till now of the Christian. But to the extent they have not been understood they have not been realized. Hitherto Christ has worked beneficently in the main *in spite of* religion and the Church which bear his name ; the great Christian period can only come when the impulse which he embodied is completely understood. (*Keyserling : Schöpferische Erkenntnis.*)

CORASMIN AND THE PARROTS

By D. H. Lawrence

One says Mexico : one means, after all, one little town away South in the Republic : and in this little town, one rather crumbly adobe house built round two sides of a garden patio : and of this house, one spot on the deep, shady verandah facing inwards to the trees, where there are an onyx table and three rocking-chairs and one little wooden chair, a pot with carnations, and a person with a pen. We talk so grandly, in capital letters, about Morning in Mexico. All it amounts to is one little individual looking at a bit of sky and trees, then looking down at the page of his exercise book.

It is a pity we don't always remember this. When books come out with grand titles, like *The Future of America* or *The European Situation,* it's a pity we don't immediately visualize a thin or a fat person, in a chair or in bed, dictating to a bob-haired stenographer or making little marks on paper with a fountain pen.

Still, it is morning, and it is Mexico. The sun shines. But then, during the winter, it always shines. It is pleasant to sit out of doors and write, just fresh enough, and just warm enough. But then it is Christmas next week, so it ought to be just right.

There is a little smell of carnations, because they are the nearest thing. And there is a resinous smell of ocote wood, and a smell of coffee, and a faint smell of leaves, and of Morning, and even of Mexico. Because when all is said and done, Mexico has a faint, physical

scent of her own, as each human being has. And this is a curious, inexplicable scent, in which there are resin and perspiration and sunburned earth and wine among other things.

And cocks are still crowing. The little mill where the natives have their corn ground is puffing rather languidly. And because some women are talking in the entrance-way, the two tame parrots in the trees have started to whistle.

The parrots, even when I don't listen to them, have an extraordinary effect on me. They make my diaphragm convulse with little laughs, almost mechanically. They are a quite commonplace pair of green birds, with bits of bluey red, and round, disillusioned eyes and heavy, overhanging noses. But they listen intently. And they reproduce. The pair whistle now like Rosalino, who is sweeping the patio with a twig broom ; and yet it is so unlike him, to be whistling full vent, when any of us is around, that one looks at him to see. And the moment one sees him, with his black head bent rather drooping and hidden as he sweeps, one laughs.

The parrots whistle exactly like Rosalino, only a little more so. And this little-more-so is extremely, sardonically funny. With their sad old long-jowled faces and their flat disillusioned eyes, they reproduce Rosalino and a little-more-so without moving a muscle. And Rosalino, sweeping the patio with his twig broom, scraping the tittering leaves into little heaps, covers himself more and more with the cloud of his own obscurity. He doesn't rebel. He is powerless. Up goes the wild, sliding Indian whistle into the morning, very powerful, with an immense energy seeming to drive behind it. And always, always a little more than lifelike.

Then they break off into a cackling chatter, and one knows they are shifting their clumsy legs, perhaps hanging on with their beaks and clutching with their

cold, slow claws, to climb to a higher bough, like rather raggedy green buds climbing to the sun. And suddenly, the penetrating, demonish mocking voices :

"Perro ! Oh, Perro ! Perr-rro ! Oh, Perr-rro ! Perro ! "

They are imitating somebody calling the dog. *Perro* means dog. But that any creature should be able to pour such a suave, prussic-acid sarcasm over the voice of a human being calling a dog, is incredible. One's diaphragm chuckles involuntarily. And one thinks : *Is it possible?* Is it possible that we are so absolutely, so innocently, so *ab ovo* ridiculous?

And not only is it possible, it is patent. We cover our heads in confusion.

Now they are yapping like a dog : exactly like Corasmin. Corasmin is a little, fat, curly white dog who was lying in the sun a minute ago, and has now come into the verandah shade, walking with slow resignation, to lie against the wall near by my chair. "Yap-yap-yap ! Wouf ! Wouf ! Yapyapyapyap ! ! " go the parrots, exactly like Corasmin when some stranger comes into the zaguan. Corasmin and a little-more-so.

With a grin on my face I look down at Corasmin. And with a silent, abashed resignation in his yellow eyes, Corasmin looks up at me, with a touch of reproach. His little white nose is sharp, and under his eyes there are dark marks, as under the eyes of one who has known much trouble. All day he does nothing but walk resignedly out of the sun, when the sun gets too hot, and out of the shade, when the shade gets too cool. And bite ineffectually in the region of his fleas.

Poor old Corasmin : he is only about six, but resigned, unspeakably resigned. Only not humble. He does not kiss the rod. He rises in spirit above it, letting his body lie.

"Perro ! Oh Perr-rro ! Perr-rro ! Perr-rr-rro ! ! " shriek the parrots, with that strange penetrating,

antediluvian malevolence that seems to make even the trees prick their ears. It is a sound that penetrates one straight at the diaphragm, belonging to the ages before brains were invented. And Corasmin pushes his sharp little nose into his bushy tail, closes his eyes because I am grinning, feigns to sleep; and then, in an orgasm of self-consciousness, starts up to bite in the region of his fleas.

"Perr-rro! Perr-rro!" And then a restrained, withheld sort of yapping. The fiendish rolling of the Spanish "r," malevolence rippling out of all the vanished, spiteful æons. And following it, the small, little-curly-dog sort of yapping. They can make their voices so devilishly small and futile, like a little curly dog. And follow it up with that ringing malevolence that swoops up the ladders of the sunbeams right to the stars, rolling the Spanish "r."

Corasmin slowly walks away from the verandah, his head drooped, and flings himself down in the sun. No! He gets up again, in an agony of self-control, and scratches the earth loose a little, to soften his lie. Then flings himself down again.

Invictus! The still-unconquered Corasmin! The sad little white curly pendulum oscillating ever slower between the shadow and the sun.

> In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced nor cried aloud,
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed.

But that is human bombast, and a little too ridiculous even for Corasmin. Poor old Corasmin's clear yellow eyes! He is going to be master of his own soul, under all the vitriol those parrots pour over him. But he's not going to throw out his chest in a real lust of self-pity. That belongs to the next cycle of evolution.

I wait for the day when the parrots will start throwing English at us, in the pit of our stomachs. They

cock their heads and listen to our gabble. But so far they haven't got it. It puzzles them. Castilian, and Corasmin, and Rosalino come more natural.

Myself, I don't believe in evolution, like a long string hooked on to a First Cause, and being slowly twisted in unbroken continuity through the ages. I prefer to believe in what the Aztecs called Suns : that is, Worlds successively created and destroyed. The sun itself convulses, and the worlds go out like so many candles when somebody coughs in the middle of them. Then subtly, mysteriously, the sun convulses again, and a new set of worlds begin to flicker alight.

This pleases my fancy better than the long and weary twisting of the rope of Time and Evolution, hitched on to the revolving hook of a First Cause. I like to think of the whole show going bust, *bang!*—and nothing but bits of chaos flying about. Then out of the dark, new little twinklings reviving from no-where, no-how.

I like to think of the world going pop! when the lizards had grown too unwieldy, and it was time they were taken down a peg or two. Then the little humming birds beginning to spark in the darkness, and a whole succession of birds shaking themselves clean of the dark matrix, flamingoes rising upon one leg like dawn commencing, parrots shrieking about at mid-day, *almost* able to talk, then peacocks unfolding at evening like the night with stars. And apart from these little, pure birds, a lot of unwieldy skinny-necked monsters bigger than crocodiles, barging through the mosses ; till it was time to put a stop to them. When someone mysteriously touched the button, and the sun went bang, with smithereens of birds bursting in all directions. Only a few parrots' eggs and peacocks' eggs and eggs of flamingoes smuggling in some safe nook, to hatch on the next Day, when the animals arose.

Up reared the elephant, and shook the mud off his back. The birds watched him in sheer stupefaction.

What? *What in heaven's name is this wingless, beakless old perambulator?*

No good, oh birds! Curly, little white Corasmin ran yapping out of the undergrowth, the new undergrowth, till parrots, going white at the gills, flew off into the ancientest recesses. Then the terrific neighing of the wild horse was heard in the twilight for the first time, and the bellowing of lions through the night.

And the birds were sad. What is this? they said. A whole vast gamut of new noises. A universe of new voices.

Then the birds under the leaves hung their heads and were dumb. No good our making a sound, they said. We are superseded.

The great big, booming, half-naked birds were blown to smithereens. Only the real little feathery individuals hatched out again and remained. This was a consolation. The larks and warblers cheered up, and began to say their little say, out of the old "Sun," to the new sun. But the peacock, and the turkey, and the raven, and the parrot above all—they could not get over it. Because, in the old days of the Sun of Birds, they had been the big guns. The parrot had been the old boss of the flock. He was so clever.

Now he was, so to speak, up a tree. Nor dare he come down, because of the toddling little curly white Corasmin, and suchlike, down below. He felt absolutely bitter. That wingless, beakless, featherless, curly, misshapen bird's nest of a Corasmin had usurped the face of the earth, waddling about, whereas his Grace, the heavy-nosed old Duke of a parrot, was forced to sit out of reach up a tree, dispossessed.

So, like the riff-raff up in the gallery at the theatre, aloft in the Paradiso of the vanished Sun, he began to whistle and jeer. *Yap-yap!* said his new little lordship of a Corasmin. "Ye Gods!" cried the parrot. "Hear him forsooth! *Yap-yap!* he says! Could any-

thing be more imbecile? Yap-yap! Oh, Sun of the Birds, hark at that! *Yap-yap-yap!* Perro! *Perro! Perr-rro!* Oh, *Perr-rr-rro!*"

The parrot had found his cue. Stiff-nosed, heavy-nosed old duke of the birds, he wasn't going to give in and sing a new song, like those fool brown thrushes and nightingales. Let them twitter and warble. The parrot was a gentleman of the old school. He was going to jeer now! Like an ineffectual old aristocrat.

"*Oh Perr-rro! Perr-rro-o-o-o!*"

The Aztecs say there have been four Suns, and ours is the fifth. The first Sun, a tiger, or a jaguar, a night-spotted monster of rage, rose out of no-where and swallowed it, with all its huge, mercifully forgotten insects along with it. The second Sun blew up in a great wind: that was when the big lizards must have collapsed. The third Sun burst in water, and drowned all the animals that were considered unnecessary, together with the first attempts at animal men.

Out of the floods rose our own Sun, and little naked man. "Hello!" said the old elephant. "What's that noise?" And he pricked his ears, listening to a new voice on the face of the earth. The sound of man, and *words* for the first time. Terrible, unheard-of sound! The elephant dropped his tail and ran into the deep jungle, and there stood looking down his nose.

But little white curly Corasmin was fascinated. *Come on! Perro! Perro!* called the naked two-legged one. And Corasmin, fascinated, said to himself: "Can't hold out against that name. Shall have to go!" so off he trotted, at the heels of the naked one. Then came the horse, then the elephant, spell-bound at being given a name. The other animals ran for their lives, and stood quaking.

In the dust, however, the snake, the oldest dethroned king of all, bit his tail once more and said to himself: *Here's another! No end to these new lords of creation!*

But I'll bruise his heel! Just as I swallow the eggs of the parrot, and lick up the little Corasmin-pups.

And in the branches, the parrot said to himself: "*Hello! What's this new sort of half-bird? Why, he's got Corasmin trotting at his heels! Must be a new sort of boss! Let's listen to him, and see if I can't take him off.*

Perr-rro! Perr-rr-rro-oo! Oh Perro!

The parrot had hit it.

And the monkey, cleverest of creatures, cried with rage when he heard men speaking. *Oh, why couldn't I do it!* he chattered. But no good, he belonged to the old Sun. So he sat and gibbered across the invisible gulf in time, which is the "other dimension" that clever people gas about: calling it "fourth dimension," as if you could measure it with a foot-rule, the same as the obedient other three dimensions.

If you come to think of it, when you look at the monkey you are looking straight into the other dimension. He's got length and breadth and height all right, and he's in the same universe of Space and Time as you are. But there's another dimension. He's different. There's no rope of evolution linking him to you, like a navel string. No! Between you and him there's a cataclysm and another dimension. It's no good. You can't link him up. Never will. It's the other dimension.

He mocks at you and gibes at you and imitates you. Sometimes he is even more *like* you than you are yourself. It's funny, and you laugh just a bit on the wrong side of your face. It's the other dimension.

He stands in one Sun, you in another. He whisks his tail in one Day, you scratch your head in another. He jeers at you, and is afraid of you. You laugh at him, and are frightened of him.

What's the length and the breadth, what's the

height and the depths between you and me? says the monkey.

You get out a tape-measure, and he flies into an obscene mockery of you.

It's the other dimension, put the tape-measure away, it won't serve.

"Perro! Oh Perr-rro!" shrieks the parrot.

Corasmin looks up at me, as much as to say:

"It's the other dimension. There's no help for it. Let us agree about it."

And I look down into his yellow eyes, and say:

"You're quite right, Corasmin, it's the other dimension. You and I, we admit it. But the parrot won't, and the monkey won't, and the crocodile won't, neither the earwig. They all wind themselves up and wriggle inside the cage of the other dimension, hating it. And those that have voices jeer, and those that have mouths bite, and the insects that haven't even mouths, they turn up their tails and nip with them, or sting. Just behaving according to their own dimension: which, for me, is the other dimension."

And Corasmin wags his tail mildly, and looks at me with real wisdom in his eyes. He and I, we understand each other in the wisdom of the other dimension.

But the flat, saucer-eyed parrot won't have it. Just won't have it.

"Oh Perro! Perr-rro! Perr-rro-o-o-o! Yap-yap-yap!"

And Rosalino, the Indian mozo, looks up at me with his eyes veiled by their own blackness. We won't have it either: he is hiding and repudiating. Between us also is the gulf of the other dimension, and he wants to bridge it with the foot-rule of the three-dimensional space. He knows it can't be done. So do I. Each of us knows the other knows.

But he can imitate me, even more than life-like. As the parrot can him. And I have to laugh at his *me*, a

bit on the wrong side of my face, as he has to grin on the wrong side of his face when I catch his eye as the parrot is whistling *him*. With a grin, with a laugh we pay tribute to the other dimension. But Corasmin is wiser. In his clear, yellow eyes is the self-possession of full admission.

The Aztecs said this world, our Sun, would blow up from inside, in earthquakes. Then what will come, in the other dimension, when we are superseded?

EDUCATION AND GENEROSITY.—My poor cousin, the bookbinder, now with God, told me, most sentimentally, that having purchased a picture of fish at a dead man's sale, his heart ached to see how the widow grieved to part with it, being her dear husband's favourite; and he almost apologised for his generosity by saying he could not help telling the widow "she was welcome to come and look at it"—*i.e.*, at *his house*—"as often as she pleased." There was the germ of generosity in an uneducated mind. He had just reading enough from the backs of books for the *nec sinit esse feros*—had he read inside, the same impulse would have led him to give back the two-guinea thing—with a request to see it, now and then, at *her* house. We are parroted into delicacy. (*Charles Lamb to Barron Field*: *Oct.* 4, 1827).

THE CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE

By Mary Arden

IT was while they were all playing tennis after tea that Florence suddenly began to think of the Italian boy as special. What was it? Why was it? It was not so much he himself—the little dark wiry person who flew about after balls; dashing here, dashing there, sometimes bouncing into the air like an indiarubber ball too, sometimes squatting down so ridiculously and spreading out his knees—as something he, as it were, *represented*. Something which had been in her own mind for a long time, which she'd only dimly realized was there at all, which had all the same, she felt, been longing, frightfully longing to escape, to express itself, to be known. . .

" Come on, play up, kid. You seem to expect me to do every blessed bit of work."

" Sorry," she said airily, but oh, she felt tinglingly furious inside. What a block Roger was! How—well not exactly disrespectful, but *utterly without charm*. Yes, that was it; without charm, utterly, and pleased with herself for having branded him so splendidly and awfully, she took Gwendoline's serve with a terrific drive that sent the ball skimming most beautifully just over the top of the net, and then skimming straight along over the ground the other side—so swift, so near the ground that even the little indiarubber man, who was too late for a volley, couldn't scoop it up.

" Ah ha! " he laughed rather breathlessly, " Splendid! Good shot! " And then, with compressed lips, Florence began to *play*. She felt as if her mind were

becoming hard and strong like steel, as if it were impossible to miss balls, as if her very life depended on her not missing them, as if . . . Only now, when the games stood four, five, Roger began to serve things into the net. Cra-ash! You fool, you reckless ass!

"Balls, please," he said intently.

"Cursed luck, Rotten," he muttered as she gave them into his hot, trembling hands. But it was almost as if he had tears in his voice, and for all she still had that tingling feeling inside, she grinned in a schoolgirlish way, and said:

"Rotten. But I say. I say, don't mind such a lot, please. . . ."

"Hm," he grunted ungratefully, and it dawned on Florence that she hadn't said that right—not right at all.

"Game *and*!" Gwendoline shrieked hysterically, throwing her racket into the air.

"Supposing your racket fell on your head," said Florence.

"Ooh—you're a bad loser!"

"No, I'm not. I'm not anything of the sort. I wasn't even talking about the game. . . ."

All four of them strolled off to the deck chairs under the lime tree. Gwendoline's fair mop of curls was all over the place; one little damp curl clung to her cheek as if it had been put there on purpose. Her soft, delicious face had somehow managed not to get as red as beetroot to-day. Her eyes were wide open and surprised as a little girl's.

"Phew," said Roger hitching up his flannel trousers, "hot work, kids. What's that? Five sets running? Well . . . not bad. . . ."

And because he used that word "kids" Florence felt that he not only put everything into a wrong place, on to an utterly wrong level, but jarred on something. Something beautiful, lovely and new.

"Yes, pretty good, wasn't it?"

"Pretty good?" said the dark-haired boy, as if it were a question, and with a slight, a very slight foreign accent, "Pretty good?" His dark eyebrows raised themselves a little. They were very fine and very soft, like camel's hair. He and Florence looked at each other. He nodded his head—once—twice. She felt delightfully that there was a secret between them. Like a bird it hovered in the air. Its wings were still . . . and oh, she didn't *want* them to go on talking. . . . But now it was not a bird any more. It was in the air, everywhere. It was part of the quietness in the garden, of the light that was a kind of luminous gray now, and brushed so lightly on the lilies and the dark red roses and the snapdragons, and gave them a mysterious inner and living look that they never had by day. . . .

"Well, we couldn't have seen to play another," said Gwendoline, "or——"

"*Surely* you wouldn't want to play *another,*" Roger said in his man-of-the-world voice, and he sounded quite disdainful.

"N-no," said Gwendoline faintly and unexpectedly, as if suddenly she didn't care a bit about tennis, or as if it never had really interested her in the least. "N-no, I don't think I should—not really. . . ."

And now, from a little side door of the house someone came out in a white apron and clanged the supper bell, and they all got up and went in. . . .

The house was dark and gloomy as a cave. No lamps seemed to have been lit anywhere except the one in the dining-room that glowed under its red shade.

"Will you sit there, Roger," said Florence, "and you—there. Why—ridiculous! Roger, you told me his name, only you mumbled so, I couldn't hear."

"I didn't."

"You did."

" He said, ' Alexander,' " the italian boy told her in his soft voice.

She looked at him. She felt ashamed. She'd been going just to *try* how good a hostess she could make now that mother wasn't here—mother who always made her blush before visitors and feel young and colt-like and silly, and now . . . No, no, this was too dreadful. She changed her voice and said in an artificial, mincing way :

" Are you staying in England long? "

That was the question one always asked of foreigners, and good heavens, she hadn't asked it all the afternoon!

" Well," he said, smiling slowly, confidentially, and gazing at her, " I have been three weeks. The first two weeks in London, and after that one week with him," he bent his head towards Roger, who was stuffing salad into his mouth as if it were hay and he were using a pitchfork," and to-night and to-morrow night I am to spend with him, and then day after that I go to Paris."

" Oh, yes." All that was just as it should be. He had said that to her somewhere before. It was perfectly right.

" Yes? " he seemed to ask without speaking. " Do you approve? That is to me more important than anything else. Do you approve? "

And with the whole of her she longed to answer :

" Yes, yes, I approve," but she couldn't, she was held back, she was impotent. Ah, would he understand? *Would* he understand? And, all at once, she knew that he understood.

" By God! " Roger was staring at his arm as if some terrible plague had just broken out there. " By God! " And he shook it up and down vigorously, " My beastly watch can't have *stopped*, can it? It says, ' quarter past ten.' Phew, Alex, old boy! Come

on. Let's get the bike out. Come on. Quick march. Mother'll be in an awful wax. Good Lord!"

Red in the face, her gray hair in curl-papers, her bosom heaving, the awful vision of Roger's mother in a wax loomed terrible in front of Florence's eyes.

"I *say!*" she said.

And now all was bustle and flurry.

"I say, where are my other shoes. You're putting on the wrong shoes, Alex."

"No, no, excuse me, Roger. I'm not. These are mine."

"I know, Roger, I know," said Gwendoline. "You didn't have another pair. You came in your tennis ones."

"Och!" cried Roger with a shout like despair, dashed out to the shed, and loud as an aeroplane, the engine of the motor-bicycle was started up. Carefully, carefully he drove it out into the drive. The lamp was an enormous searchlight.

"Buck up, Alex!" he shouted, and, clutching both their rackets, Alex bounded up behind, landed exactly in the right position, marvellously, miraculously, and stayed there without moving. Like a monster that had got over the worst of its wrath, the sound of the engine going down the drive was less, was different.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Now there was no sound at all. All was still. Instantly the bustle was as much passed and over as if a whole hour of night had come between.

"Let's have a cigarette," said Gwendoline, and her voice was far-off, as in a dream. "Got any matches? No. I'll run in and get them and the cigs. too. . . ." And then they strolled over and sat under the lime. . . .

"Gwen," said Florence, in the warm caressing way

she always spoke when they were talking in bed at night, "what did you think of that Italian boy?"

"I liked him."

"So did I." She paused. "Oh, Gwennie," she went on hurriedly, "you know we always tell each other everything. Well, I simply must, I simply can't help telling you how extraordinary I thought it all was—how there seemed all the time to be something so special and wonderful and secret between him and me. I—I can't explain really—how it was."

"Oh, do try."

"No," she said, "no, I don't want to. Not now. Not now, please Gwennie. I couldn't."

"All right," Gwennie's little red lamp of a cigarette moved in the air. "Of course, you can't explain those things. It's awfully, awfully hard. I know. Why," she said, and suddenly she was very, very gay, "I felt exactly as you did all the time."

Well . . . Florence took a long, long plunge. When she came up to the surface again she was calm.

"Exactly as I did? No."

She smiled a slow superior smile in the almost dark, raised the forefinger of her right hand a little, and knocked the ash off her cigarette.

"You—you *couldn't* have felt like me," she said.

"Couldn't I? Why not?"

"Well," said Florence, not quite keeping to the point, "we'll never, *never* know—what the other one felt."

"Shan't we?" said Gwendoline. "But if we don't ever know——"

"*How* can we? We can't explain."

"No," said Gwendoline doubtfully, "I suppose we can't. Doesn't that seem queer?"

"Awfully," said Florence. "Awfully. I think . ."

But they finished their cigarettes without saying any more, and went indoors.

PLEASANT MIRACLES

By Henry Chester Tracy

FOR THE ADELPHI one would even write a plain tale—if one had it in him—on "how a schoolmaster's job became suddenly enchanting," as has been requested. But one looks within and finds only molten memories, jets of illumination, flecks and phantasies scarcely fit to parade as thoughts :

Of a slurred profession and the "arsenic pit"—epithet for a life of teaching—and of a benignant universe that throws you back and holds you there till that dust becomes both fragrance and food.

Of a marvellous new method? Oh, no!

But of lulls in idiocy.

Of outlets for expression, and of experiences with virgin souls. And how light comes by infiltration even into the darkness of schools, till miracles are born there; pleasant miracles, which (like all your true magic) are natural as breathing and poignant as flowers.

Major miracles, keeping watch at the doors, standing guard over the thing that you do.

Minor miracles of everyday use; small, downy miracles of evanescent birth and brief duration : wee contagious flames of mind that go up and out as flames should and leave no trace save in some dimension otherwhere. These are not valued a pennyworth in pedagogy but are rated at a full soul-worth to the human thing that we are : minted, recorded, forgotten all in an instant, and yet seeming to glow for ever in that god-like spot where, despite all the degrees and damnations, we live.

I who write out of it do not know what it is, only that it is a place in Being, and to be there is Being enough. All that matters is lodged in it; but come to tell of it there is nothing at all : a " nothing " so satisfying that one's name on some façade or Pantheon dwindles to the value of any inscription on a tomb, while this thing of *relations* is alive, fitful, fluttering, elusive ; it is human and enchanting, and makes you real as nothing else does ; makes you neighbour to the small insouciant angels that boost the cumbersome truck-wheels of the world . . . those accessory particles, those wisps of deity, those frail but important hod-carriers-to-the-æons that rakishly tote values up and down hereafter's planes and never, never spill their load. Dependable, engaging things ! How nice to be one of them, or at least entrusted with some stray " value " which these sub-demiurges feel they can entrust to *you,* a mere toddler on Heaven's difficult grades ! Such is the new schoolmasterish game as seen behind the scenes of his soul.

This, you see, is living ; and of recipes for living there are none. The way is to live. It makes a filling for eternity, and is therefore worth while. Strings of Moments ; glorious, utterly insignificant and unrecountable, and beaded on flame : that is the new teaching, and nearly all there is of it—save for a flimsy mechanics that no really intelligent person has by rote. He makes it as he goes, and the flimsier the better, so long as he has the fire, just *that* is the precious thing—fought for by devils and won, sometimes, by nobodies buried in the ruck of schools. Youngsters catch it by contagion in their proper degree, and even the old gods of Truth and Beauty warm a little in the glow of it and become fluorescent as in violet light.

All of which means, presumably, that we have reached an oasis in the Great American Desert of Education, and are wondering how we got there. A

careless eye cast back over the landscape reveals hummocks of sand, breasted snail-wise, in tortured undulations driven by instinct, pulled by a mirage. It cannot matter much how we arrived.

A snail's track, as just intimated, is little worth the perusal: a glister compounded of slime; and though all the universe conspires to promote it, All can't by one fraction of a second hasten the gait—nor is it the manner of other and better snails to follow in the track of the first. Each pulmonate and land-navigating mollusc contributes its own weariness and slime; arrives at its own ends.

"The time would fail me," wrote Timotheus in his grandiose epistle, "to tell of Gideon and Barak." . . . He wished to exalt a spirit of faith differing in essence from the run of superstitions; a robust and primal thing. Time would fail me, let a "modern" echo, to tell of scholasticisms and pedagogies; of pedantries, philosophies, disciplines and traditions traversed before one can attain to one living educational spring. You do not do it the first year, nor the second, third, fifth, ninth. You may not do it all. None of the old ruts lead to it; few of the new.

These young people are adolescents. We call them boys and girls. In some of the "bay cities" to the north I have known them to be called Mr. and Miss. Such conventions would kill all the potencies here told of. We use only first names. They come, it would seem to the novice, in overwhelming numbers; appalling herds. Yet one learns to tame them without the stroke of a lash. One gets down to their level by "giving himself away," open-palmed. He burns the club of authority before their eyes. Before they have done wondering at this folly he has them browsing on fresh green. He has conjured with their intelligence, a sleeping thing, hitherto waiting to be invoked. By some simple question and its implications he has related

them to his world. They perceive that he must have *lived* there himself, and is not harking to diploma-sealed knowledge from crypts where embalmed ideas have been stored.

One gets down to their level and yet maintains in all serenity his own. He is a wise Silenus who does not reveal all of his power or lore. Scornfully he flings them, now and then, some bone of erudition to show that he has had traffic with such wares and knows them for what they are worth. But chiefly and at all costs he finds his area or he compounds it out of the materials at his hand; so that from the frigid north of pedagogy he has moved his group, by this magic, to where a warm south of adolescence brings soul-hood to flower; his own as well as theirs—the strange, wild children of men and mediocrity who are the seeds of the world.

He learns to adore the adorable among them and to tolerate the Calibans in the brood. His hair-trigger reactions in matters of temperament must largely have abated, so that he emits an atmosphere of control; without frigidities, without effort, and yet full of positives that *their* accurate recording organs attest as being there.

Without a word about truth, honour, or other abstractions, true and fine reactions come abloom in this air. Oh, they do, and this is no fairy-tale! But one is prepared to see the blooms faded and the fine moments forgotten and to find the brood daily very much what they were. He who would continually hoist himself and them to the tops of Pisgahs must be prepared to find clouds and cold, a barren landscape about his soul.

How salutary it is, in any case, how immensely healthful and revealing to confront, day by day, these natural human sprites that take you at your face value and not at any official rating: take you at your deliv-

ered worth every day! See, now, they are refreshingly forgetful of the profound impression you thought you had made. You had thought to make of each a young archangel, so wrapt were they in your matter of words. That was yesterday. To-day they are distraught and brain-scattered and inattentive because you have lapsed for one instant from that clearness that made you real. You must loose some new uncalculated miracle upon them at once; and you do, so that again there is glory and goodness where were reassembling stale old prison walls.

If you would have bonds between you and them—real bonds that endure past one turn of the clock—you must cement these at your desk. Group or no group, you must find your units and confront them within the touch of a hand. Meantime, devising some mechanism by which all the others are singularly employed and self-carried upon what is to them a meaningful quest. So you do; because you *have* to and there is another way; although there are no rules or patterns. You grow them out of the shine and foam.

And that, I think, might be almost enough about this subject; unless we were to go down and creep, gastropodally, over that same slime-track by which we arrived.

But to sum up, in some sort:

This is the true and comfortable incognito. Here you may safely and delightfully remain with no rumour of things done or ambitions achieved. It is a new birth every year—every day, rather, so long as you are equal to that pain. Among these chameleon-hued entities your self thrives and is effectively at home. Hard facts take on human contours and, in the wood of personalities, you detect intriguing figures, shadow-souled. Pleasant to have the forest creatures come and eat shyly out of your hand; to find, among mechanistic jungles, curious fauns who, considering their origins,

play well at growing thought-buds in place of horns; and hamadryads, innocent, to be sure, of ideas, but quaint and receptive of any other valid thing. With these all one enters into relations wholly courteous and mutually receptive. It is a Homeric outpost, an isle of adventuring. One pours few libations to the departed spirits, but burns much incense to the blessed gods.

These are nice things. They are pleasant miracles. They pave the way to peace. One retreats to his den after a day with them and begins, even over pipe and book, to live into the next extension of his day. That is to say, he is filled with agreeable expectation and assurance, out of which manuring spring green sprouts of innocent inspirations that have to do with to-morrow's "work"; while at the thought that this can be called *work* a gentle laughter pervades all the forest of thinking leaves. It is a fertile idleness, and time-waste without irk or reproach. Probably nothing important is accomplished in such a schooling, but that nothing seems infinitely good. *This* comes of it, which is all that I know.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Baron Corvo.—In *Hadrian the Seventh,** Frederick Baron Corvo falls in, head over heels, in deadly earnest. A man must keep his earnestness nimble, to escape ridicule. The so-called Baron Corvo by no means escapes. He reaches heights, or depths, of sublime ridiculousness.

It doesn't kill the book, however. Neither ridicule nor dead earnest kills it. It is extraordinarily alive, even though it has been buried for twenty years. Up it rises to confront us. And, great test, it does not "date" as do Huysman's books, or Wilde's, or the rest of them. Only a first-rate book escapes its date.

Frederick Rolfe was a fantastic figure of the 'nineties, the 'nineties of the Yellow Book, Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Simeon Solomon, and all the host of the godly. The whole decade is now a little ridiculous, ridiculous decadence as well as ridiculous pietism. They said of Rolfe that he was certainly possessed of a devil. At least his devil is still alive, it hasn't turned into a sort of gollywog, like the bulk of the 'nineties' devils.

Rolfe was one of the Catholic converts of the period, very intense. But if ever a man was a Protestant in all his being, this one was. The acuteness of his protest drove him, like a crazy serpent, into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

He seems to have been a serpent of serpents in the bosom of all the 'nineties. That in itself endears him to one. The way everyone dropped him with a shudder is almost fascinating.

He died about 1912, when he was already forgotten: an outcast and in a sense a wastrel.

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* ***Hadrian the Seventh.*** **By Frederick Baron Corvo. (Knopf: New York.)**

can well afford to remember him again : he was
thing, as so many of the estimables were. He
gentleman of education and culture, pining, for
ow's sake, to be a priest. The Church shook
it of her bosom before he could take orders. So
te himself Fr. Rolfe. It would do for Frederick,
you thought it meant Father Rolfe, good old you!
then his other passion, for mediæval royalism,
me him, and he was Baron Corvo when he
his name. Lord Rook, Lord Raven, the bird
e same as Fr. Rolfe.

rian the Seventh is, as far as his connection with
urch was concerned, largely an autobiography
derick Rolfe. It is the story of a young English
t, George Arthur Rose (Rose for Rolfe), who
d bitter experience with the priests and clergy,
ars of frustration and disappointment, till he
at about the age of forty, a highly-bred, highly-
e, super-æsthetic man, ascetic out of æstheti-
thletic the same, religious the same. He is to
beautiful, with a slim, clean-muscled grace,
given to cold baths, white-faced with a healthy
and pure, that is sexually chaste, because of his
morbid repugnance for women. He had no
to conquer or to purify. Women were physi-
pulsive to him, and therefore chastity cost him
, the Church would be a kind of asylum.

priests and clergy, however, turned him down,
ned him like the proverbial snake in the bosom,
lamed him against them, so that he was burned
and through with white, ceaseless anger. His
ad become so complete as to be pure : it really
nonish. But it was all nervous and imaginative,
ginative, sublimated hate, of a creature born
d in its effective organism.

first part of the book, describing the lonely
a London lodging, alone save for his little cat,

whose feline qualities of aloofness and self-sufficiency he so much admires, fixes the tone at once. And in the whole of literature I know nothing that resembles those amazing chapters, when the Bishop and the Archbishop come to him, and when he is ordained and makes his confession. Then the description of the election of the new Pope, the cardinals shut up in the Vatican, the failure of the Way of Scrutiny and the Way of Access, the fantastic choice, by the Way of Compromise, of George Arthur Rose, is too extraordinary and daring ever to be forgotten.

From being a rejected aspirant to the priesthood, George Arthur Rose, the man in the London lodging, finds himself suddenly not only consecrated, but elected head of all the Catholic Church. He becomes Pope Hadrian the Seventh.

Then the real fantasy and failure begins. George Arthur Rose, triple-crowned and in the chair of Peter, is still very much Frederick Rolfe, and perfectly consistent. He is the same man, but now he has it all his own way : a White Pope, pure, scrupulous, chaste, living on two dollars a day, an æsthetic idealist, and, really, a super-Protestant. He has the British instinct of authority, which is now gloriously gratified. But he has no inward *power*, power to make true change in the world. Once he is on the throne of high power, we realize his futility.

He is, like most modern men, especially reformers and idealists, through and through a protestant. Which means, his life is a changeless fervour of protest. He can't help it. Everything he comes into contact with he must criticize, with all his nerves, and react from. Fine, subtle, sensitive, and almost egomaniac, he can accept nothing but the momentary thrill of æsthetic appreciation. His life-flow is like a stream washing against a false world, and ebbing itself out in a marsh and a hopeless bog.

So it is with George Arthur Rose, become Pope Hadrian the Seventh, while he is still in a state of pure protest, he is vivid and extraordinary. But once he is given full opportunity to do as he wishes, and his *raison d'être* as a Protestant is thereby taken away, he becomes futile, and lapses into the ridiculous.

He can criticize men, exceedingly well: hence his knack of authority. But the moment he has to build men into a new form, construct something out of men by making a new unity among them, swarming them upon himself as bees upon a queen, he is ridiculous and powerless, a fraud.

It is extraordinary how *blind* he is, with all his keen insight. He no more "gets" his cardinals than we get the men on Mars. He can criticize them, and analyze them, and reject or condone them. But the real old Adam that is in them, the old male instinct for *power*, this, to him, does not exist.

In actual life, of course, the cardinals would drop a Hadrian down the oubliette, in ten minutes, and without any difficulty at all, once he was inside the Vatican. And Hadrian would be utterly flabbergasted, and call it villainy.

And what's the good of being Pope, if you've nothing but protest and æsthetics up your sleeve? Just like the reformers who are excellent, while fighting Authority. But once authority disappears, they fall into nothingness. So with Hadrian the Seventh. As Pope, he is a fraud. His critical insight makes him a politician of the League of Nations sort, on a vast and curious scale. His mediævalism makes him a truly comical royalist. But as a *man*, a real power in the world, he does not exist.

Hadrian unwinding the antimacassar is a sentimental farce. Hadrian persecuted to the point of suicide by a blowsy lodging-house keeper is a bathetic farce. Hadrian and the Socialist "with gorgonzola teeth"

is puerile beyond words. It is all amazing, that a man with so much insight and fineness, on the one hand, should be so helpless and just purely ridiculous, when it comes to actualities.

He simply has no conception of what it is to be a natural or honestly animal man, with the repose and the power that goes with the honest animal in man. His attempt to appreciate his Cardinal Ragna—probably meant for Rampolla—is funny. It is as funny as would be an attempt on the part of the late President Wilson to appreciate Hernan Cortes, or even Theodore Roosevelt, supposing they were put face to face.

The time has come for stripping: cries Hadrian. Strip then, if there are falsities to throw away. But if you go on and on and on peeling the onion down, you'll be left with blank nothing between your hands, at last. And this is Hadrian's plight. He is assassinated in the streets of Rome by a Socialist, and dies supported by three Majesties, sublimely absurd. And there is nothing to it. Hadrian has stripped himself and everything else till nothing is left but absurd conceit, expiring in the arms of the Majesties.

Lord! be to me a Saviour, not a judge! is Hadrian's prayer: when he is not affectedly praying in Greek. But why should such a white streak of blamelessness as Hadrian need saving so badly? Saved from what? If he has done his best, why mind being judged—at least by Jesus, who in this sense is any man's peer?

The brave man asks for justice: the rabble cries for favours! says some old writer. Why does Hadrian, in spite of all his protest, go in with the rabble?

It is a problem. The book remains a clear and definite book of our epoch, not to be swept aside. If it is the book of a demon, as the contemporaries said, it is the book of a man-demon, not of a mere poseur. And if some of it is caviare, at least it came out of the belly of a live fish.—D. H. LAWRENCE.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The Rainbow.—It is now more than a month since it happened, and yet I think of it every day, sometimes two or three times a day. That is rather strange, for though it was a very remarkable experience it has no connection with my daily work in London, and I cannot imagine why it comes back to my mind so often. Perhaps it is really a symbol, which my subconscious has rightly interpreted, of something I have not yet found which will prove important in my life.

My holiday in Italy was over, in fact on that day I had to catch the post omnibus down from the little alpine village to the nearest railway station, whence the long journey home would begin. The last two days in that beautiful valley just below Monte Rosa had been filled with pure delight in nature and absolutely devoid of incident. I had not even exchanged more than a polite greeting with my host, and as I sat on the balcony after lunch I felt I must spend my last hour in Gressoney in a way that would mark it in my memory.

I got up, and, taking my stick with me, set off by a path which first led along the upper edge of the meadows just below the steep rocky slopes, and then skirted the foot of a perpendicular height of rock over which small streams fell in a gentle spray. It was terribly hot, and the sun beat mercilessly on my neck and bare head. Soon I saw ahead of me a fairly large waterfall, and I quickened my steps wishing to see the sparkle of the water under such strong sunlight. Sparkle! I thought, there should be a rainbow! and almost broke into a run.

But I was disappointed. When I reached the foot of the spray there was no sign of a bow, and a hurried search brought no success. I became obstinate. There was just a quarter of an hour I could safely spend there if I ran back to the hotel. I sat down, and using a

pencil sketched out on the back of a stone where the bow should be. It was two o'clock and the sun very high in the sky, and my hasty sketch showed me that I had not looked low enough. But I realized that if the bow was so low there would not be enough spray between my eyes and the ground to make it visible. How could that be remedied? Only by hanging on a rope from the top of the waterfall, or—perhaps—by standing on that high rock near which the densest spray was falling. That would mean getting soaked through and having to pack wet clothes; it wasn't worth it. I thought I would imagine it instead. In fancy I stood on that rock and pictured the bow beneath me. But where would the bow stop? At an exact semi-circle? Why should it? Why not at two-thirds or more of the circle—or—magic thought—why not the complete circle itself? I could not remember that an honours course in Physics had taught me such a thing was possible, but in a flash I saw that it was. In their functions of rainbow-builders the sunlight and the raindrop could have no knowledge of our vertical and horizontal; the direction of the sun's rays determined the centre of the bow, and the refraction of water its angle or radius, there was no factor left to set a limit to the circular extent of the bow (since the falling velocity of the drop could be neglected against the velocity of light). Except, of course, that the circle of colour would be broken by the shadow of my legs.

To see such a rainbow one would pack fifty wet suit-cases. I stripped to the waist, and tried to balance myself on the top of the rock. There was nothing to be seen, as the light breeze was sending all the spray away to the side, and I had to wait. Then suddenly the spray returned, and I saw before me, almost within my hands' grasp, a perfect circle of rainbow colours, darkened below by my shadow. Leaning

forward on my stick, I made the rainbow smaller and brought it into the densest spray.

Only a lifetime of dedicated work could begin to tell how the magic beauty of that sight affected me. . . . Some of man's works—a Leonardo drawing, for instance—can touch a beauty so absolute that we can ourselves share the artist's perfect comprehension of his subject. Some scenes in nature can affect us so profoundly that for the moment we ask nothing more of life. But in this rainbow nature herself seemed to say to me: Here is my message of hope; my secrets lie open to those who will learn how to seek for them, nothing in me is strange to man's understanding, even my mystery and my beauty are in harmony with the universal laws which govern life and matter. I cannot tell you how this thought was hidden in the colours of the bow, but I do know that though my conscious pleasure was purely æsthetic that glimpse of something new and beautiful was a disturbing incentive to action.

My eyes were perhaps five feet from the glistening stones, and in this space I saw the coloured circle, not as a continuous band like an ordinary bow, but as a crown of sparkling points of colour, the drops being too large and close for each to lose its separate effect. As I moved my head up and down the circle grew larger and smaller, and I felt all the mystery of scientific research in Nature's answer to every change in the conditions of experiment, but woven in with that mystery was the miracle of beauty itself.—IRIS.

CONCERNING ANGELS

By The Journeyman

On the whole, I have never cared much for angels. They have suffered in my estimation from a certain lack of reality. But in some moods of the Western world they have been real enough. The angels concerning whom St. Thomas Aquinas sought to determine how many could be accommodated on the point of a needle were real : too real, indeed to be angelic, for they were something of the nature of atoms and electrons. God himself, for the great Thomas, came perilously near to being the universal substance, towards which in a rigorously intellectualized religion he is bound to tend. Fra Angelico's angels, on the other hand, were both real and angelic. You have but to look at them to know that angels could be quite certain inhabitants of a mediæval painter's world. But the Renaissance put salt on their tails. Shakespeare's angels are but ejaculations—" Angels and ministers of grace defend us ! "—or metaphors : lovely and profound metaphors sometimes. " Reverence, that angel of the world," says something which, without the conception of the angel, could not be said so perfectly. And out of such a phrase, with a memory of a Fra Angelico picture to make the vision substantial, we can extract (even if we cannot define) some quintessence of the spiritual truth that was embodied in the vision and the thought of angels.

But when I think of angels, I think first of them as fallen. Lucifer has more substantiality than any of his uncorrupted brothers : and Lamb's description of

Coleridge as "an archangel a little damaged" gives me a curiously exact idea of that divine and all-too-human poet. No other description of Coleridge comes near to it for cogency and precision. Which is, on the face of it, strange. For Lamb's phrase is, palpably, a definition *ignoti per ignotius* : of the unknown by means of the more unknown. Yet it tells me something essential ; through it I know more about Coleridge than pages of description—even of masterly description like Hazlitt's—can tell me.

So it is clear that, though I do not care for them, I do know something about angels. Though I am utterly ignorant, and utterly sceptical, of them as substantial beings, and bother no more about them than I do about ghosts ; yet when they are used as symbols to articulate and define that aspect of reality which we call the spiritual world, I understand them immediately. More than that, I feel that I am a positive expert in angels. "I am the best of them that speak this language, were I but where 'tis spoken."

Yes, angels turn out (upon examination) to be very necessary and very familiar things : for they are the personification of that more perfect condition to which we cannot help relating the quotidian existence of this world. *Omnia exeunt in mysterium.* To the contemplative eye man is always a torso, an uncompleted statue which we cannot comprehend save by referring him to some unrealized perfection. And the seemingly simple question whether the statue is broken or unfinished, or both, is one of the fundamental issues which, without men's knowing it, divide the world of men.

Anyhow, for the moment let it stand that angels are the personification of man's unrealized perfection. When we are told that someone is like a fallen angel, or Coleridge an archangel a little damaged, we instantly understand that there is in him still the visible

potentiality of some more than ordinary human condition. And when we first think in this spiritual category we find ourselves gliding easily from time to the timeless. We hardly know, and at first we hardly care, whether our former angel was once perfect in this life and has declined from his zenith ; or whether the fall was simply an effect of mortality itself, due to the mere entry into mundane existence. We are at first content with a vague feeling that perhaps we all come trailing clouds of glory ; but only those who keep some wisps hanging round them pretty late in life come under notice as having had something angelic in their composition. The rest are wiser, and quicker to conceal these treacherous indications that they have seen better days.

But these nebulous possibilities are only the beginnings of the angelic science. It is easy to see that much depends upon how the properties of angels are determined. Were we all angels once, and changed our nature for the worse by being born? Or is heaven, indeed, still about us in our infancy? Trivial questions, you may think, and scarcely distinguishable. Yet for centuries the whole gulf between Heaven and Hell has yawned between them : for the first is the great classical and Catholic dogma of original sin, and the second the great Romantic dogma of men being born equal and perfect. God alone knows how many of his creatures have endured a lingering death by fire and sword and boiling oil for giving the wrong answer to the question : When do men cease to be angels? At conception, or at fourteen?

I, as my readers should know by this time, am a Romantic. Therefore I hold, almost violently, to the latter date. " Conceived in sin " in the service of baptism sticks in my gizzard. After all, it is nonsense : rather sublime nonsense, in its grandiose denial of life *ab ovo*, nonsense with a spiritual significance, as most

of St. Paul's nonsense was—yet still nonsense, and what is more, dangerous and pestilent nonsense. This Christian condemnation of life in and through the body which derives from Paul, with his everlasting thorn in the flesh, led straight to the fabrication of those pious legends concerning the birth of Jesus, and ultimately to the priggish and repulsive dogma of the immaculate conception : than which nothing more anti-Christian (in the exact sense) can be imagined. The most monstrous errors of the Christian Church really arose out of the fact that Paul knew nothing about children. He could not see life straight.

Jesus could. Being a wise man, he also knew all about the reality of sin. But he did not, he could not, make the truly terrible mistake (from which Christianity has not yet been freed) of identifying sin with the body. Had he lived to hear Paul speak of "the body of this death" he would have groaned in spirit. Jesus had a sense of reality : therefore he had a sense of humour, which Paul never had. He knew that in the days when he had he called across the market-place in the dusk to the other little boys : "We piped unto you, and you did not dance," there was nothing wrong with him. Dean Inge is naturally very doubtful on the point, but Jesus was very certain that children had heaven about them in their infancy. He looked on children not as sin-stained products of sin, but as very glorious creations of life. Therefore, without demanding that they, any more than he himself, should have been immaculately conceived (Ach Gott! what a phrase!) he simply declared that the kingdom of God belonged to them. And when he had to tell people how to get into the kingdom (which is still the most difficult and the most important thing in the world) he could only say : "Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into it."

Here we come back, though indeed we have never

left it, to the subject of angels. For little children and angels were closely connected in Jesus' mind: they were almost identical. When he warned people against offending one of these little ones he told them that "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is heaven." He did not mean that they had little duplicates up above; but something at once more simple and more difficult, namely, that the spiritual part of them was in perpetual contact and communion with God himself. (Which was what Wordsworth also meant, though naturally he did not say it so well.) Now this for Jesus was the all-important thing: that the soul or spirit of man should be in perpetual contact with God. That, nothing less and nothing more, was to be a member of the kingdom. You had the choice: you could either achieve it now, or wait till afterwards. By waiting you took the hell of a risk. (How Jesus tried to reduce that risk to a minimum is another story, the greatest story in the world.)

Jesus believed in—was he not himself baptised for the remission of his sins?—the reality of sin. Only a man who knows nothing about himself or anything else does not believe in the reality of sin. So the three ages of man were simple to him. There was the child who had this perpetual contact with God by nature, and therefore possessed his angel; there was the man, in whom inevitably the contact was broken, and who lost his angel; there was the reborn man, who re-established the contact and regained his angel. If you were born again, you once more became a member of the kingdom and a son of God, as you had been in the days of innocency. You were different, of course, for no grown man can ever, ought ever, become a child. But the reborn man was whole as the child had been whole. The interval between the wholeness of the child and the regained wholeness of the reborn man was the epoch of the divided consciousness.

Against such exquisite and absolute spiritual truth, the coarse and clumsy approximation of "original sin" and the downright flummery of "immaculate conception" make an ugly show indeed. Yes, they are *ugly*: there is no other word. Life is a damned sight more wonderful than that. Romanticism is truer than classicism; though it is harder to manage. Romanticism walks as it were on a razor's edge, as Jesus did. What wonder that it takes a great man to be a Romantic and not fall into the chasm? But its triumphs are supreme. "Conceived in sin": "their angels do always behold the face of my Father." It doesn't take a genius to decide, *pace* Freud and the rest of them, on which side lies the spiritual truth.

Little children, for Jesus, had angels, in the sense I have described. There came the time when the child lost his angel, he grew up, and grew up into that strain of the divided consciousness (if he remained spiritually alive at all) which poor old Paul could never overcome. Paul was a great man: but Jesus would never have allowed that he had been properly born again, any more than he allowed it in the case of John the Baptist. "I have fought the good fight" is glorious: but it is not the voice of a member of the kingdom. The strain, the tension, are too evident. Paul never regained his wholeness, never quite got back his angel: and Christianity has suffered for his failure ever since. If he had been properly reborn, he would have had a sense of humour.

The reborn man gets back his angel. Of course, not the same one that he had before: he grows a new one. When the Sadducees put to Jesus their silly question—silly, as put to Jesus: sound as ever, if put to nine Christians out of ten—about the wife with seven husbands, he said they were far astray, "not knowing the Scriptures *or the power of God*. For in the resurrection of the dead men neither marry nor are married,

but are as the angels in heaven." That, incidentally, puts the final nail in the belief in the resurrection of the body, at all events as a belief ever held by Jesus. If the Christian Church chooses to cling to the crudity of the Sadducees without the Sadducees' sense of its absurdity, that is its own affair. To be "as the angels" did not mean for Jesus going about with an awkward pair of wings like Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid": it meant to have one's spiritual part, the whole of one's eternality, eternally alive. You could have that this side of the grave, if you cared to have it. You could regain your angel. And when you had regained him, and had learned what he meant and was, you would not worry about immortality or the rest of it: you would know that all those vexing problems are born of the feverish attempts of those who will not take the pains to get their angel back again to secure themselves against the loss of things that are not worth keeping.

BOOKS TO READ

THE LIFE OF W. T. STEAD. By Frederic Whyte. 2 Vols. (Cape.) 36s. net.

This book deals more fully with the public than the private life of Stead, and its length is not due to his enormous correspondence. The story of his career is very interesting; few journalists have had such practical influence on affairs, or so many remarkable acquaintances. He was a power for good, a courageous altruist, though not a great writer. Often indiscreet, hasty, of limited education, never *persuasive*, for all his cogency; he was a tremendous personality, and, as this book clearly shows, was indeed the pioneer of the "new journalism." Mr. Whyte, who was literary editor of Stead's ill-fated *Daily Paper*, brings out his subject by a careful and exhaustive collection of documents—though anyone who has not read *The Maiden Tribute* might still wonder why it provoked so much opposition. Amid the shouting and tumult of his career, we are enabled to see his motives, his moral consistency. Of all the comments on him quoted, we are most struck by this from a writer in the *Spokane Review*: "Not a great man, not a man of genius, but an extraordinary man—extraordinary, above all, in being the archtype of his ordinary compatriots. . . ." A misprint on page 230 (Volume I.) is rather hard on Gladstone.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA. The First Modern Man of Letters. His Life and Correspondence. A Study of the Early Fourteenth Century. By the Rev. E. H. R. Tatham. Vol. I. (Sheldon Press.) 18s. net.

Canon Tatham aims to bring English treatment of the great lyrist, hitherto casual, abreast of Continental scholarship. His work is elaborate, and comprises a minute historical survey of the whole background, in which he displays much learning. He regards the poet as a pioneer: "The first, since the decline of Rome, to possess the literary—as apart from the creative instinct." His account of Petrarch's life, work, and character is judicious. He is a cautious scholar, and rebukes careless theorists, especially de Sade and Lo Parco. He thinks that Laura cannot be identified, but was a married woman. His attitude to Petrarch's love is faintly prudish. He is inclined to believe the *De Gloria* story. He is exhaustive on all the influences that touch Petrarch; though he cannot, of course, place a pioneer, and a highly subjective one, in any main intellectual current. We are not warned that Petrarch's friend "Cecco d'Ascoli" is not the better-known scamp of that name who also attacked Dante in verse. There are valuable "Excursus"; and Canon Tatham seems on the whole an impeccable authority. Johnson's wife, by the way, was not "Betty."

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER: MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, 1886-1918. By J. R. M. Butler. (Longmans.) 12s. 6d. net.

Dr. Butler's son has "striven not to tell a story, but to draw a picture" of the Master's later, if hardly less strenuous, years. Eminent by force of character rather than intellect, a simple-natural clergyman, oddly unlike most of the company he was called upon to rule, Butler's sheer goodness, tact, charity, and moral zeal triumphed over all prejudices and made him in his old age the most respected figure in the University. This is a very complete Memoir, setting out fully the wide range of the Master's official and private activities: his loves, his friendships, his charities, and his favoured relaxations. His influence was wide. The author's *pietas* has inspired a moving picture of the serener life "before the Flood," which touches the heart. O those spacious days and minds!

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE OF COLLEY CIBBER. Written by Himself. 2 Vols. (Golden Cockerel Press.) 36s. net.

We confess to a liking for Cibber: the most execrable of Laureates was not such a fool, nor always so conceited, as is generally supposed. His "Apology" is preferable to his verse and most of his plays; it shows him at his best as something of a pioneer of the modern stage, and forms a history of the two chief London theatres over a period few men have experienced. It is pleasing in style, and often sagacious in comment; and is worthy of this very handsome reproduction. Of course, Colley has his *naïveté* and occasional absurdities; but these do not make the worst reading. The proud account of the thirteen chief actors of the day is very interesting. There is no forgetting Penkethman, who, when he stumbled in his part, would exclaim cheerfully: "Odso! I believe I am a little wrong here."

Pandora's Hope. By Austin Harrison. (Heinemann.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Harrison, who is something of a feminist, and who cannot be accused of sentimentality, has given us a thoughtful study of the historic, social, and pathological position of woman. The theories he advances are very suggestive—more so, indeed, than his conclusions, which are rather indeterminate. The book is unattractively written, and heavy with jargon.

An Outline of English Education. 1760-1902. By John William Adamson. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) 3s. net.

A brief, competent survey of school and higher education, and educational theory, from almost the nadir of the "Dark Ages" to the incorporation of most of our younger Universities. It is timely; for amid the subtle demands of to-day one ungratefully forgets how much and how quickly our immediate predecessors achieved. This outline shows clearly the persistent contest between utility and culture, and between discipline and "self-development." The bibliography is admirable.

Art and the Unconscious: A Psychological Approach to a Problem of Philosophy. By John M. Thorburn. (Kegan Paul.) 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Thorburn's intelligence and learning are not well applied. His work is very [illegible] and, close and difficult reading, seems neither consecutive nor conclusive. His theories of the Unconscious are not assimilated; he confounds the science with the art of psychology. Between art and "thought" he makes at once a false identity and, by implication, a false antithesis. His love of "dream," "image," "form," and "vision" does not really elucidate the imaginative comprehension of great art. It is a pity that he is not more clear about the true essentials of his subject; for with all his ponderous jargon and defective punctuation, we are impressed by his sincerity and care, and wish that they *led* us to something tangible.

The A B C of Relativity. By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. (Kegan Paul.) 4s. 6d. net.

An admirable companion volume to the same author's *A B C of Atoms*. Mr. Russell here brings his unique equipment of knowledge, lucidity, and wit to the formidable task of rendering the theory of relativity intelligible to non-mathematicians. With the liberal help of luminous analogies and examples, he explains in simple language the nature and the logical and empirical grounds of the main conceptions that have revolutionized our view of the physical universe. Incidentally, some popular and philosophical confusions are exposed—such as, that Einstein's theory proves *everything* in the physical world to be relative; and that it exhibits space and time as subjective "forms of intuition," in the Kantian sense. These opinions are obviously mistaken, for it is the essential aim of the new doctrine to express all its laws in terms of objective physical facts (*e.g.*, "intervals" between events in space-time) which hold good for all observers independently of differences in their individual situations. To those lacking the necessary mathematics Mr. Russell's book offers as clear an account of relativity as can be given.

A History of Greek Religion. By M. P. Nilsson. Translated from the Swedish by F. J. Fielden. (Oxford Univ. Press.) 12s. 6d. net.

In this stimulating and original treatise the well-known Swedish scholar employs the comparative method with striking results. His general conclusion is that Greek religion is not of purely Aryan origin, but has its roots in the older Minoan-Mycenæan civilization; and that, so viewed, its history can be exhibited as a continuous development from the Bronze Age, through the classical period of its splendour and decline, even to the present day. Prof. Nilsson's argument is clear and well-sustained, combining a sound judgment with wide and mature learning. His sketch of the evolution of folk-tale, myth, and cult in the worship of heroes and of the dead, under the rationalistic and humanizing influence of the Hellenic mind, is a significant contribution both to our understanding of Greek religion and to our knowledge of primitive culture. The translation is good, but it reproduces some minor inaccuracies of the original which, we trust, will be corrected in a new edition.

NOTABLE NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

Ashe of Rings. By Mary Butts. (Contact Editions.) $3 net.

Miss Butts can obviously write; yet her novel is not well written. She has vigour and animation; yet her work has no organic strength. She is biased by an intense, warped psychological impulse which she never subdues. Her persons are alive—brutally alive—but the world of naked, morbid sensations in which they move is unreal. The pervading symbolism of "Rings" is unconvincing: the beauty and terror of life are evoked, but only to be distorted.

The Madonna of the Barricades. By J. St. Loe Strachey. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Strachey's excursion into fiction is certainly not strenuous. He admits to finding the European situation in the 1840's irresistible; but he draws from it little more than an entertaining story of adventure. The artificial style of these "Memoirs," if mediocre, has a pleasant gusto, and thrilling personages are brought in. The hero and heroine are given to posturings and complacency: the author's sense of humour is intermittent. A good book of its kind, but superficial; with less character than one would expect.

The Big House of Inver. By E. O'E. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Somerville (who, alas! stands alone now in "the Firm") handles a large and complex theme with considerable strength. The arrogant Westtrn Irish family of Prendeville slowly decays under the influence of drink, bad marriages, and a profligacy that has filled the countryside with bastards. A giantess of the latter, "Shibby Pindy," a striking blend of strength and this innate weakness, fights to restore the tottering house; but is foiled by the degeneracy of her kin. It is a vivid study of Irish life, touched with caustic irony, sombre, and rising once or twice to tragic heights. Save perhaps for Maggie's fate and the capitulation of Peggy, its reality is unfaltering.

Portrait of a Man with Red Hair. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Walpole's opening chapters form a rather fine piece of serious writing. Impossible, also, to forget the Fair at Trelliss and that wonderful dance! Some will be disappointed—and others relieved—at the grim and lurid fantasy that follows. It is good, but it might be better. Harkness's psychological twists and turns are not always convincing.

Daimon. By E. L. Grant Watson. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Readers of *The Desert Horizon* will be interested to follow the fortunes of Martin and Maggie. Mr. Watson has crowded his canvas, and perhaps dealt too briefly and violently with psychological states that might have furnished several volumes. The book is worth attention as a study of pioneer life in its relationship to the older European civilization.

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